

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVII.—MARCH, 1876.—No. CCXXI.

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THE LEGEND OF ARA-CÆLI.

I.

LOOKING at Fra Gervasio,
Wrinkled and withered and old and gray,
A dry Franciscan from crown to toe,
You would never imagine, by any chance,
That, in the convent garden one day,
He spun this thread of golden romance.

Romance to me, but to him, indeed,
'T was a matter that did not hold a doubt;
A miracle, nothing more nor less.
Did I think it strange that, in our need,
Leaning from heaven to our distress,
The Virgin brought such things about, —
Gave mute things speech, made dead things move? —
Mother of Mercy, Lady of Love!
Besides, I might, if I wished, behold
The Bambino's self in his cloth of gold
And silver tissue, lying in state
In the Sacristy. Would the signor wait?

Whoever will go to Rome may see,
In the chapel of the Sacristy
Of Ara-Cœli, the Sainted Child, —
Garnished from throat to foot with rings
And brooches and precious offerings,
And its little nose kissed quite away
By dying lips. At Epiphany,
If the holy winter day prove mild,
It is shown to the wondering, gaping crowd
On the church's steps, — held high aloft, —
While every sinful head is bowed,

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And the music plays, and the censers' soft
White breath ascends like silent prayer.

Many a beggar kneeling there,
Tattered and hungry, without a home,
Would not envy the Pope of Rome,
If he, the beggar, had half the care
Bestowed on *him* that falls to the share
Of yonder Image, — for you must know
It has its minions to come and go,
Its perfumed chamber, remote and still,
Its silken bed, and its jeweled throne,
And a special carriage of its own
To take the air in, when it will.
And though it may neither drink nor eat,
By a nod to its ghostly seneschal
It could have of the choicest wine and meat.
Often some princess, brown and tall,
Comes, and unclasping from her arm
The glittering bracelet, leaves it, warm
With her throbbing pulse, at the Baby's feet.
Ah, he is loved by high and low,
Adored alike by simple and wise.
The people kneel to him in the street.
What a felicitous lot is his, —
To lie in the light of ladies' eyes,
Petted and pampered, and never to know
The want of a dozen *soldi* or so!
And what does he do for all of this?
What does the little Bambino do?
It cures the sick, and in fact 't is said,
Can almost bring life back to the dead.
Who doubts it? Not Fra Gervasio.
When one falls ill, it is left alone
For a while with one — and the fever's gone!

At least, 't was once so; but to-day
It is never permitted, unattended
By monk or priest, to work its lure
At sick folks' beds, — all that was ended
By one poor soul whose feeble clay
Satan tempted and made secure.

It was touching this very point, the friar
Told me the legend, that afternoon,
In the cloisteral garden all on fire
With scarlet poppies and golden stalks.
Here and there on the sunny walks,
Startled by some slight sound we made,
A lizard, awaking from its swoon,
Shot like an arrow into the shade.
I can hear the fountain's languorous tune,
(How it comes back, that hour in June

When just to exist was joy enough!)
I can see the olives, silvery-gray,
The carven masonry rich with stains,
The Gothic windows with lead-set panes,
The flag-paved cortile, the convent grates,
And Fra Gervasio holding his snuff
In a squirrel-like, meditative way
'Twixt finger and thumb. But the Legend waits.

II.

It was long ago (so long ago
That Fra Gervasio did not know
What year of our Lord), there came to Rome
Across the Campagna's flaming red,
A certain Filippo and his wife,
Peasants, and very newly wed.
In the happy spring and blossom of life,
When the light heart chirrups to lovers' calls,
These two, like a pair of birds, had come
And built their nest 'gainst the city's walls.

He, with his scanty garden-plots,
Raised flowers and fruit for the market-place,
Where she, with her pensile, flower-like face, —
Own sister to her forget-me-nots, —
Played merchant: and so they thrived apace,
In humble content, with humble cares
And modest longings, till, unawares,
Sorrow crept on them; for to their nest
Had come no little ones, and at last,
When six or seven summers had past,
Seeing no baby at her breast,
The husband brooded, and then grew cold;
Scolded and fretted over this, —
Who would tend them when they were old,
And palsied, maybe, sitting alone,
Hungry, beside the cold hearth-stone?
Not to have children, like the rest!
It cankered the very heart of bliss.

Then he fell into indolent ways,
Neglecting the garden for days and days,
Playing at *mora*, drinking wine,
With this and that one, — letting the vine
Run riot and die for want of care,
And the choke-weeds gather; for it was spring,
When everything needed nurturing.
But he would drowse for hours in the sun,
Or sit on the broken step by the shed,
Like a man whose honest toil is done,
Sullen, with never a word to spare,
Or a word that were better all unsaid.

And Nina, so light of thought before,
Singing about the cottage door
In her mountain dialect, sang no more;
But came and went, sad-faced and shy,
Wishing at times that she might die,
Brooding and fretting in her turn.
Often, in passing along the street,
Her basket of flowers poised, peasant-wise,
On a lustrous braided coil of her hair,
She would halt, and her dusky cheek would burn
Like a poppy, beholding at her feet
Some stray little urchin, dirty and bare.
And sudden tears would spring to her eyes
That the tiny waif was not her own,
To fondle, and kiss, and teach to pray.
Then she passed onward, making moan.
Sometimes she would stand in the sunny square,
Like a slim bronze statue of Despair,
Watching the children at their play.

In the broad piazza was a shrine,
With Our Lady holding on her knee
A small nude waxen effigy.
Nina passed by it every day,
And morn and even, in rain or shine,
Repeated an *ave* there. "Divine
Mother," she'd cry, as she turned away,
"Sitting in paradise, undefiled,
Oh, have pity on my distress!"
Then glancing back at the rosy Child,
She would cry to it, in her helplessness,
"Pray her to send the like to me!"

Now once as she knelt before the saint,
Lifting her hands in silent plain,
She paled, and her heavy heart grew faint
At a thought which flashed across her brain, —
The blinding thought that, perhaps if she
Had lived in the world's miraculous morn,
God might have chosen *her* to be
The mother — O heavenly ecstasy! —
Of the little babe in the manger born!
She, too, was a peasant girl, like her,
The wife of the lowly carpenter!
Like Joseph's wife, a peasant girl!

Her strange little head was in a whirl
As she rose from her knees to wander home,
Leaving her basket at the shrine;
So dazed was she, she scarcely knew
The old familiar streets of Rome,
Nor whither she wished to go, in fine;

But wandered on, now crept, now flew,
In the gathering twilight, till she came
Breathless, bereft of sense and sight,
To the gloomy Arch of Constantine;
And there they found her, late that night,
With her cheeks like snow and her lips like flame.

Many a time, from day to day,
She heard, as if in a troubled dream,
Footsteps around her, and some one saying —
Was it Filippo? — “Is she dead?”
Then it was some one near her praying,
And she was drifting — drifting away
From saints and martyrs in endless glory!
She seemed to be floating down a stream,
Yet knew she was lying in her bed.
The fancy held her that she had died,
And this was her soul in purgatory,
Until, one morning, two holy men
From the convent came, and laid at her side
The Bambino. Blessed Virgin! then
Nina looked up, and laughed, and wept,
And folded it close to her heart, and slept.

Slept such a soft, refreshing sleep,
That when she awoke her eyes had taken
That hyaline lustre, dewy, deep,
Of violets when they first awaken;
And the half-unraveled, fragile thread
Of life was knitted together again.
But she shrunk with sudden, strange new pain,
And seemed to droop like a flower, the day
The Capuchins came, with solemn tread,
To carry the Miracle Child away!

III.

Ere spring in the heart of pansies burned,
Or the buttercup had loosed its gold,
Nina was busy as ever of old
With fireside cares; but was not the same,
For from the hour when she had turned
To clasp the Image the fathers brought
To her dying-bed, a single thought
Had taken possession of her brain:
A purpose, as steady as the flame
Of a lamp in some cathedral crypt,
Had lighted her on her bed of pain;
The thirst and the fever, they had slipt
Away like visions, but this had stayed, —
To have the Bambino brought again,

To have it, and keep it for her own!
 That was the secret dream which made
 Life for her now, — in the streets, alone,
 At night, and morning, and when she prayed.

How should she wrest it from the hand
 Of the jealous Church? How keep the Child?
 Flee with it into some distant land —
 Like mother Mary from Herod's ire?
 Ah, well, she knew not; she only knew
 It was written down in the Book of Fate
 That she should have her heart's desire,
 And very soon now, for of late,
 In a dream, the little thing had smiled
 Up in her face, with one eye's blue
 Peering from underneath her breast,
 Which the baby fingers had softly prest
 Aside, to look at her! Holy One!
 But that should happen ere all was done.

Lying dark in the woman's mind —
 Unknown, like a seed in fallow ground —
 Was the germ of a plan, confused and blind
 At first, but which, as the weeks rolled round,
 Reached light, and flowered, — a subtle flower,
 Deadly as nightshade. In that same hour
 She sought the husband and said to him,
 With crafty tenderness in her eyes
 And treacherous archings of her brows,
 "Filippo, mio, thou lov'st me well?
 Truly? Then get thee to the house
 Of the long-haired Jew Ben Raphaim, —
 Seller of curious tapestries,
 (Ah, he hath everything to sell!)
 The cunning carver of images, —
 And bid him to carve thee to the life
 A *bambinetto* like that they gave
 In my arms, to hold me from the grave
 When the fever pierced me like a knife.
 Perhaps, if we set the image there
 By the cross, the saints would hear the prayer
 Which in all these years they have not heard!"

Then the husband went, without a word,
 To the crowded Ghetto; for since the days
 Of Nina's illness, the man had been
 A tender husband, — with lover's ways
 Striving, as best he might, to wean
 The wife from her sadness, and to bring
 Back to the home whence it had fled
 The happiness of that laughing spring
 When they, like a pair of birds, had wed.

The image! It was a woman's whim, —
They were full of whims. But what to him
Were a dozen pieces of silver spent,
If it made her happy? And so he went
To the house of the Jew Ben Raphaim.
And the carver heard, and bowed, and smiled,
And fell to work as if he had known
The thought that lay in the woman's brain,
And somehow taken it for his own:
For even before the month was flown
He had shaped a figure so like the Child
Of Ara-Cœli, you'd not have told,
Had both been decked with jewel and chain
And dressed alike in a dress of gold,
Which was the true one of the twain.

When Nina beheld it first, her heart
Stood still with wonder. The skillful Jew
Had given the eyes the tender blue,
And the cheeks the delicate olive hue,
And the form almost the curve and line
Of the Image the good Apostle made
Immortal with his miraculous art,
What time the sculptor¹ dreamed in the shade
Under the skies of Palestine.
The bright new coins that clinked in the palm
Of the carver in wood were blurred and dim
Compared with the eyes that looked at him
From the low sweet brows, so seeming calm;
Then he went his way, and her joy broke free;
And Filippo smiled to hear Nina sing
In the old, old fashion, — caroling
Like a very thrush, with many a trill
And long-drawn, flute-like, honeyed note,
Till the birds in the farthest mulberry,
Each outstretching its amber bill,
Answered her with melodious throat!

Thus for two days; but on the third
Her singing ceased, and there came a change
As of death on Nina; her talk grew strange,
Then she sunk in a trance, nor spoke nor stirred;
And the husband, wringing his hands, dismayed,
Watched by the bed; but she breathed no word
That night, nor until the morning broke,
When she roused from the spell, and feebly laid
Her hand on Filippo's arm, and spoke:
“Quickly, Filippo! get thee gone
To the holy fathers, and beg them send
The Bambino hither,” — her cheeks were wan

¹ According to the monastic legend, the *Santissimo Bambino* was carved by a pilgrim, out of a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives, and painted by Saint Luke while the pilgrim was sleeping over his work.

And her eyes like coals, — “oh, go, my friend,
Or all is said!” Through the morning’s gray
Filippo hurried, like one distraught,
To the monks, and told his tale; and they,
Straight after matins, came and brought
The Miracle Child, and went their way.

Once more in her arms was the Infant laid,
After these weary months, once more!
Yet the woman seemed like a thing of stone
While the dark-robed fathers knelt and prayed;
But the instant the holy friars were gone
She arose, and took the brodered gown
From the Baby Christ, and the yellow crown
And the votive brooches and rings it wore,
Till the little figure, so gay before
In its princely apparel, stood as bare
As your ungloved hand. With tenderest care,
At her feet, ’twixt blanket and counterpane,
She hid the Babe; and then, reaching down
To the coffer wherein the thing had lain,
Drew forth Ben Raphaim’s manikin
In haste, and dressed it in robe and crown,
With lace and bauble and diamond-pin.
This finished, she turned to stone again,
Lying, as one might say, quite dead,
If it had not been for a spot of red
Upon either cheek. At the close of day
The Capuchins came, with solemn tread,
And carried the false bambino away!

Over the vast Campagna’s plain,
At sunset, a wind began to blow
(From the Apennines it came, they say),
Softly at first, and then to grow —
As the twilight gathered and hurried by —
To a gale, with sudden, tumultuous rain,
And thunder muttering far away.
When the night was come, from the blackened sky
The spear-tongued lightning slipped like a snake,
And the great clouds clashed, and seemed to shake
The earth to its centre. Then swept down
Such a storm as was never seen in Rome
By any one living in that day.
Not a soul dared venture from his home,
Not a soul in all the crowded town.
Dumb beasts dropped dead, with terror, in stall;
Great chimney-stacks were overthrown,
And about the streets the tiles were blown
Like leaves in autumn. A fearful night,
With ominous voices in the air!
Indeed, it seemed like the end of all.
In the convent, the monks for very fright

Went not to bed, but each in his cell
Counted his beads by the taper's light,
Quaking to hear the dreadful sounds,
And shriveling in the lightning's glare.
It appeared as if the rivers of hell
Had risen, and overleaped their bounds.

In the midst of this, at the convent door,
Above the tempest's raving and roar
Came a sudden knocking! Mother of Grace,
What desperate wretch was forced to face
Such a night as that was out-of-doors?
Across the echoless, stony floors
Into the windy corridors
The monks came flocking, and down the stair,
Silently, glancing each at each,
As if they had lost the power of speech.
Yes—it was some one knocking there!
And then—strange thing!—untouched by a soul
The bell of the convent 'gan to toll!
It curdled the blood beneath their hair.

Reaching the court, the brothers stood
Huddled together, pallid and mute,
By the massive door of iron-clamped wood,
Till one old monk, more resolute
Than the others,—a man of pious will,—
Stepped forth, and letting his lantern rest
On the pavement, crouched upon his breast
And peeped through a chink there was between
The cedar door and the sunken sill.
At the instant a flash of lightning came,
Seeming to wrap the world in flame.
He gave but a glance, and straight arose
With his face like a corpse's. What had he seen?
Two dripping, little pink-white toes!
Then, like a man gone suddenly wild,
He tugged at the bolts, flung down the chain,
And there, in the night and wind and rain,—
Shivering, piteous, and forlorn,
And naked as ever it was born,—
On the threshold stood the SAINTED CHILD!

“ Since then,” said Fra Gervasio,
“ We have never let the Bambino go
Unwatched,—no, not by a prince's bed.
Ah, signor, it made a dreadful stir.”
“ And the woman,—Nina,—what of her?
Had she no story?” He bowed his head,
And knitting his meagre fingers, so,—
“ In that night of wind and wrath,” said he,
“ There was wrought in Rome a mystery.
What know I, signor? They found her dead!”

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

II.

UP to this point, however remote from ordinary every-day thoughts may be the region of speculation which we have been called upon to traverse, we have still kept within the limits of legitimate scientific hypothesis. Though we have ventured for a goodly distance into the unknown, we have not yet been required to abandon our base of operations in the known. Of the views presented in the preceding paper, some are well-nigh certainly established, some are probable, some have a sort of plausibility, others — to which we have refrained from giving assent — may possibly be true; but none are irretrievably beyond the jurisdiction of scientific tests. No suggestion has so far been broached which a very little further increase of our scientific knowledge may not show to be either eminently probable or eminently improbable. We have kept pretty clear of mere subjective guesses, such as men may wrangle about forever without coming to any conclusion. The theory of the nebular origin of our planetary system has come to command the assent of all persons qualified to appreciate the evidence on which it is based; and the more immediate conclusions which we have drawn from that theory are only such as are commonly drawn by astronomers and physicists. The doctrine of an intermolecular and interstellar ether is wrapped up in the well-established undulatory theory of light. Such is by no means the case with Sir William Thomson's vortex-atom theory, which to-day is in somewhat the same condition as the undulatory theory of Huyghens two centuries ago. This, however, is none the less a hypothesis truly scientific in conception, and in the speculations to which it leads us we are still sure of dealing with views that admit at least of definite expression and treatment. In other words, though our study

of the visible universe has led us to the recognition of a kind of unseen world underlying the world of things that are seen, yet concerning the economy of this unseen world we have not been led to entertain any hypothesis that has not its possible justification in our experiences of visible phenomena.

We are now called upon, following in the wake of our esteemed authors, to venture on a different sort of exploration, in which we must cut loose altogether from our moorings in the world of which we have definite experience. We are invited to entertain suggestions concerning the peculiar economy of the invisible portion of the universe, which we have no means of subjecting to any sort of test of probability, either experimental or deductive. These suggestions are, therefore, not to be regarded as properly scientific; but, with this word of caution, we may proceed to show what they are.

Compared with the life and death of cosmical systems, which we have heretofore contemplated, the life and death of individuals of the human race may perhaps seem a small matter; yet because we are ourselves the men who live and die, the small event is of vastly greater interest to us than the grand series of events of which it is part and parcel. It is natural that we should be more interested in the ultimate fate of humanity than in the fate of a world which is of no account to us save as our present dwelling-place. Whether the human soul is to come to an end or not is to us a more important question than whether the visible universe, with its matter and energy, is to be absorbed in an invisible ether. It is indeed only because we are interested in the former question that we are so curious about the latter. If we could dissociate ourselves from the material universe, our habitat, we should probably speculate much less about its past and future. We care very little

what becomes of the black ball of the earth, after all life has vanished from its surface; or, if we care at all about it, it is only because our thoughts about the career of the earth are necessarily mixed up with our thoughts about life. Hence in considering the probable ultimate destiny of the physical universe, our innermost purpose must be to know what is to become of all this rich and wonderful life of which the physical universe is the theatre. Has it all been developed, apparently at almost infinite waste of effort, only to be abolished again before it has attained to completeness; or does it contain or shelter some indestructible element which, having drawn sustenance for a while from the senseless turmoil of physical phenomena, shall still survive their final decay? This question is closely connected with the time-honored question of the meaning, purpose, or tendency of the world. In the career of the world is life an end, or a means toward an end, or only an incidental phenomenon in which we can discover no meaning? Contemporary theologians seem generally to believe that one necessary result of modern scientific inquiry must be the destruction of the belief in immortal life, since against every thorough-going expounder of scientific knowledge they seek to hurl the charge of "materialism." Their doubts, however, are not shared by our authors, thorough men of science as they are, though their mode of dealing with the question may not be such as we can well adopt. While upholding the doctrine of evolution, and all the so-called "materialistic" views of modern science, they not only regard the hypothesis of a future life as admissible, but they even go so far as to propound a physical theory as to the nature of existence after death. Let us see what this physical theory is.

As far as the visible universe is concerned, we do not find in it any evidence of immortality or of permanence of any sort, unless it be in the sum of potential and kinetic energies, on the persistency of which depends our principle of continuity. In ordinary language, "the stars in their courses" serve as symbols

of permanence, yet we have found reason to regard them as but temporary phenomena. So, in the language of our authors, "if we take the individual man, we find that he lives his short tale of years, and that then the visible machinery which connects him with the past, as well as that which enables him to act in the present, falls into ruin and is brought to an end. If any germ or potentiality remains, it is certainly not connected with the visible order of things." In like manner our race is pretty sure to come to an end long before the destruction of the planet from which it now gets its sustenance. And in our authors' opinion even the universe will by and by become "old and effete, no less truly than the individual: it is a glorious garment, this visible universe, but not an immortal one; we must look elsewhere if we are to be clothed with immortality as with a garment."

It is at this point that our authors call attention to "the apparently wasteful character of the arrangements of the visible universe." The fact is one which we have already sufficiently described, but we shall do well to quote the words in which our authors recur to it: "All but a very small portion of the sun's heat goes day by day into what we call empty space, and it is only this very small remainder that is made use of by the various planets for purposes of their own. Can anything be more perplexing than this seemingly frightful expenditure of the very life and essence of the system? That this vast store of high-class energy should be doing nothing but traveling outwards in space at the rate of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second is hardly conceivable, especially when the result of it is the inevitable destruction of the visible universe."

Pursuing this teleological argument, it is suggested that perhaps this apparent waste of energy is "only an arrangement in virtue of which our universe keeps up a memory of the past at the expense of the present, inasmuch as all memory consists in an investiture of present resources in order to keep a hold

upon the past." Recourse is had to the ingenious argument in which Mr. Babbage showed that "if we had power to follow and detect the minutest effects of any disturbance, each particle of existing matter must be a register of all that has happened. The track of every canoe, of every vessel that has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains forever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which is left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again, once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession." In like manner, "the air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand forever recorded vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeable will."¹ In some such way as this, records of every movement that takes place in the world are each moment transmitted, with the speed of light, through the invisible ocean of ether with which the world is surrounded. Even the molecular displacements which occur in our brains when we feel and think are thus propagated in their effects into the unseen world. The world of ether is thus regarded by our authors as in some sort the obverse or complement of the world of sensible matter, so that whatever energy is dissipated in the one is by the same act accumulated in the other. It is like the negative plate in photography, where light answers to shadow and shadow to light. Or, still better, it is like the case of an equation in which whatever quantity you take from one side is added to the other with a contrary sign, while the relation of equality remains undisturbed. Thus, it

will be noticed, from the ingenious and subtle but quite defensible suggestion of Mr. Babbage, a leap is made to an assumption which cannot be defended scientifically but only teleologically. It is one thing to say that every movement in the visible world transmits a record of itself to the surrounding ether, in such a way that from the undulation of the ether a sufficiently powerful intelligence might infer the character of the generating movement in the visible world. It is quite another thing to say that the ether is organized in such a complex and delicate way as to be like a negative image or counterpart of the world of sensible matter. The latter view is no doubt ingenious, but it is gratuitous. It is sustained not by scientific analogy, but by the desire to find some assignable use for the energy which is constantly escaping from visible matter into invisible ether. The moment we ask, "How do we know that this energy is not really wasted, or that it is not put to some use wholly undiscoverable by human intelligence?" this assumption of an organized ether is at once seen to be groundless. It belongs not to the region of science but to that of pure mythology.

In justice to our authors, however, it should be remembered that this assumption is put forth not as something scientifically probable, but as something which for aught we know to the contrary may possibly be true. This, to be sure, we need not deny; nor, if we once allow this prodigious leap of inference, shall we find much difficulty in reaching the famous conclusion that "*thought conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this may explain a future state.*" This proposition, quaintly couched in an anagram, like the discoveries of old astronomers, was published last year in *Nature*, as containing the gist of the forthcoming book. On the negative-image hypothesis it is not hard to see how thought is conceived to affect the seen and the unseen worlds simultaneously. Every act of consciousness is accompanied by molecular displacements in the brain, and these are

¹ Babbage, *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, page 115; Jevons, *Principles of Science*, ii. 455.

of course responded to by movements in the ethereal world. Thus as a series of conscious states build up a continuous memory in strict accordance with physical laws of motion,¹ so a correlative memory is simultaneously built up in the ethereal world out of the ethereal correlatives of the molecular displacements which go on in our brains. And as there is a continual transfer of energy from the visible world to the ether, the extinction of vital energy which we call death must coincide in some way with the awakening of vital energy in the correlative world; so that the darkening of consciousness here is coincident with its dawning there. In this way death is for the individual but a transfer from one physical state of existence to another; and so, on the largest scale, the death or final loss of energy by the whole visible universe has its counterpart in the acquirement of a maximum of life by the correlative unseen world.

There seems to be a certain sort of rigorous logical consistency in this daring speculation; but really the propositions of which it consists are so far from answering to anything within the domain of human experience that we are unable to tell whether any one of them logically follows from its predecessor or not. It is evident that we are quite out of the region of scientific tests, and to whatever view our authors may urge we can only languidly assent that it is out of our power to disprove it.

The essential weakness of such a theory as this lies in the fact that it is thoroughly materialistic in character. It is currently assumed that the doctrine of a life after death cannot be defended on materialistic grounds, but this is altogether too hasty an assumption. Our authors, indeed, are not philosophical materialists, like Dr. Priestley, — who nevertheless believed in a future life, — but one of the primary doctrines of materialism lies at the bottom of their argument. Materialism holds for one thing that consciousness is a product of a peculiar organization of matter, and for

another thing that consciousness cannot survive the disorganization of the material body with which it is associated. As held by philosophical materialists, like Büchner and Moleschott, these two opinions are strictly consistent with each other; nay, the latter seems to be the inevitable inference from the former, though Priestley did not so regard it. Now our authors very properly refuse to commit themselves to the opinion that mind is the product of matter, but their argument nevertheless implies that some sort of material vehicle is necessary for the continuance of mind in a future state of existence. This material vehicle they seek to supply in the theory which connects by invisible bonds of transmitted energy the perishable material body with its counterpart in the world of ether. The materialism of the argument is indeed partly veiled by the terminology, in which this counterpart is called a "spiritual body," but in this novel use or abuse of scriptural language there seems to me to be a strange confusion of ideas. Bear in mind that the "invisible universe" into which energy is constantly passing is simply the luminiferous ether, which our authors, to suit the requirements of their hypothesis, have gratuitously endowed with a complexity and variety of structure analogous to that of the visible world of matter. Their language is not always quite so precise as one could desire, for while they sometimes speak of the ether itself as the "unseen universe," they sometimes allude to a primordial medium yet subtler in constitution and presumably more immaterial. Herein lies the confusion. Why should the luminiferous ether, or any primordial medium in which it may have been generated, be regarded as in any way "spiritual"? Great physicists, like less trained thinkers, are sometimes liable to be unconsciously influenced by old associations of ideas which, ostensibly repudiated, still lurk under cover of the words we use. I fear that the old associations which led the ancients to describe the soul as a breath or a shadow, and which account for the etymologies of such words as

¹ See my *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, ii. 142-148.

“ghost” and “spirit,” have had something to do with this spiritualization of the interstellar ether. Some share may also have been contributed by the Platonic notion of the “grossness” or “bruteness” of tangible matter, a notion which has survived in Christian theology, and which educated men of the present day have by no means universally outgrown. Save for some such old associations as these, why should it be supposed that matter becomes “spiritualized” as it diminishes in apparent substantiality? Why should matter be pronounced respectable in the inverse ratio of its density or ponderability? Why is a diamond any more chargeable with grossness than a cubic centimetre of hydrogen? Obviously such fancies are purely of mythologic parentage. Now the luminiferous ether, upon which our authors make such extensive demands, may be physically “ethereal” enough, in spite of the enormous elasticity which leads Professor Jevons to characterize it as “adamantine;” but most assuredly we have not the slightest reason for speaking of it as “immaterial” or spiritual. Though we are unable to weigh it in the balance, we at least know it as a transmitter of undulatory movements, the size and shape of which we can accurately measure. Its force-relations with ponderable matter are not only universally and incessantly maintained, but they have that precisely quantitative character which implies an essential identity between the innermost natures of the two substances. We have seen reason for thinking it probable that ether and ordinary matter are alike composed of vortex-rings in a quasi-frictionless fluid; but whatever be the fate of this subtle hypothesis, we may be sure that no theory will ever be entertained in which the analysis of ether shall require different symbols from that of ordinary matter. In our authors’ theory, therefore, the putting on of immortality is in no wise the passage from a material to a spiritual state. It is the passage from one kind of materially conditioned state to another. The theory thus appeals directly to our ex-

periences of the behavior of matter; and in deriving so little support as it does from these experiences, it remains an essentially weak speculation, whatever we may think of its ingenuity. For so long as we are asked to accept conclusions drawn from our experiences of the material world, we are justified in demanding something more than mere unconditioned possibility. We require some positive evidence, be it ever so little in amount; and no theory which cannot furnish such positive evidence is likely to carry to our minds much practical conviction.

This is what I meant by saying that the great weakness of the hypothesis here criticised lies in its materialistic character. In contrast with this, we shall presently see that the assertion of a future life which is not materially conditioned, though unsupported by any item of experience whatever, may nevertheless be an impregnable assertion. But first I would conclude the foregoing criticism by ruling out altogether the sense in which our authors use the expression “unseen universe.” Scientific inference, however remote, is connected by such insensible gradations with ordinary perception, that one may well question the propriety of applying the term “unseen” to that which is presented to “the mind’s eye” as inevitable matter of inference. It is true that we cannot see the ocean of ether in which visible matter floats; but there are many other invisible things which yet we do not regard as part of the unseen world. I do not see the air which I am now breathing within the four walls of my study, yet its existence is sufficiently a matter of sense-perception as it fills my lungs and fans my cheek. The atoms which compose a drop of water are not only invisible, but cannot in any way be made the objects of sense-perception; yet by proper inferences from their behavior we can single them out for measurement, so that Sir William Thomson can tell us that if the drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the constituent atoms would be larger than peas, but not so large as

billiard-balls. If we do not see such atoms with our eyes, we have one adequate reason in their tiny dimensions, though there are further reasons than this. It would be hard to say why the luminiferous ether should be relegated to the unseen world any more than the material atom. Whatever we know as possessing resistance and extension, whatever we can subject to mathematical processes of measurement, we also conceive as existing in such shape that, with appropriate eyes and under proper visual conditions, we *might* see it, and we are not entitled to draw any line of demarkation between such an object of inference and others which may be made objects of sense-perception. To set apart the ether as constituting an unseen universe is therefore illegitimate and confusing. It introduces a distinction where there is none, and obscures the fact that both invisible ether and visible matter form but one grand universe, in which the sum of energy remains constant, though the order of its distribution endlessly varies.

Very different would be the logical position of a theory which should assume the existence of an unseen world entirely spiritual in constitution, and in which material conditions like those of the visible world should have neither place nor meaning. Such a world would not consist of ethers or gases or ghosts, but of purely psychical relations akin to such as constitute thoughts and feelings when our minds are least solicited by sense-perceptions. In thus marking off the unseen world from the objective universe of which we have knowledge, our line of demarkation would at least be drawn in the right place. The distinction between psychical and material phenomena is a distinction of a different order from all other distinctions known to philosophy, and it immeasurably transcends all others. The progress of modern discovery has in no respect weakened the force of Descartes' remark, that between that of which the differential attribute is Thought and that of

which the differential attribute is Extension, there can be no similarity, no community of nature whatever. By no scientific cunning of experiment or deduction can Thought be weighed or measured or in any way assimilated to such things as may be made the actual or possible objects of sense-perception. Modern discovery, so far from bridging over the chasm between Mind and Matter, tends rather to exhibit the distinction between them as absolute. It has, indeed, been rendered highly probable that every act of consciousness is accompanied by a molecular motion in the cells and fibres of the brain; and materialists have found great comfort in this fact, while theologians and persons of little faith have been very much frightened by it. But since no one ever pretended that thought can go on, under the conditions of the present life, without a brain, one finds it rather hard to sympathize either with the self-congratulations of Dr. Büchner's disciples¹ or with the terrors of their opponents. But what has been less commonly remarked is the fact that when the thought and the molecular movement thus occur simultaneously, in no scientific sense is the thought the product of the molecular movement. The sun-derived energy of motion latent in the food we eat is variously transformed within the organism, until some of it appears as the motion of the molecules of a little globule of nerve-matter in the brain. In a rough way we might thus say that the chemical energy of the food indirectly produces the motion of these little nerve-molecules. But does this motion of nerve-molecules now produce a thought or state of consciousness? By no means. It simply produces some other motion of nerve-molecules, and this in turn produces motion of contraction or expansion in some muscle, or becomes transformed into the chemical energy of some secreting gland. At no point in the whole circuit does a unit of motion disappear as motion to reappear as a unit of consciousness. The physical process

¹ The Nation once wittily described these people as "people who believe that they are going to die

like the beasts, and who congratulate themselves that they are going to die like the beasts."

is complete in itself, and the thought does not enter into it. All that we can say is that the occurrence of the thought is simultaneous with that part of the physical process which consists of a molecular movement in the brain.¹ To be sure, the thought is always there when summoned, but it stands outside the dynamic circuit, as something utterly alien from and incomparable with the events which summon it. No doubt, as Professor Tyndall observes, if we knew exhaustively the physical state of the brain, "the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or, given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. But how inferred? It would be at bottom not a case of logical inference at all, but of empirical association. You may reply that many of the inferences of science are of this character; the inference, for example, that an electric current of a given direction will deflect a magnetic needle in a definite way; but the cases differ in this, that the passage from the current to the needle, if not demonstrable, is thinkable, and that we entertain no doubt as to the final mechanical solution of the problem. But the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why."²

An unseen world consisting of purely psychical or spiritual phenomena would accordingly be demarcated by an absolute gulf from what we call the material universe, but would not necessarily be discontinuous with the psychical phenomena which we find manifested in connection with the world of matter. The transfer of matter, or physical energy, or anything else that is quantitatively measurable, into such an unseen world, may

be set down as impossible, by reason of the very definition of such a world. Any hypothesis which should assume such a transfer would involve a contradiction in terms. But the hypothesis of a survival of present psychical phenomena in such a world, after being denuded of material conditions, is not in itself absurd or self-contradictory, though it may be impossible to support it by any arguments drawn from the domain of human experience. Such is the shape which it seems to me that, in the present state of philosophy, the hypothesis of a future life must assume. We have nothing to say to gross materialistic notions of ghosts and bogies, and spirits that upset tables and whisper to ignorant, vulgar women the wonderful information that you once had an aunt Susan. The unseen world imagined in our hypothesis is not connected with the present material universe by any such "invisible bonds" as would allow Bacon and Addison to come to Boston, and write the silliest twaddle in the most ungrammatical English before a roomful of people who have never learned how to test what they are pleased to call the "evidence of their senses." Our hypothesis is expressly framed so as to exclude all intercourse whatever between the unseen world of spirit unconditioned by matter and the present world of spirit conditioned by matter, in which all our experiences have been gathered. The hypothesis being framed in such a way, the question is, What has philosophy to say to it? Can we, by searching our experiences, find any reason for adopting such an hypothesis? Or, on the other hand, supposing we can find no such reason, would the total failure of experimental evidence justify us in rejecting it?

The question is so important that I will restate it. I have imagined a world made up of psychical phenomena, freed from the material conditions under which alone we know such phenomena. Can we adduce any proof of the possibility of such a world? Or if we cannot, does

¹ For a fuller exposition of this point, see *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, ii. 436-445.

² *Fragments of Science*, page 119.

our failure raise the slightest presumption that such a world is impossible?

The reply to the first clause of the question is sufficiently obvious. We have no experience whatever of psychical phenomena save as manifested in connection with material phenomena. We know of Mind only as a group of activities which are never exhibited to us except through the medium of motions of Matter. In all our experience we have never encountered such activities save in connection with certain very complicated groupings of highly mobile material particles into aggregates which we call living organisms. And we have never found them manifested to a very conspicuous extent save in connection with some of those specially organized aggregates which have vertebrate skeletons and mammary glands. Nay, more, when we survey the net results of our experience up to the present time, we find indisputable evidence that in the past history of the visible universe psychical phenomena have only begun to be manifested in connection with certain complex aggregates of material phenomena. As these material aggregates have age by age become more complex in structure, more complex psychical phenomena have been exhibited. The development of Mind has from the outset been associated with the development of Matter. And to-day, though none of us has any knowledge of the end of psychical phenomena in his own case, yet from all the marks by which we recognize such phenomena in our fellow-creatures, whether brute or human, we are taught that when certain material processes have been gradually or suddenly brought to an end, psychical phenomena are no longer manifested. From first to last, therefore, our appeal to experience gets but one response. We have not the faintest shadow of evidence wherewith to make it seem probable that Mind can exist except in connection with a material body. Viewed from this standpoint of terrestrial experience, there is no more reason for supposing that consciousness survives the dissolution of the brain than for supposing that

the pungent flavor of table-salt survives its decomposition into metallic sodium and gaseous chlorine.

Our answer from this side is thus unequivocal enough. Indeed, so uniform has been the teaching of experience in this respect, that even in their attempts to depict a life after death men have always found themselves obliged to have recourse to materialistic symbols. To the mind of a savage the future world is a mere reproduction of the present, with its everlasting huntings and fightings. The early Christians looked forward to a renovation of the earth and the bodily resurrection from Sheol of the righteous. The pictures of hell and purgatory, and even of paradise, in Dante's great poem, are so intensely materialistic as to seem grotesque in this more spiritual age. But even to-day the popular conceptions of heaven are by no means freed from the notion of matter; and persons of high culture, who realize the inadequacy of these popular conceptions, are wont to avoid the difficulty by refraining from putting their hopes and beliefs into any definite or describable form. Not unfrequently one sees a smile raised at the assumption of knowledge or insight by preachers who describe in eloquent terms the joys of a future state; yet the smile does not necessarily imply any skepticism as to the abstract probability of the soul's survival. The skepticism is aimed at the character of the description rather than at the reality of the thing described. It implies a tacit agreement, among cultivated people, that the unseen world must be purely spiritual in constitution. The agreement is not habitually expressed in definite formulas, for the reason that no mental image of a purely spiritual world can be formed. Much stress is commonly laid upon the recognition of friends in a future life; and however deep a meaning may be given to the phrase "the love of God," one does not easily realize that a heavenly existence could be worth the longing that is felt for it, if it were to afford no further scope for the pure and tender household affections which give to the present life its powerful though indefinable

charm. Yet the recognition of friends in a purely spiritual world is something of which we can frame no conception whatever. We may look with unspeakable reverence on the features of wife or child, less because of their physical beauty than because of the beauty of soul to which they give expression; but to imagine the perception of soul by soul apart from the material structure and activities in which soul is manifested is something utterly beyond our power. Nay, even when we try to represent to ourselves the psychical activity of any single soul by itself as continuing without the aid of the psychical machinery of sensation, we get into unmanageable difficulties. A great part of the contents of our minds consists of sensuous (chiefly visual) images, and though we may imagine reflection to go on without further images supplied by vision or hearing, touch or taste or smell, yet we cannot well see how fresh experiences could be gained in such a state. The reader, if he require further illustrations, can easily follow out this line of thought. Enough has no doubt been said to convince him that our hypothesis of the survival of conscious activity apart from material conditions is not only utterly unsupported by any evidence that can be gathered from the world of which we have experience, but is utterly and hopelessly inconceivable.

It is inconceivable *because* it is entirely without foundation in experience. Our powers of conception are closely determined by the limits of our experience. When a proposition, or combination of ideas, is suggested, for which there has never been any precedent in human experience, we find it to be *unthinkable*, — the ideas will not combine. The proposition remains one which we may utter and defend, and perhaps vituperate our neighbors for not accepting, but it remains none the less an unthinkable proposition. It takes terms which severally have meanings and puts them together into a phrase which has no meaning.¹ Now when we try to combine the idea of the continuance of conscious activity

with the idea of the entire cessation of material conditions, and thereby to assert the existence of a purely spiritual world, we find that we have made an unthinkable proposition. We may defend our hypothesis as passionately as we like, but when we strive coolly to realize it in thought we find ourselves balked at every step.

But now we have to ask, How much does this inconceivability signify? In most cases, when we say that a statement is inconceivable, we practically declare it to be untrue; when we say that a statement is without warrant in experience, we plainly indicate that we consider it unworthy of our acceptance. This is legitimate in the majority of cases with which we have to deal in the course of life, because experience, and the capacities of thought called out and limited by experience, are our only guides in the conduct of life. But every one will admit that our experience is not infinite, and that our capacity of conception is not coextensive with the possibilities of existence. It is not only possible, but in the very highest degree probable, that there are many things in heaven, if not on earth, which are undreamed of in our philosophy. Since our ability to conceive anything is limited by the extent of our experience, and since human experience is very far from being infinite, it follows that there may be, and in all probability is, an immense region of existence in every way as real as the region which we know, yet concerning which we cannot form the faintest rudiment of a conception. Any hypothesis relating to such a region of existence is not only not disproved by the total failure of evidence in its favor, but the total failure of evidence does not raise even the slightest *prima facie* presumption against its validity.

These considerations apply with great force to the hypothesis of an unseen world in which psychical phenomena persist in the absence of material conditions. It is true, on the one hand, that we can bring up no scientific evidence in support of such an hypothesis. But on the other hand it is equally true that in

¹ See Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, i. 64-67.

the very nature of things no such evidence could be expected to be forthcoming; even were there such evidence in abundance it could not be accessible to us. The existence of a single soul, or congeries of psychical phenomena, unaccompanied by a material body, would be evidence sufficient to demonstrate the hypothesis. But in the nature of things, even were there a million such souls round about us, we could not become aware of the existence of one of them, for we have no organ or faculty for the perception of soul apart from the material structure and activities in which it has been manifested throughout the whole course of our experience. Even our own self-consciousness involves the consciousness of ourselves as partly material bodies. These considerations show that our hypothesis is very different from the ordinary hypotheses with which science deals. *The entire absence of testimony does not raise a negative presumption except in cases where testimony is accessible.* In the hypotheses with which scientific men are occupied, testimony is always accessible; and if we do not find any, the presumption is raised that there is none. When Dr. Bastian tells us that he has found living organisms to be generated in sealed flasks from which all living germs had been excluded, we demand the evidence for his assertion. The testimony of facts is in this case hard to elicit, and only skillful reasoners can properly estimate its worth. But still it is all accessible. With more or less labor it can be got at; and if we find that Dr. Bastian has produced no evidence save such as may equally well receive a different interpretation from that which he has given it, we rightly feel that a strong presumption has been raised against his hypothesis. It is a case in which we are entitled to expect to find the favoring facts if there are any, and so long as we do not find such, we are justified in doubting their existence. So when our authors propound the hypothesis of an unseen universe consisting of phenomena which occur in the interstellar ether, or even in some primordial fluid with which the ether has physical relations, we are en-

titled to demand their proofs. It is not enough to tell us that we cannot disprove such a theory. The burden of proof lies with them. The interstellar ether is something concerning the physical properties of which we have some knowledge; and surely, if all the things are going on which they suppose in a medium so closely related to ordinary matter, there ought to be some traceable indications of the fact. At least, until the contrary can be shown, we must refuse to believe that all the testimony in a case like this is utterly inaccessible; and accordingly, so long as none is found, especially so long as none is even alleged, we feel that a presumption is raised against their theory.

These illustrations will show, by sheer contrast, how different it is with the hypothesis of an unseen world that is purely spiritual. The testimony in such a case must, under the conditions of the present life, be forever inaccessible. It lies wholly outside the range of experience. However abundant it may be, we cannot expect to meet with it. And accordingly our failure to produce it does not raise even the slightest presumption against our theory. When conceived in this way, the belief in a future life is without scientific support; but at the same time it is placed beyond the need of scientific support and beyond the range of scientific criticism. It is a belief which no imaginable future advance in physical discovery can in any way impugn. It is a belief which is in no sense irrational, and which may be logically entertained without in the least affecting our scientific habit of mind or influencing our scientific conclusions.

To take a brief illustration: we have alluded to the fact that in the history of our present world the development of mental phenomena has gone on hand in hand with the development of organic life, while at the same time we have found it impossible to explain mental phenomena as in any sense the product of material phenomena. Now there is another side to all this. The great lesson which Berkeley taught mankind was that what we call material phenomena

are really the products of consciousness coöperating with some Unknown Power (not material) existing beyond consciousness. We do very well to speak of "matter" in common parlance, but all that the word really means is a group of qualities which have no existence apart from our minds. Modern philosophers have quite generally accepted this conclusion, and every attempt to overturn Berkeley's reasoning has hitherto resulted in complete and disastrous failure. In admitting this, we do not admit the conclusion of Absolute Idealism, that nothing exists outside of consciousness. What we admit as existing independently of our own consciousness is the Power that causes in us those conscious states which we call the perception of material qualities. We have no reason for regarding this Power as in itself material: indeed, we cannot do so, since by the theory material qualities have no existence apart from our minds. I have elsewhere sought to show that less difficulty is involved in regarding this Power outside of us as quasi-psychical, or in some measure similar to the mental part of ourselves; and I have gone on to conclude that this Power may be identical with what men have, in all times and by the aid of various imperfect symbols, endeavored to apprehend as Deity.¹ We are thus led to a view of things not very unlike the views entertained by Spinoza and Berkeley. We are led to the inference that what we call the material universe is but the manifestation of infinite Deity to our finite minds. Obviously, on this view, Matter — the only thing to which materialists concede real existence — is simply an orderly phantasmagoria; and God and the Soul — which materialists regard as mere fictions of the imagination — are the only conceptions that answer to real existences.

In the foregoing paragraph I have been setting down opinions with which I am prepared to agree, and which are not in conflict with anything that our study of the development of the objective world has taught us. In so far as

that study may be supposed to bear on the question of a future life, two conclusions are open to us. First we may say that since the phenomena of mind appear and run their course along with certain specialized groups of material phenomena, so, too, they must disappear when these specialized groups are broken up. Or, in other words, we may say that every living person is an organized whole; consciousness is something which pertains to this organized whole, as music belongs to the harp that is entire; but when the harp is broken it is silent, and when the organized whole of personality falls to pieces consciousness ceases forever. To many well-disciplined minds this conclusion seems irresistible; and doubtless it would be a sound one — a good Baconian conclusion — if we were to admit, with the materialists, that the possibilities of existence are limited by our tiny and ephemeral experience.

But now, suppose that some Platonic speculator were to come along and insist upon our leaving room for an alternative conclusion; suppose he were to urge upon us that all this process of material development, with the discovery of which our patient study has been rewarded, may be but the temporary manifestation of relations otherwise unknown between ourselves and the infinite Deity; suppose he were to argue that psychical qualities may be inherent in a spiritual substance which under certain conditions becomes incarnated in matter, to wear it as a perishable garment for a brief season, but presently to cast it off and enter upon the freedom of a larger existence; what reply should we be bound to make, bearing in mind that the possibilities of existence are in no wise limited by our experience? Obviously we should be bound to admit that in sound philosophy this conclusion is just as likely to be true as the other. We should, indeed, warn him not to call on us to help him to establish it by scientific arguments; and we should remind him that he must not make illicit use of his extra-experiential hypotheses by bringing them into the treatment of scientific questions that

¹ See *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, Part I., chap. iv.; Part III., chaps. iii., iv.

lie within the range of experience. In science, for example, we make no use of the conception of a "spiritual substance" (or of a "material substance" either), because we can get along sufficiently well by dealing solely with qualities. But with this general understanding we should feel bound to concede the impregnableness of his main position.

I have supposed this theory only as an illustration, not as a theory which I am prepared to adopt. My present purpose is not to treat as an advocate the question of a future life, but to endeavor to point out what conditions should be observed in treating the question philosophically. It seems to me that a great deal is gained when we have distinctly set before us what are the peculiar conditions of proof in the case of such transcendental questions. We have gained a great deal when we have learned how thoroughly impotent, how truly irrelevant, is physical investigation in the presence of such a question. If we get not much positive satisfaction for our unquiet yearnings, we occupy at any rate a sounder philosophic position when we recognize the limits within which our conclusions, whether positive or negative, are valid.

It seems not improbable that Mr. Mill may have had in mind something like the foregoing considerations when he suggested that there is no reason why one should not entertain the belief in a future life if the belief be necessary to one's spiritual comfort. Perhaps no suggestion in Mr. Mill's richly suggestive posthumous work has been more generally condemned as unphilosophical, on the ground that in matters of belief we must be guided not by our likes and dislikes, but by the evidence that is accessible. The objection is certainly a sound one so far as it relates to scientific questions where evidence is accessible. To hesitate to adopt a well-supported theory because of some vague preference for a different view is in scientific matters the one unpardonable sin, — a sin which has been only too often committed. Even in matters which lie beyond the range of experi-

ence, where evidence is inaccessible, desire is not to be regarded as by itself an adequate basis for belief. But it seems to me that Mr. Mill showed a deeper knowledge of the limitations of scientific method than his critics, when he thus hinted at the possibility of entertaining a belief not amenable to scientific tests. The hypothesis of a purely spiritual unseen world, as above described, is entirely removed from the jurisdiction of physical inquiry, and can be judged only on general considerations of what has been called "moral probability;" and considerations of this sort are likely, in the future as in the past, to possess different values for different minds. He who, on such considerations, entertains a belief in a future life may not demand that his skeptical neighbor shall be convinced by the same considerations; but his neighbor is at the same time estopped from stigmatizing his belief as unphilosophical.

The consideration which must influence most minds in their attitude toward this question is the craving, almost universally felt, for some teleological solution to the problem of existence. Why we are here now is a question of even profounder interest than whether we are to live hereafter. Unfortunately its solution carries us no less completely beyond the range of experience. The belief that all things are working together for some good end is the most essential expression of religious faith; of all intellectual propositions it is the one most closely related to that emotional yearning for a higher and better life which is the sum and substance of religion. Yet all the treatises on natural theology that have ever been written have barely succeeded in establishing a low degree of scientific probability for this belief. In spite of the eight Bridge-water Treatises, and the "Ninth" beside, dysteleology still holds full half the field as against teleology. Most of this difficulty, however, results from the crude anthropomorphic views which theologians have held concerning God. Once admitting that the divine attributes may be (as they must be) incom-

measurably greater than human attributes, our faith that all things are working together for good may remain unimpugned.

To many minds such a faith will seem incompatible with belief in the ultimate destruction of sentience amid the general doom of the material universe. A good end can have no meaning to us save in relation to consciousness that distinguishes and knows the good from the evil. There could be no better illustration of how we are hemmed in than the very inadequacy of the words with which we try to discuss this subject. Such words have all gained their meanings from human experience, and hence of necessity carry anthropomorphic implications. But we cannot help this. We must think with the symbols with which experience has furnished us; and when we so think, there does seem to be little that is even intellectually satisfying in the awful picture which science shows us, of giant worlds concentrating out of nebulous vapor, developing with prodigious waste of energy into theatres of all that is grand and sacred in spiritual endeavor, clashing and exploding again into dead vapor-balls, only to renew the same toilful process without end, — a senseless bubble-play of Titan forces, with life, love, and aspiration brought forth only to be extinguished. The human mind, however "scientific" its training, must often recoil from the conclusion that this is all; and there are moments when one passionately feels that this cannot be all. On warm June mornings in green, country lanes, with sweet pine-odors wafted in the breeze which sighs through the branches, and cloud-shadows flitting over far-off blue mountains, while little birds sing their love-songs and golden-haired children weave garlands of wild roses; or when in the solemn twilight we listen to wondrous harmonies of Beethoven and Chopin that stir the heart like voices from an unseen world; at such times one feels that the profoundest answer which science can give to our questionings is but a superficial answer after all. At these mo-

ments, when the world seems fullest of beauty, one feels most strongly that it is but the harbinger of something else, — that the ceaseless play of phenomena is no mere sport of Titans, but an orderly scene, with its reason for existing, its

"One divine far-off event
To which the whole creation moves."

Difficult as it is to disentangle the elements of reasoning that enter into these complex groups of feeling, one may still see, I think, that it is speculative interest in the world, rather than anxious interest in self, that predominates. The desire for immortality in its lowest phase is merely the outcome of the repugnance we feel toward thinking of the final cessation of vigorous, vital activity. Such a feeling is naturally strong with healthy people. But in the mood which I have above tried to depict, this feeling, or any other which is merely self-regarding, is lost sight of in the feeling which associates a future life with some solution of the burdensome problem of existence. Had we but faith enough to lighten the burden of this problem, the inferior question would perhaps be less absorbing. Could we but know that our present lives are working together toward some good end, even an end in no wise anthropomorphic, it would be of less consequence whether we were individually to endure. To the dog under the knife of the experimenter, the world is a world of pure evil; yet could the poor beast but understand the alleviation of human suffering to which he is contributing, he would be forced to own that this is not quite true; and if he were also a heroic or Christian dog, the thought would perhaps take away from death its sting. The analogy may be a crude one; but the reasonableness of the universe is at least as far above our comprehension as the purposes of a man surpass the understanding of the dog. Believing, however, though as a simple act of trust; that the end will crown the work, we may rise superior to the question which has here concerned us, and exclaim, in the supreme language of faith, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

John Fiske.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

As prominent a writer of French novels as any now living is Victor Cherbuliez, who is French neither by birth nor wholly by education, but rather by choice. Born in Geneva, as a writer he is a curious mixture of cosmopolitan and Parisian. This mixture is a paradoxical one, because a Parisian is one of the most unc cosmopolitan of civilized beings; to his mind Paris is first, and the rest of the world nowhere. This adoration of the capital of France is, or more truly was, not unknown to Americans, especially to those who had enlarged their minds by foreign travel. Although Cherbuliez shows many traces of this feeling, he has not disdained to take other places for the scene of his romances. His knowledge of other lands, of their history and their people, serves him in good stead. It is an excellent part of his generous outfit for the novelist's trade. His whole life has been spent in a literary atmosphere. He was born in Geneva, as already said, about the year 1832. In that city his father was professor of Hebrew, and one of his uncles was professor of political economy; another uncle was a well-known publisher and literary man. From these surroundings it is easy to judge of the thoroughness of his studies and the excellence of his training.

His first book, as was only natural, and indeed as was almost incumbent on him, was one of a scholastic sort. Eschewing the Hebrew language and political economy, — he could probably have written tempting books on either subject, — he wrote about Greek art. It first appeared in the year 1860, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was afterwards published in book form under the name of *Un Cheval de Phidias*. Cherbuliez has himself unfitted the great public for the proper enjoyment of this book. Those who were so fortunate as to read the volume when it first appeared must have wondered

whether its author was to shine in future as a writer of fiction or of æsthetical studies. By this time his readers have learned to look upon him mainly as a novelist, and he who takes up this book has to be on his guard against letting his attention wander from the description of the beauty of Athens and the wonders of Greek art, to an ignobler personal interest in certain characters used as pegs on which to hang some brilliant theorizing. The machinery of the book is twofold: there is a little group of people at Athens, — a marquise, a young and charming widow; her uncle, a whimsical English lord, not unlike the thin-legged caricatures of the aristocracy of Great Britain one sees in shop windows vainly awaiting buyers; and the suite of the marquise, consisting of a fat and jovial doctor, a gaunt Spanish abbé, and a young, handsome Venetian painter. This little band is joined by the narrator of the story, and the action begins. Every character is well drawn, and the plot is an alluring one, but the pursuer of pleasure who takes up the volume will lay it down, or let it fall from his hands, when he comes to the disquisitions of the various persons about the merits of the art of Phidias, which are really the kernel of the volume. The cooler reader, who cares less for the romantic part, will yet find it an agreeable addition to what cannot fail to please him, namely, the talk of these people about the friezes of the Parthenon. The love story only lends to the pages of the book the salt of the country in which the scene is laid. The arguments of the various characters are the most important part of this charming essay, which, however, deserves a place on the side-shelf along with *Le Prince Vitale*, and *Le Grand Œuvre*. These are also books of great merit. This praise is especially due to *Le Prince Vitale*, which is really a study of Tasso's life, set before the reader with so much vividness

and intelligence that one forgets to be grateful for the research and careful thought it must have required.—In this volume, which is perhaps the best, the sugaring of fiction is less than in either of the others. At any rate, it is better than *Le Grand Œuvre*, which hides beneath a romantic story some almost tedious talks about the Middle Ages. These three volumes show so much skill and gracefully handled learning, so well combined with the gauziest veil of a story, that it may well be questioned whether the writer was not at his best in these his earlier flights, rather than in his novels. But however this may be, it will be hard to find persons competent to answer, whose disappointment at finding these to be not entirely novels will not make them unjust to their other qualities. In these books, at any rate, Cherbuliez has shown how comprehensive and thorough were his preparations, how various his studies for a literary career. He was well fitted for serious work, but he had given proof of great skill in those rarer excellences, the drawing of human beings and the devising of a plot, so that it is no wonder that he yielded to the temptation of working, with all his education and facility, for the entertainment rather than the instruction of his fellow-men. He made up his mind to write novels and not learned disquisitions, and it is as a novelist that he more especially demands consideration. To all, but more especially to those who are indifferent to fiction, the books just mentioned can be commended for their scholarly tone and their thorough freedom from pedantry. One could not be more ingeniously tricked into solid reading; indeed, it is hard not to suspect what is so agreeable of being unsound, but it would be harder to catch Cherbuliez tripping; he is too clever not to make sure of his facts.

But, as we have said, he put æsthetic study behind him, and devoted himself mainly to the writing of novels. This was his deliberate choice, we may be sure, for doubtless he would have done well whatever branch of literature he had decided to devote himself to. His mind had the same facility for almost

every sort of current literary work which some people's hands have for mechanical tasks. He could not be dull; his style was unfailingly attractive; he evidently worked with ease. In a word, he was exceedingly clever. All of this cleverness is to be seen in his novels. The first of these to appear was *Le Comte Kostia*, which came out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* about twelve years ago. It at once attracted considerable attention. The story that it tells is not one of every-day life; the plot is an ingenious complication closely resembling those barely possible incidents to be found on the stage of the theatre rather than on that of real life or in the works of wise novelists, but it has the advantage of fastening the reader's attention. A brief analysis of the story may be of service in illustrating what we have to say concerning the methods used by Cherbuliez. A Russian nobleman, the Comte Kostia himself, is living in a castle on the Rhine, trying to hide his deep disgust for the female sex beneath an earnest devotion to Byzantine history. His marriage had been an unhappy one, and he had doubts of the legitimacy of his only surviving child, a girl, whose resemblance to her mother is so hateful to him that he has her dressed as a boy. The hero of the story, Gilbert Savile, comes to the castle as secretary to the count, and soon finds himself growing interested in this young creature, whom he takes for a boy. He succeeds in overcoming her — apparently his — dislike, and finally, when he has discovered his mistake, falls in love with her. At this juncture, by a series of most melodramatic incidents the count's doubts are cleared up, and he suddenly changes from a more than half-mad domestic tyrant to a most courteous and attentive father, and all ends happily. This, although much condensed, is essentially the outline of the novel, but it gives only a faint notion of the total impression the book makes. This framework is hidden by much that is distasteful, for the confusion of feeling about the boy who is really a girl is not an attractive thing, and in order to clear up

all the complications it is necessary to stir up some very turbid waters; but in spite of these defects there is so much imagination in parts of the story, so much ready invention, and so brilliant a wit, that the reader, even if inclined to condemn, must make large reserves of praise. That the novel has claims for admiration as a picture of life cannot be affirmed; it attracts its readers by other qualities than photographic accuracy; it is, in short, with its incidents and characters, a sensational novel. Now against a sensational novel there is a reasonable prejudice in the human mind, or at least in that corner of the human mind which concerns itself with the making of judgments. It does not injure the popularity of a novel that it seeks for description unnatural scenes, or for characters people unlike conventional mediocrity, but those who enjoy it feel that they must distinguish between keenness of interest and real approval. The melodramatic character of the novel is noticeable, and since a melodrama must have something besides its inherent improbability to win readers, it is interesting to notice wherein the charm lies.

Victor Hugo has a skillful pen for describing the unreal, and his vivid eloquence throws as it were a flash of lightning on what he is writing about, and imprints it sharply on the memory; if, for instance, he has a precipice to describe, he almost makes his reader's head giddy: but Cherbuliez accomplishes what he has to do by somewhat more refined means, although he does not wholly ignore this description of physical feelings. The reader does not hold his breath and shiver, as he does when reading Victor Hugo, but he partakes of the intellectual excitement which all the characters show, and in the most desperate moments enjoys to the utmost all the epigrammatic points which fill the book. A succession of picturesque incidents keeps his mind continually attentive. For instance, Gilbert feels great pity for the much-abused child of the ogreish count, and, while fancying him to be a boy, makes all sorts of ro-

mantic efforts to win his affection. At peril of his life he clammers through the window to give him midnight instruction in botany. Moreover this melodramatic Mr. Barlow, to prove his friendship, does not hesitate to pluck a glove from the teeth of a ferocious bull-dog; and just before this scene, when the capricious pupil objects to the accuracy with which his teacher's cravat is tied, Gilbert makes another equally significant point by untying his cravat and leaving the loose ends flying. Even those who are not hypercritical may feel as if there were something overdrawn in this representation of human feelings. It is surely higher art to let them appear in some more probable way, which shall less resemble those drastic methods of the stage where dissembled love is expressed by kicking down-stairs.

Midnight walks among chimney-tops, swinging in mid-air over an abyss—even on a piece of new rope, struggling with savage dogs, and all such sports, are cheap, well-worn incidents, which lend factitious importance to the story, in very much the same way as raising the voice in anger adds to the soundness of argument. It is in the invention of scenes like these that Cherbuliez, when he is not at his best, delights. To this form of art he has bent much skill, so much indeed that it is easy to overlook the cheapness of some of these devices. Victor Hugo has no sooner created an impossible situation than he is out among the audience leading the applause; but Cherbuliez wears an easier air of being amused at his own ingenuity, rather than profoundly convinced of its value. He seems to share the reader's amusement, and he contributes to it by a perpetual flow of wit and good spirits. It need not be fancied that his novels are wholly made up of crude dramatic incidents; if this were the case he would remain unknown among the numerous workers in the raw material of fiction. In fact, he has deservedly a place among the better known novelists, and this success is to be accounted for by the cleverness which disguises or takes the place of so much that is trite. No blun-

dering, bashful boy ever yearned to be more epigrammatic than are the characters in the novels of Cherbuliez. At the end of *Le Comte Kostia*, when the long-neglected daughter puts on the raiment commonly worn by women, she blossoms with pert speeches and bits of coquetry, as if she had just come home from boarding-school; and the once fierce father lays aside his barbarity, and shows himself as urbane as heart could wish. When the leading villain of the piece, who has been the cause of all the trouble, has made away with himself, there is at once perfect harmony, and the heaviest care any of the characters has is to prepare appropriate repartees for use in the brilliant conversation. As for all the tragedy, no one is more depressed by it than by a summer shower; the reader observes with curiosity the different strokes of artificial fate as one looks at lightning flashing at a great distance. How unimpressive the tragedy is may be seen by comparing the effect the accumulation of horrors in this novel produces, with what is left by even a slight sketch of Tourguéneff's. In *Le Comte Kostia* we have a cruel father who treats his daughter with really insane brutality, driving her to try suicide in her despair, locking her up in a remote corner of a castle, never speaking to her except to insult her; who has put to torture a priest in order to wring from him the secrets of the confessional; who has embittered the whole life of one of his serfs by his cruel oppression: and yet when the reader has supped on all these horrors he is positively light-hearted. But what are the feelings with which he lays down, say, Tourguéneff's *Mou-Mou*? This is a very simple tale of a deaf mute, a serf, who has led an unhappy, lonely life, whose only friend is a little dog. His mistress, who has absolute power over her slaves, a nervous, fretful woman, fancies herself kept awake by the dog's barking, and gives orders that it be put to death. The serf is himself its executioner; he washes the dog, gives it a good meal, takes it out with him upon the river, throws it overboard, and rows hastily away from

the place. That is all. The incidents Tourguéneff has chosen seem scant and trivial in comparison with the tragic abundance Cherbuliez has collected, but, slight as they are, they fill the reader's heart with tender sympathy, while the parade of agonies leaves him cold. But if the tragedy is sometimes ineffective, the comedy never is; this is unfailingly brilliant, and always demands our admiration. Cherbuliez is a writer of immense cleverness, and to this quality he owes both his success and his failure. It poisons his tragedy by making it seem unreal, but it lends a great charm to the rest, and outside of tragedy there is a great deal that goes to the making of a good novel.

The distinctness with which his characters are drawn is a very noticeable quality of all he writes; besides this, they always show themselves characteristically, in the most important relations to one another, clearly, concisely, without being obscured by a single superfluous line. Everything in his novels aims at the end, and the course thereto is sharply defined. Cherbuliez never strays into side-paths leading nowhere; he never lounges while telling his story; he is always brisk, and the whole story is always compact. No reader can escape feeling admiration for such skilled workmanship. A writer who is never prosy has one strong claim for liking, and this liking Cherbuliez is tolerably sure to receive, as he deserves.

It is easy to see that where he would do best is in the drawing of those scenes in which people are, so to speak, in somewhat artificial relations with one another, as in most of the circumstances of life this side of the deepest tragedy, when a somewhat rigid etiquette controls and guides the expression of feeling. When writing on this safer ground Cherbuliez is almost without a superior. With the wariest tact he avoids fatiguing his reader; more than that, by his skill and wit he is pretty sure to delight him. Even in *Paule Méré*, which followed *Le Comte Kostia* in time of publication, though it bears marks of having been written earlier, there is much that

is charming. It is at any rate the study of character which makes the book interesting, and not the imposition of cleverly contrived incidents upon comparatively irresponsible people. The scene is laid in the Jura and in Geneva, and the contrast between the beauty and innocence of the country and the pettiness of the city is clearly drawn.

There is, to be sure, something heavy-handed in his satire of the foibles of his native town, but there is also much to redeem this. The heroine, Paule, is described with charming grace, and there are pretty scenes in the book. The love-making between Roger and Paule is agreeably told; the Englishwoman, Mrs. Simpson, is well drawn, and even Mr. Bird, with his magic flute, is far from being a wholly improbable character. The construction of the novel is not its most admirable point; what is better is the way in which both Roger and Paule are set before us; the man, intelligent, clever, well-meaning, but weak; the girl, able, generous, truthful, and attractive. She is a fascinating person, and, more than that, she has a great deal of character, the strength and quality of which Cherbuliez has well indicated. While the drawing of the man's whimsies and amiable inability to accomplish anything is clever, there is a higher merit in the representation of the girl, not in respect of skill in execution, for he always makes his figures lifelike, but in a certain refinement which exalts the whole book. But even here Cherbuliez puts in some artificial touches, as in narrating the young girl's devotion to the slippers of her mother, who was a ballet-dancer. This is a fantastic sort of filial affection which is not sure of unfailingly impressing the reader. It is an instance of this author's constant attempt to illustrate what he wishes to say by means of some outward and glaringly visible sign. While there can be no question that the use of definite illustrations is more likely to make the writer's meaning plain to the reader than are whole pages of blank assertion,—for the imagination is sooner set moving by pictures than by affidavits,—it is also

certain that much care is required in the choice of examples. In this case, the author has either invented or possibly observed this incongruous attachment to the mother's slippers, and the reader is aware of coming across a new device, but meanwhile the expression of affection grows cold, and we are more struck with the writer's perverse taste than with the heroine's devotion.

There is a more uniform but less ideal attractiveness in that one of his novels in which he first threw everything else aside to set before the reader a duel of cleverness, in his *Roman d'une Honnête Femme*; this is a comedy of the modern French stage put into the form of a novel. The *dramatis personæ* are as clear and distinct as their remarks are witty and concise. Everything in the story has the air of being, so to speak, clean cut. The scene is laid in an artificial world, much jauntier than the familiar vale of tears, and the two leading characters, who are about equally equipped with pride, self-possession, attractiveness, and readiness of wit, play their amusing game of tit-for-tat. The reader's sympathy is secured beforehand for the abused wife, who manages by dexterous strokes of wit and ingenuity to turn the tables on her polite but overbearing husband. So long as readers find a charm in tales about poor governesses who marry rich lords and afterwards repay with interest the slights which they received when obscure, or about poor orphans who turn out to be the heirs to immense estates, so long will there be a prepossession in favor of the almost equally familiar incidents of this novel. One follows the downfall of the husband from the heights of his foolish presumption with the satisfaction one always has in seeing the right conquer. In this case, to be sure, it is less the glow at the victory of righteousness over sin that one is conscious of, than a somewhat spiteful rejoicing at seeing a polished domestic tyrant beaten at his own game; but the feeling, if a trifle malicious, is none the less sincere. In spite of the triteness of the subject, there is so much freshness and originality in the treatment that it

reads like a new revelation; one forgets the large company of writers who have all taken up this subject, said more or less about it, and laid it down again; Cherbuliez seems to have discovered it for himself. The skill with which the encounters of the two combatants are narrated is really admirable. They riddle one another with their polite but malignant speeches, yet they never show themselves touched; each in due sequence plays the part required to excite the other's jealousy, and each counterfeits stony indifference; both take proper care that the servants get no material for wonder and gossip. There are other and rarer good points in the novel, which make it excellent of its kind. Such is the graceful characterization of the heroine, with her fine pride. The husband is hardly so successfully done; he labors under the disadvantage of seeming like the men who are so often heroes of women's novels, and who are conspicuous for arrogance and general unpleasantness. One incident follows close on the heels of another; the interest is kept up breathlessly from the beginning of the book to the end. No sooner is one complication set right than another appears. Here as elsewhere we are struck with wonder at Cherbuliez's brilliancy. It is not merely superficial vivacity, but, as when the unhappy wife's faint affection for the young priest is dispelled by seeing him, so little does he in fact attain to the ideal she had pictured in his absence, it is intelligent observation and acute perception. This is not an isolated instance, by any means. The book is full of just such incidents. One is tempted to believe that Cherbuliez wrote this novel to show how easily he could beat the French on their own ground; whether this was his intention or not is immaterial; it is certain that he did so beat them. He made the old story new, and he separated himself from his French rivals by treating the rather delicate subject of the novel as an intellectual problem to be worked out by the understanding mind, without alluring the reader to mischievous sympathy with unholy emotions and passions.

Prosper Randoce is perhaps the best of his novels. It tells the story of a modern French poet, an artificial nature, forever posing, more theatrical than most actors on the stage, extravagant in manner, assuming great warmth, but with a heart of stone. The other hero, Didier by name, is the very opposite; he is kind, amiable, a skeptic to the heart's core, and born to be the victim of delusions, although confident of his ability to see through them all. The contrast between these two men is very strikingly given, with no more caricature than is needful to make them life-like. The *verve* with which the story is told makes it one of the most entertaining of modern novels. Every page bears witness to the qualities a novelist most needs, exhibited in wise profusion. The characters are most vivid; Prosper himself is well enough drawn to stand as the representative not only of the school of writers Cherbuliez had in his mind, but of that larger class of human beings whose characteristics are the dramatic fire which imitates enthusiasm, and real, deep-seated coldness. Often such persons for a time deceive their fellow-men almost as much as they do themselves, as every one knows to his cost; and the mechanism of their minds, the singularities of their conduct, are nowhere better shown than in this novel. Such praise seems cold when we consider the skill manifested in the drawing of Prosper. His colossal conceit, his impudence, his self-confidence, his buoyancy, are all shown, not told us, and our impression of him is most vivid. Didier's different nature is equally well exhibited, and all his amusing, incompetent, kindly deeds are narrated in a way that is really fascinating.

Although Cherbuliez sees the foibles of his characters, he does not write in a malicious vein. He takes the attitude of an observer of mankind, not of a judge, and tells his story in a perfectly impersonal way. The reader is charmed by his ingenuity and wit, and takes the story for what it is worth, as a novel with entertainment for its sole aim. Spinoza's line, "*humanas actiones non*

ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere," expresses the position taken by Cherbuliez; but, it will be noticed, this is the position of the scientific man rather than that of the poet, who laughs and cries and hates, as may be required, without contenting himself with the chilly enjoyment of perceiving alone. When Tourguéneff is writing, he maintains his dignity, and although he is chary of comments, we perceive, from the impression made on us, the attitude of his mind, condemning or approving, it may be, as well as perceiving; we feel the strong passion inspiring him, and glow in sympathy. George Eliot, again, has her own distinct opinion concerning everything she writes about; she never leaves the reader doubtful as to the judgment formed by her own mind, everything is carefully explained; indeed, too carefully, as in *Middlemarch*, where every process of Dorothea's mind is painstakingly exposed and interpreted. But Cherbuliez observes and records without comment, and with no perceptible bias towards praising either goodness or sophistical vice, nor yet towards condemning wrong-doing. Every other question is indifferent; he looks only at the scenic effect; he has a sort of pagan optimism. Everything is material for his wit, which neither scoffs nor ridicules, but lends conciseness and brilliancy to what he has to say. He describes evil deeds with an easy conscience; they are viewed only in their relation to his story, as incidents merely, not as texts or warnings. The reader is delighted with this irresponsible world, and does not mourn the triumph of evil, or rejoice at its overthrow; he simply yields to the charm of the novel as a witty complication of events. In *Paule Méré* there are traces of personal revolt against the Genevese, but elsewhere, whether in describing the fantastic adventures of the frivolous Pole, Ladislas Bolski, or the heart-pangs of the young socialist, Joseph Noirel, it is his story with which his heart is full, not the lessons it may inspire or the influence it may have. What he cares for is success; he bids for that as an actor does for the applause of his audience,

and not for the approbation of posterity; and what is more, he generally attains it. When he does not, it is his fatal facility which leads him astray.

One of the most noticeable of his good qualities is the excellent way in which he draws women. To say that they are as good as his men is high but fitting praise. The refined *Madame d'Azado*, in *Prosper Randoce*, the crafty *Meta Holdenis*, in the novel of that name, and in many ways the most charming of all, *Marguérite*, in *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*, with the high-spirited *Paule Méré*, are all equally good and all distinct. One never meets the same woman twice under different names and in different dresses. They are all very living beings too, not merely one womanly quality in petticoats, which some, not hypercritical, judge *Charles Reade's* heroines to be; nor yet amiable nothingness like some of *Thackeray's*.

The most attractive of all, as has just been said, is *Marguérite*, in *Joseph Noirel*. All her simple home life is beautifully described, and there are few more charming pictures, one might almost say, in fiction, in modern French fiction one can certainly say, than those in which she appears. But the power of perceiving, appreciating, and describing so lovely and innocent a heroine was far from being a liberal education to Cherbuliez. She is placed in an incongruous sensational novel. This charming girl marries a fascinating man, the Count d'Ornis, prominent in whose stormy past stands the murder of a friend. This unpleasant incident is known by a vulgar seller of bric-à-brac, who blackmails the count. Further and even more desperate complications are those introduced by *Joseph Noirel*, who is in love with *Marguérite*. On this foundation is built a novel which, while it is only just to call it entertaining, shows us a fair young life tortured merely to baffle the reader for a couple of hours. It is this total lack of conscience which is painful. We are grateful to an author who introduces us to a lovely character who shall stand in our mind as an ideal figure receiving our respect and admiration, but when the

author makes it win our liking simply in order to add poignantly to our regret at its wanton destruction, and makes away with it not in consequence of some flaw in itself, but by means of an artificial chain of improbable and irrelevant circumstances, the reader is justified in his impatience. When fate strikes such a blow we call it blind; there is something worse than blindness in the writer who does it. He deceives into feeling something with which he does not sympathize. He prefers the sharp effect of his story to the lasting gratification of his reader, and the reader avenges himself, after the flush of pained surprise is over, by appreciating less keenly what may have been really good in this tale of cruelty; he condemns heartily the novelist who runs amuck among his characters to have a dramatic ending.

No one cares to have felt himself affected by a fraudulent story of grief, and a heartless device, such as Cherbuliez uses in this novel, gives us the impression of his contempt for nobler feelings. It puts him in the light of a showman, not of a teacher, and the novelist cannot escape from the responsibility of teaching. Didactic instruction is far from being the only method in use, and every man who writes a novel, and more especially a man of the ability of Cherbuliez, teaches more or less, even if against his will, by adding some new thing to our experience and contributing in some measure to the molding of our character. This is a responsibility he cannot shirk. The reader exposes himself to this influence, and demands that the narrator feel what we feel. In the novel under discussion the author is not merely an unsympathetic observer; he is also a trifler with emotions he ought to respect. Not in *Paule Méré*, nor, in spite of the narrowness of its horizon, in *Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme*, nor in *Prosper Randoce*, is this fault to be found. The ingredients Cherbuliez chose do not exceed their proper powers in bringing the novel to an end. One event follows another in natural sequence. The reader always prefers to have the plot carried out with the legal formulas duly ob-

served, so to speak, to having the author shoot down his characters, red-handed, in order to bring his story to a climax and end it vividly. Lynch law is out of repute in the more civilized countries.

In *Prosper Randoce* the author's impartiality is well suited to the study such characters require. People like *Prosper* exist, and the novelist does better work in showing them as they are than he could do by condemning or ridiculing them. But one cannot help feeling some surprise that the intellectual comprehension which conceived of a *Didier*, a *Marguérite*, a *Paule Méré*, should have descended to such pettiness as the wiles of the hoydenish *Miss Rovel*, the heroine of his last novel. Such a character might well have been left for meaner pens. It is a lamentable downfall from *Didier*, the poetic, imaginative dreamer, to this precocious flirt and her disreputable mother. Cherbuliez has so often shown perception of those qualities that make life something besides meanness, that his equal zeal in painting qualities which are degrading is a cause of wonder. It may be said that there is a remote point of view from which good and bad may be regarded with indifference; that the glance of the philosopher, like rain, falls equally on just and unjust; but those writers who care for even the success of the moment ought to value at least their reputations more than to be willing to treat trivial themes as Cherbuliez sometimes does. To say that the inferior *Miss Rovel*, his latest novel, is a characteristic example of the way he uses his gifts would not be wholly true; he does not always beat his talent of gold into a thin layer of gilding to cover a great deal of valueless material, but his frequent content with less genuine success is worthy of notice and of condemnation. He is satisfied with the applause he wins at each installment of a serial story, but no one reads a story in that way twice. Many unworthy effects may be produced in that form of publication which will not endure the cooler examination one gives to a bound volume. We are always struck with wonder at Cherbuliez's cleverness, but that cleverness

is carefully to be distinguished from wisdom should not be forgotten. It is not always the man who makes the best retort that has the truth on his side, nor yet the writer who puts down on paper the greatest number of witticisms that necessarily takes the wisest view of life. In this story what was an attractive grace has become a tedious mannerism; epigrams run wild; one neat speech follows another without pause; and the ingenious surprises continually appear, with a regularity as monotonous and as depressing as the booming of minute-guns.

So long as inspiration and technical ability go along together the reader can congratulate himself, but when he finds that an author goes on writing about trivial subjects apparently with all the earnestness which he formerly devoted to more important matters, he is tempted to revise his laudatory opinions and to detect instances of unsoundness which he had previously overlooked in the ardor of admiration. Still, care should be taken to avoid detracting from a considerable degree of merit under the influence of disappointment at an author's last volume. It is safer to wait until all the testimony of his writings is in, before condemning him for failure because he is variable. Looking at all that Cherbuliez has done, however, we find that he has adopted certain principles of writing which may or may not be worthy of approbation, but at any rate are proper subjects of comment. All is grist that comes to his mill. It seems to him to be a matter of indifference what he shall write about. He can make anything

light. He appears more like a man who is anxious to write an entertaining novel, than like one whose mind is burdened with things he has to say to the world. His *Meta Holdenis* is an example of this weakness. It is a very interesting story, in which the author has chosen for his heroine a sort of Becky Sharp, and the account of her wiliness is most amusing reading. She is a calculating young person, with a very keen and far-seeing eye for what is to her own advantage; hence, though she is willing to help swindle a young man out of his money, she is too prudent to sin against the code of virtue. But the apparent purpose of the novel is to denounce the German race for a set of casuistical hypocrites, — a most pitiable design. Fortunately, even Germans with a trifle of philosophy can read the book without having their patriotism offended.

The combination of qualities to be found in Cherbuliez is not, it will be perceived, of the most satisfactory sort. His generous accumulation of charming traits cannot atone for the lack of earnestness which makes him blind to the relative importance of temporary success and more genuine work. However, if he shall determine to equal in his future writings what he has already done in his most successful days, an unfavorable opinion can be very easily removed. His own wit and ingenuity will be strong allies if they are kept subordinate to his better judgment; when they are left to themselves they are tiresome, but in their proper place they may make him even more renowned than he is at present.

T. S. Perry.

REVERIE.

THE white reflection of the sloop's great sail
Sleeps trembling on the tide,
In scarlet shirts her crew lean o'er the rail,
Lounging on either side.

Pale blue and streaked with pearl the waters lie,
And glitter in the heat;
The distance gathers purple bloom where sky
And glimmering coast-line meet.

From the cove's curving rim of sandy gray
The ebbing tide has drained,
Where, mournful, in the dusk of yesterday
The curlew's voice complained.

Half lost in hot mirage the sails afar
Lie dreaming, still and white;
No wave breaks, no wind breathes, the peace to mar,
Summer is at its height.

How many thousand summers thus have shone
Across the ocean waste,
Passing in swift succession, one by one,
By the fierce winter chased!

The gray rocks blushing soft at dawn and eve,
The green leaves at their feet,
The dreaming sails, the crying birds that grieve,
Ever themselves repeat.

And yet how dear and how forever fair
Is Nature's friendly face,
And how forever new and sweet and rare
Each old familiar grace!

What matters it that she will sing and smile
When we are dead and still?
Let us be happy in her beauty while
Our hearts have power to thrill.

Let us rejoice in every moment bright,
Grateful that it is ours;
Bask in her smiles with ever fresh delight,
And gather all her flowers;

For presently we part: what will avail
Her rosy fires of dawn,
Her noontide pomps, to us, who fade and fail,
Our hands from hers withdrawn?

Celia Thaxter.

A CARNIVAL OF ROME.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

EVERYBODY who has been in Rome knows the house which stands at the convergence of two steep streets, the *Via Gregoriana* and *Via Sistina*. It is of triangular shape and adorned with a semi-circular, pillared portico which has obtained for it the designation of the *Tempietto*.¹ The two aforesaid streets here merge into the *Piazza of the Trinità de' Monti*, an open paved space in the midst of which rises an obelisk; on one hand is the church from which the place takes its name, with a high, double flight of steps and twin turrets; on the other, the heavy stone balustrade of the magnificent *Scalinata*, or Spanish stairs, which descend by successive intervals of broad flights and wide landing-places to the *Piazza di Spagna*, the heart of the foreign quarter. Beyond the church and balustrade a wide gravel road, planted with four rows of trees, passes the unpromising street-front of the *Villa Medici* to the *Monte Pincio*, the favorite drive and lounge of all Rome, native and foreign: a hill of terraced gardens, bearing on its brow a tall palm, where huge aloes and cactuses and other semi-tropical plants, high evergreen hedges and shrubberies, splashing fountains and smooth green grass make perpetual summer. This quarter is the chosen resort of Anglo-Saxondom in Rome, which has earned for it the nickname of the *English Ghetto*. The steepness of the streets makes them unusually quiet. No one takes either of them as a short cut, yet the *Piazza della Trinità de' Monti* is the gayest spot in the whole city, for the obelisk is the goal of the chariots on the *Pincian*; the double stream of carriages which every afternoon brings to the gardens turns there as the limit of its round, and for a couple of hours before sunset it is difficult for a pedestrian to cross. Yet the idlers on foot far out-

number those in carriages. After the *Ave Maria* it is deserted again. The sun basks upon it all day; by the *Scalinata* you may descend from its tranquil heights to the shops, hotels, circulating libraries, banks, and hack-stand of the *Piazza di Spagna*; while from the balustrade and all the upper windows of the neighborhood you look across the picturesque confusion of the city to the noble cupola of *St. Peter's*, and, still further, to the ridge of *Monte Mario*, with its white villa and solitary stone-pine.

Early in the winter of 186- there was tacked upon the outer door of the second story of the *Tempietto* a visiting-card engraved, "Mr. & Mrs. Geo. W. Mason, Fifth Avenue;" beside which, through a hole in the door, hung the bit of pack-thread which generally does duty for a bell-handle at the entrance of a Roman apartment. An American family had rented this for the season. The most interesting members of the party were two young girls, *Henrietta Mason*, and her bosom friend *Marion Sands*, who had been allowed to come abroad with these old family friends. *Henrietta* was pretty, attractive, clever, quick, and like other nice girls; *Marion* was not quick, less pretty, and in some respects different from girls in general. They were neither of them twenty, but *Henrietta*, who was about six months the elder, had been "out" for two years, while *Marion* lived in the country and had been in mourning since she left school. *Henrietta* was already a little woman of the world; *Marion* was in a half-developed condition, not understanding herself very well, and very much afraid of being laughed at. She was chiefly distinguished by enthusiasm and a sort of simple largeness, not incompatible with complex feeling, but rendering her incapable of pettiness in her estimates or actions. No young dream of love was

¹ Little Temple.

ever more rapturous than the idea to her of going abroad with her adored Henrietta; six months had already passed and brought no disillusion. Her transports were roused anew by each country in turn, until when at length they reached Rome she felt that this was the climax and acme of emotion. It took her weeks to calm down from the first effects of meeting such beauty and antiquity at every turn, and to surmount the repulsion and disgust which the squalor, dirt, and meanness in which they are sunk occasioned her. But after New Year, when the rush for seats at the great church ceremonies was over, when her senses had undazzled from the many-colored gorgeousness of St. Peter's with its Christmas pantomime of worship, her soul gently descended from the altitudes to which it had been rapt by the aerial notes of the silver trumpets (now forever silent), and she began to subside into a consciousness of perpetual enjoyment, tranquil but intense, such as she had never known before. Lying in bed wide awake, in the lengthening mornings, with a laziness unknown to her at home, idly watching the January sun stream in with a plenitude of light and warmth it seems to possess nowhere else, hearing no sound in the quiet streets save the melodious call of one newspaper vender who passed daily at that early hour chanting softly and sonorously his *Giornale di Roma*, she used to think the luxury of that hour alone enough to make Rome incomparable. Meanwhile the lively Henrietta was enjoying Rome after her fashion: tripping away betimes with vivacious diligence, arm in arm with Marion, down the broad, sunny steps of the Scalinata to hail a *legno*, or little one-horse open carriage, in the Piazza di Spagna, which should carry them to the Vatican or the Capitol, the Colonna or Barberini palace, or whatever other gallery was open on that day; driving in state with her mother in the grounds of the Pamfili or Borghese villas in the afternoon, and returning before sunset to somebody's reception and five o'clock tea; or, if it was a hunting-day, off by ten o'clock with a party of friends to follow

the hounds over break-neck country for six or seven hours, coming home quite fresh to dance all night with Italian princes at a ball.

One afternoon, as they were waiting for Mrs. Mason and the barouche, a card was brought in by the august Fortunato, their courier. Henrietta took it.

"'Mr. Roger Carey!' Why, Mal! your cousin Roger; yes, let him come in by all means. You have n't seen him for an age, have you?"

"No, not for ages; not since I was twelve, when he was sent to Switzerland to school."

"I've seen him since then, you know, when we were abroad before; you remember I told you that we had a little three days' flirtation at Heidelberg; it's positively thrilling."

Here the door opened and Roger Carey was shown in; he was a tall, handsome, well-made young fellow of twenty-three or twenty-four, very well-dressed, and beaming with high spirits. He and Henrietta rushed at one another: "How delightful!" they said in a breath. "When did you come?" "How did you know we were here?" etc. Then she broke off to present him to Marion.

"Little Mal!" He had not seen her for seven years, and had not expected to see her now; he had met none of his old playmates since he had left America, and this unlooked-for encounter with a pretty young kinswoman was a most agreeable surprise. He went towards her with a slight intimation of intent to kiss her, which was met on her part by an equally slight intimation that he should not do so; so he only stood holding both her hands and laughing down into her fresh young face, which looked up at him with a mixture of pleasure and bashfulness. It passed through his mind that if Henrietta had been his cousin he would have kissed her, and that he rather wished she were, but he was very glad to see them both on any terms. At this moment Fortunato reappeared to announce the carriage, and the girls began to gather up the numerous shawls and rugs without which no one goes for an afternoon drive in Rome.

"Mamma will be so glad to see you; perhaps we can drop you somewhere, — or, if you have no engagement, won't you come with us? We have a seat."

"Why, I should be delighted! I've no engagement; I got here only this morning by the night train from Florence."

"And what have you been about ever since?"

"I've been in bed," said he, laughing; while the girls cried, "Oh!" "I breakfasted at two, and then went to the banker's, where I saw Mr. Mason's name in his book; so I came straight up those awful steps to your door." This meant the Scalinata, and the girls cried "Oh!" again.

"Only wait," said Henrietta, nodding. "I give you a week to be converted and become fanatical."

"And I give you a day," added Marion, "for we are going to drive on the Appian Way." By this time they were at the door, and the good-natured Mrs. Mason warmly seconded her daughter's welcome and invitation.

In a few minutes they were driving along the narrow, crowded Corso, Henrietta playing *cicerone* to the lions by the way.

"There's the Antonine column. You never were in Rome before? Oh, lucky man! How long are you to stay? Till after Carnival? Good! two full months; we're to stay until Easter; but how time does slip away here; 'runs itself in golden sands' — no, you need n't smile — without anybody to shake the hour-glass. And there's the Doria palace, where Marion and I go to see the pictures and make believe we like it. Here we are in the Piazza de Venezia; isn't that a grand old dungeon of a palace which stops the way? Does n't it make you think of Rienzi? Now, Mal! don't tell me I'm out in my reckoning; what difference does a hundred years make in the Eternal City? Marion goes in for knowing things, and studies, and stays at home to read Gibbon, while I am dancing the German. I call that sheer waste of time; we've all our lives before us to do that in when we get back to America.

Heigh-ho! that one should ever have to leave Rome! I'd compound for never seeing even Paris again, — if I might have a box from Worth twice a year, — to stay here all my days. There's the Forum of Trajan." The young man leaned forward eagerly. "Mamma, may we stop the carriage a minute? and may I tell the coachman not to take us by the Coliseum to-day, but to turn at the foot of the Capitol and go by the Theatre of Marcellus and the Circus Maximus? Mr. Carey ought n't to see everything in a breath."

The order was obeyed, but as they passed between the high blank walls which balk expectation, and Henrietta, pointing right, said, "There are the Baths of Caracalla;" and left, "There are the tombs of the Scipios," long before they drove under the arch of Drusus and beheld the two great bastions of the San Sebastiano gate, Roger felt that marvels came too thick and fast, and that his brain was oppressed. He almost regretted having come with these companions; there was a solemnity about such places and names which made him wish to see them first alone. But as soon as the city was left behind, and the tantalizing walls of villas and vineyards sank from sight, and the wide Campagna opened before them with the white vista of ruined sepulchres marking their way, Henrietta's talk began to subside and took a softer and more interrupted flow, and by degrees ceased altogether. Suddenly Marion started up.

"Take my place," she exclaimed to her cousin. "You are sitting with your back to the view."

He resisted stoutly. "I shall see it as we come back," he said.

"No, no; then you must face towards Rome;" and nothing would induce her to resume her seat, until, still protesting, he exchanged with her, and sat down by Mrs. Mason, who was placidly laughing at her vehemence. They had reached the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and here, of course, the young people got out.

"What a pity that all the places one cares for most in Europe are so hackneyed," said Carey. "It's provoking to

think that where one stops and sighs, everybody does the same, from Byron to Cook's tourists."

"But *our* feeling for them is as fresh as if we were the first," said Marion, earnestly. "Or, if I think of Byron or Shelley, it does not make a spot seem common that they have been here before me and felt it as I do." Roger Carey turned his eyes, which had been studying the ancient cornice, upon her face, and was struck by the depth of expression for such a young person. Henrietta laughed lightly, and gave her friend a love-pat.

"Oh, no; some of us find the chief attraction of a place in the fact that Tasso, or Keats, or Lamartine sentimentalized over it."

They went back to the carriage, and drove on until they came to the tombs of the Horatii and Curatii, where Mrs. Mason bade the coachman turn. Here the trio got out again and strolled along on the turf beside the road, stopping to decipher inscriptions on the fragments of marble still incrusting in the brick-work, or to pull an early wild flower.

"And what have you been doing these four years, Miss Mason?"

"Let me see: I will tell you the history of my life, as they do in novels and plays. You remember, then, that it was late in the autumn when we bade each other a long farewell;" here she laughed a little; he laughed, too, and gave her a glance of mock reproach. "That winter we spent here. Papa was one of those who always thought the war was coming to an end after a victory. When spring opened with those terrible battles, it was like the first shock again, and we hurried home." Here Marion noticed that her cousin's face changed, and he drove a little cane he carried into the ground with a sudden thrust. "Then I went back to school for a couple of years; then I went into society, had a very good time, broke a heart or two, — all mended now, and the owners married; then last summer poor papa's dyspepsia was so bad again that we came abroad to see what a year's entire change of climate would do for him."

"I hope he is better?"

"He is always well in Europe, only a good deal bored in Italy; but he can't stand the damp, cloudy winters north of the Alps, so here we are."

"And what have you been doing, Marion, since the old days when we used to play at being husband and wife, at Beechy Heights?"

Marion was embarrassed, reddened, and replied, "Nothing," falling behind a step or two, as if looking at the view.

"How absurdly shy she is," said her cousin, a little vexed.

"Yes, rather; she has never been anywhere, you know."

"Well, you won't snub me so if I remind you of old times; not the old times when we were children, but later ones."

"Oh no; I feel so old now that all that's quite *lang syne*," said Henrietta, laughing, but blushing, too; and she waited for Marion to come up. "But I don't think Rome a good place for falling in love, do you?"

"No, I should think not; there is too much to do, to think about; one does not seem to want anything more than one has here."

"Then," said her cousin, "you think love comes only because nature abhors a vacuum."

They laughed, but Marion would not talk about love; she pointed to a hillock a few paces withdrawn from the road, composed of broken marble and masonry overgrown with sod and weeds, and overhung by a vigorous bush which had struck root down among the chinks and crevices. "Let us climb that mound to see the view;" and up they both sprang, light-footed as kids. He followed them, supposing that it was a joke, but found even that slight elevation an advantage amidst the surrounding expanse. The ardent-colored plain spread out on every side, its surface broken into countless irregularities, in which, at a short distance, no eye could distinguish the natural inequalities of the soil from the wreck of man's sumptuous pride. Villas, theatres, mausoleums, were strewn about in fragments, here a column, there a

pedestal, yonder a long symmetrical mass pierced with a row of cells; some fallen and smothered in grass and briers, some still erect and bearing their wealth of herbage, trailing wreaths, waving tufts, thick shrubbery, like hanging gardens high in air; endless - arched, dark - red aqueducts, burnished in the late afternoon sunshine, stretched in great radii from Rome to the mountains, — the wondrous mountains which encompass her afar with a zone of imperial purple. Here and there a tall, slender, square tower stood up lonely and glowing against the cerulean sky. The great avenue of the Ap-pian Way, bordered with broken marbles, led southward till lost in the heavy velvet shadow of the Alban range, whose slender serrate outline has a grace unknown in the heavy, round-shouldered hills of our country; north, they looked to where Rome was piled up on her many hills above the bronzed circuit of her walls, a sublime chaos of domes, towers, pinnacles, huge shapeless moles of ancient ruin, and black spires of cypress-trees; on that side the mountains, un-illuminated by the sun, were of a deep opaque blue, their summits blanched with the dead white purity of the snow. An air at once soft and cool, too quiet to be called a breeze, breathed upon their cheeks: it was the *tramontana*, or wind from the Apennines.

"Oh, *this is Italy!*" exclaimed the young man, lifting his hat from his brow and drawing a long breath; "this is the Italy we dream of; I see it all now."

"Converted already!" said Henri-etta.

"Yes," he replied, and then they were all silent. Mrs. Mason had to call to them that the sun was going down, before any of them moved, and by the time they were within the walls again, the narrow streets between their high houses were already dark. As they left the Campagna behind, Miss Mason's lively chatter recommenced, and she drew from Carey an account of himself during the years since they had seen him. He had then been in his first semester at Heidelberg, where he had stayed for two years, going thence for

one to Berlin; the last twelvemonth he had spent chiefly in London and Paris with his parents, whom he had left at the latter place. He was going home with them in the summer "to go to work," whereat Henrietta made an incredulous grimace; meanwhile he had come over the Alps for the first time, with his college friend, Count Rudolf von Rothenstein, to see Italy, and perhaps Greece and Turkey.

"A friend? Is he young? Is he handsome? Has he a castle on the Rhine? Why, it is just like Hyperion and the baron! And what have you done with him?"

"For shame, Henrietta!" said her mother.

"Treated him shabbily, I suppose he is beginning to think; but he had to go to his banker's, to leave some letters of introduction, and to call at the Prussian legation and at the Archæological Society, for he is a very erudite young *Herr*, — would suit Marion, I think; so he had several hours' work before him."

"Well, you must bring him to see us; bring him this evening, and then we can make some plans for to-morrow. That's the way one has to do abroad, or the time is gone, and the people too."

"But, Netta, Mr. Carey did not come to Rome to see you."

"No, mamma, so think how much more pleased he must be to find me here."

"I hope that you and your friend will dine with us to-morrow," said Mrs. Mason, giving up the attempt to repress her daughter. "We should be glad to see you to-day, but" —

"But," continued her daughter, as she hesitated, "the basket will only bring four portions; how can you have so much false pride, mamma? And they calculate closely, very closely, at Nazzari's. You know how we live? Everything comes cooked from a restaurant, from soup to *blanc manger*, all at once, and so we have it overdone and cold, and never can bring home a friend with us. Nobody thinks about eating, here — the people themselves, to begin with; and we soon learn it of them."

Roger Carey had always been in the pleasant position called having the world in a string. The younger and more promising of two sons, he had been sent abroad at sixteen because his popularity was found to interfere with his studies; just as he was beginning to fancy himself nearly ready for college, he was put to school, first in Switzerland and then in Germany, to make up for lost time and prepare for a German university. But this check did not depress him; the change and novelty compensated for the slight humiliation, and he was one of those who find friends and fun wherever they go. Something high-flown in his notions, which he never belied in action, gave a peculiar charm to his handsome face, and won him a friend for life on his first day at Heidelberg, the young man with whom he was now traveling. Von Rothenstein was a few years his senior, not so bright, but more mature; no better a fellow, but less volatile; in fact, without being a prig, he belonged to the old-head-on-young-shoulders order. He had been of great use in keeping the young American steady, so that he did not disappoint his father's ambition, and it was to be with Rudolf that Carey went to the University of Berlin. In his whole life he had had but one real trial — when his brother Duncan, a noble boy, but not clever, was killed in the second year of the war. Roger, then not twenty, had implored permission to come home and go into the army. His parents would not listen to it; distracted with grief at the loss of his only brother — though he had not seen him for years — and goaded by feelings of patriotism which absence and war made doubly poignant, he was on the point of quitting Germany in defiance of his father, and entering the ranks unknown. It needed all Rothenstein's influence to prevent this rash act, and it was only after tempestuous scenes that he finally prevailed. It took the lad months to recover his equilibrium; Rothenstein used to chaff him long afterwards, and call it his *Sturm und Drang* period; but Roger never could joke about it. Now this belonged to by-gones; it had been a small share

of trouble for even so young a life; and when he found himself with his friend reaching their old castle-in-the-air, a journey to Italy and the East, he was as happy as any young fellow under the sun, and felt his oats not a little.

So the friend was brought to the Tempio, a fair, fine-looking young man, with no oppressive evidences of erudition. He was quite as ready as Roger to give himself up to the guidance of two charming young ladies, and next morning the four sallied forth without having decided where they should go, and held a council on the Trinità de' Monti.

"I want to show them so many things, and all first," cried Netta. "St. Peter's and the Palatine, the Coliseum, the Catacombs. But we must n't waste time in making up our minds, for mamma wishes me to pay visits with her at three, and I must be back to dress." At last by common consent they referred the decision to Count Rothenstein, as the oldest and wisest of the party, and he gave his voice in favor of beginning with ancient Rome; so the day was dedicated to the ruins. They ran down the broad, flat steps of the Scalinata, past the models in their bright-colored costumes who were basking in the morning sunshine. The girls knew them all by sight, and exchanged many a nod and smile with the handsome Stella and the more beautiful Nanna, the bandit-like Giovanni, laziest and most amiable of Trasteverines. Netta had a few *centesimi* ready for the angel-faced boy of four in a peaked hat, sheep-skin jacket, and goat-skin breeches, who looked like Cupid masquerading as a brigand, and who was learning beggary betimes; and for his dear little black-eyed, rosy-mouthed baby sister, done up like a woman in the gaudy - striped woolen apron, the bodice, and square, white linen head-dress of a *contadina*, who got out of the lap of her aged grandam and toddled over to the foreigners to ask for "*Qualche cosa*," as naturally as a duckling takes to the water.

"Are n't you lucky to have two Corinnes to introduce you to Rome?" said Henrietta, as they established themselves

in a barouche. "Where first? Oh! the *agger* of Servius Tullius."

This was the first of many mornings, all equally gay. Count Rothenstein was elected to order their goings. He was fresh from Mommsen and Ranke, and the girls found themselves in for a steady course of Roman history, illustrated by the remains of her architecture, which was the sort of thing Marion liked, and which, to her own surprise, did not bore Henrietta under present auspices. Both young men had at one time crammed themselves with Goethe, Winckelman, and Lessing, and although Roger, at least, had got rid of some of his theories in Paris, the sculpture galleries had an interest for him which they can possess only for those who have been to some degree students of art and antiquity. So on fine mornings they explored ancient Rome, from the foundations of Romulus to the Circus of Maxentius, and on the infrequent rainy ones they repaired to the galleries. On afternoons when the girls were not doing duty in visiting, there were drives to the Villa Pamfili-Doria, or Borghese; very often Mrs. Mason gave up the barouche to the young people altogether, and took a turn on the Pincian on foot with her husband, who did not like driving; and then there were long expeditions out upon the Campagna, which in their hearts, perhaps, they all liked better than anything else. Marion, who was a little disposed to be high church (she was too much behind the times for ritualism, ten years ago), suggested that when they had done their duty by the classic remains they should take up the Christian ones. So to the Cloaca Maxima and the Forum succeeded the Catacombs, the basilicas, and pilgrimages to the sites of sundry miracles and martyrdoms. During the first fortnight after the young men's arrival, the Campagna had been too hard and dry for hunting, but a week of mild, rainy weather covered it with fresh green grass and countless violets, daisies, and periwinkles: they had slipped from winter into spring. Henrietta began to be impatient. Neither Rothenstein nor Carey had ever ridden across country,

but Roger, being an American, unhesitatingly joined the hunt, although prophesying that he should speedily come to grief; the count, less reckless, said that he should devote hunting days to his friends of the Archæological Society. Marion secretly liked him less for this, but he did not appear to lose in Netta's estimation.

"Don't you hunt, Marion?" asked her cousin. "You used to be a great rider; not a ditch within six miles of Beechy Heights which did n't know you and that gray pony."

"They knew me much better than the pony, I'm afraid. Do you recollect that first summer we had him, — I was ten, — when he came home without me regularly every afternoon?"

"Yes, I recollect well enough, for your brother Ned and I used to be sent to look for you, and we were much less anxious about you than uncle and aunt; we knew we should meet you about two miles from home, trudging along, holding up the tatters of your habit in one hand and your crushed hat in the other, whip gone, net and hair-ribbon lost, that curly, brown mane of yours hanging over your shoulders, fury in your face, but no bones broken. Meanwhile, it was all up with our afternoon's swimming, nutting, bird's-nesting, orchard-robbing, as the case might be."

"I was a terrible tom-boy. Nurse ended by tying my hair with twine. It was wonderful how the pony always picked out a soft ditch, generally one about half full of water. But I was never thrown afterwards."

"Then why don't you ride to hounds?"

"Mrs. Mason would n't take the responsibility. I wrote home for permission, but father and mother would not give it, though they have three other children; and Netta's the only one. I know they would if they were here; but it's like the waltzing."

"So you don't waltz, either; well, I confess it has been a relief to me that you have n't any of those lusty, red-cheeked, blue-bearded Adonises with bell-crowned hats and green gloves,

whom Miss Henrietta finds so charming, hanging about *you*. But it is a pity you don't ride."

"We used to have delightful rides with Mr. Mason when we first came, before the afternoons grew too short; perhaps we might begin again now, when it is n't a 'field day.'"

"I should like to see you in a habit once more; you used to be very picturesque, and perhaps you would be more like the Marion of old times; you have not made me feel as if I were your old playfellow yet; I am a great deal more intimate with your friend; I don't know what has become of my little wife." *The latter part of this speech was spoken rather low.*

"What's that about Mal's being picturesque?" said Henrietta, who had been writing a note. "Now is n't she? That's why the Baroness von Stockfisch wants her for those *tableaux*. By the way, we have n't heard anything about them lately, — some difficulty in getting them up, I suspect."

"*Tableaux vivants*? Do you have that sort of thing in Rome?"

"The Prussian minister's wife has gone crazy about having an artistic series from pictures and statues. She did n't do me the honor to include me, but said Marion had just the head, face, figure for a classic group, *sehr mahlerisch, gar bildhauhaftig*."

Count Rothenstein, who was talking politics with Mr. Mason, could not help hearing this specimen of his ambassador's conversation, and laughed most irrelevantly to his grave discussion.

"She has not given them up, however," he said; "she spoke to me about it last evening; she is very anxious to get them up before Lent, so many people go away then; she gave me her list, and I promised to sketch some groups for her."

They were all interested by the announcement; he had the list in his pocket, and Henrietta begged him to make his sketches immediately, that he might have the benefit of their suggestions. He was a capital draughtsman, and being supplied with materials sat down to

his task; the rest gathered round the table, and Roger, picking up a pencil, began his favorite distraction of twisting initials into odd combinations, as he had been commanded to devise a new monogram for Miss Mason.

The tableaux at the Palazzo Caffarelli were soon an engrossing topic in the foreign resident circles at Rome, — not the most brilliant society in the world. The baroness was an Austrian by birth, a Donnersburg, so if she wished for a thing she expected to have it; she went about among the English, French, Russians, and Americans, selecting beauties suitable for the purpose, as Frederick chose his *grenadiers*; for such people are seldom resisted in this weak world. Half the artists in Rome were under orders to find pictures among the old masters which could be imitated by living personages; there was a great rummaging of curiosity shops for old satin, damask, brocade, and other rich stuffs wrought with gold, for yellow point-lace, and trinkets of obsolete fashion. Marion's dress was a matter of a few yards of soft white cashmere, with what Henrietta called "walls of Troy" border; she herself, after all, was to figure in a scene from *Le Dépit Amoureux*, in a Louis XIV. costume. The young men were ready to assist in any way, but refused to be impressed bodily. It was when these preparations were at high tide that they were all one evening at the house of an English inhabitant whose parties were not famous for their liveliness. The guests sat about the room in rows; those who had come together talked among themselves; those who had come alone remained alone and stared blankly before them. The lady of the house did not seem quite happy, herself.

"I wonder if none of those Americans can do anything, — sing, or play."

"Americans always do lots of things," replied her daughter in a tone of disparagement; "I'd ask them."

Henrietta could sing a French romance very prettily, and did so with a graceful readiness which would have won the gratitude of any but an English hostess. When she finished, however,

the mother was talking aloud to somebody, and the daughter said, —

"Thanks, so much; it was so very, very nice, and we are so much obliged; now can't your brothers sing, or something, you know?"

"If you mean Mr. Carey and Count von Rothenstein, who are no relations of mine whatever," replied Henrietta with asperity, "I believe they do."

What young men who have been to a German university do not sing? Roger and his friend knew a hundred college songs, and pretty, simple German ditties; the accomplished count, moreover, had cultivated his voice, and could accompany very well, so they amiably went to the piano. While they were singing, a lady appeared at the door who instantly attracted the attention of the two young girls. She was of medium height, with a lithe figure which had an indescribable look of being alive in every member; her complexion was olive, her hair raven black, her face narrow and aquiline; her dark eyes, which sparkled softly, like stars on a summer night, were rather near together, beneath straight black brows which, without being heavy, nearly met, and this would have given a sinister cast to her countenance if it had not been for her smile; her lips were thin, but her smile was a spell. She wore a brown satin dress relieved by rose-color, a dress of Worth's, as Henrietta's quick eye discerned in a moment; but she had flung a shawl of cobweb-fine black lace over her head and shoulders with a picturesque carelessness that did not come from Paris, and round her long, slight throat, without regard to the original design of the ornament, a string of jewels was wound three or four times; a touch of neglect was also to be noted in one of her long gloves, which, half unbuttoned, fell wrinkling round her tapering wrist. The hostess was bustling up to receive her with slow haste, but the stranger, with a gracious nod and smile, made a little quick gesture to wait until the song was over; the heavy hostess stopped short in ungraceful purposelessness; the lady stood in the doorway listening, with her small head a little bent, smiling an

enchancing smile. Marion could not take her eyes off her, and never in after-times forgot that first apparition. When the song was ended the stranger advanced with a rapid, sinuous step, exchanged greetings with the hostess, and without loosing her hand drew her to the piano before the young men had got away from it.

"Now, my dear Lady Turnbull, you must present the delightful *forestieri* to me," she said in French, addressed quite as much to them as to the hostess; the latter remembered only Rothenstein's name, because of its handle, but almost before she could pronounce it her guest had passed over to the pair with the friendliest glance and motion of the head. "I lost half your song; you must give me another. Dear Lady Turnbull, beg them to sing again. Come!" she added, with a little imperious gesture toward the piano and a look no one could have resisted.

"Oh, certainly, marchesa, we shall all be too glad to hear them again."

"What were you singing? German, was it not? I never heard anything like it before." Rothenstein, whose French was not as prompt as Roger's, did not reply, and the latter explained that it was a student's song. "Then sing me another, pray; I have always wished to hear them."

Rothenstein held a little consultation with his friend, and reseated himself. A stir had spread through the assembly as if some quickening pulse had begun to beat; before, all had remained glued to their chairs; now there was a general move towards the piano. Lady Turnbull bade a footman bring a chair for the marchesa, but the latter refused it with a smile and wave of the hand, and leaned upon the piano, beating time inaudibly with her fan upon the palm of her glove. When they had finished she clapped, and a score of people followed her lead. She begged for another and another, and a score of voices seconded the petition. The singers, inspired by her enjoyment, gave their *lieder* with a swing, a zest, as hearty as if the hock-glasses were clinking round

them. After the fourth song Roger turned from the piano. She did not push her eagerness to indiscretion, but thanked them warmly for the pleasure they had given her, and began to ask about the popular music of Germany, the *chorales* and *Volkslieder*, and whether Mendelssohn's were genuine. Here Rothenstein came to the front, for Roger, though he had a fresh, sweet voice and good ear, was not a musician. She told them that she was always curious about national music; that she knew Russian, Spanish, Hungarian, gypsy, and some Tyrolese airs, but none of northern Germany. "I will sing you some of my own country's," she said; and, with another nod at Lady Turnbull, sat down, drew a rain of diamond notes from the keys, and then in a deep contralto voice, unlike her speaking tones, which were treble, sang them Venetian barcarolles in gondolier dialect, Tuscan lays, with harsh aspirates, and lisping Neapolitan mariner's hymns, all with the utmost spirit and expression. Everybody was delighted and crowded round the piano; everybody talked in the pauses. At length she started up; her movements had a darting grace like flame. "I must not bore you with my hobbies." Her eye fell upon a clock, and she made a gesture of horror. "Half past twelve! and I told the Princess Frangipani I would call for her at midnight precisely, to go and pay our respects at the Austrian embassy. Ah! Madonna mia! and she is in the Trastevere, and we have to drive to the Palazzo di Venezia." Away she went, but before reaching the door she saw the Mason party, whom the young men had rejoined; she stopped and looked round for Lady Turnbull. "Pray present me to these ladies."

"Mrs. Mason, the Miss Masons; the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo."

A few amiable words, a smile, a courtesy. "I shall come and see you; that is your etiquette, I know; for me, I care *that* for etiquette," with a slight puff as if she were blowing away thistle-down, and she was gone. Marion was surprised to see that there were silver threads among the jetty locks on her temples, lines

round her eyes and across her forehead; she must be over forty, but the eyes, the smile, the figure, the swift buoyant step, were a girl's, and the manner as natural and impulsive as a child's. Driving home the three spoke of nobody but the marchesa. Mrs. Mason was too much surprised to be sure she was pleased. "She was certainly very cordial, and sang charmingly."

"She saved the evening," said Henrietta, "and I think she saved my life. Mamma, we must never go to Lady Turnbull's again; English parties are too stupid."

"Well," said Marion, "I think she is fascinating, and I never knew what the word meant before."

"I wonder if we shall ever hear of her again," said Henrietta.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marion warmly, "you don't suppose she didn't mean what she said? I'm sure she will come."

"I am not so sure," replied the other. The next day, however, a heap of cards was left, cards of the Marchese di Rocca Diavolo, cards of the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo, *nata* Crescenzi, and a little note for Mrs. Mason, begging them all to come the next Sunday evening, signed Fiammetta di Rocca Diavolo. A similar invitation was left with the marchesa's cards for the young men at their hotel. They were impressed by the energy of the proceeding, as she must have been at some pains to find out their names and addresses in so short a time. Their curiosity was excited, and that evening, at a ball at a great Roman palace, Netta made inquiries among her princes. All she learned was that the marchesa was the wife of a very rich, very noble marquis, much older than herself, and not very popular in his own class or any other; she had been a great beauty, and was considered the most charming woman in Italy, and had a great many enemies. Mrs. Mason, on her side, was making inquiries of the American minister, or whatever our representative in Rome was then called, of whom she learned all that her daughter found out, and much more; for there is nobody like a diplomatist for knowing

secrets and telling them. The lady was forty-five; she had been taken from a convent a very young, and it was said a very unwilling bride, to marry a man a quarter of a century older than herself, of bad habits and broken constitution; she had lost her only two children in their infancy, and her grief had been followed by a violent attempt to get a separation from her husband, that she might go into a convent, but her family had prevented it. For a year afterwards she had lived in great retirement, not even driving out. Then she suddenly emerged an extremely handsome young woman of twenty, insatiable for pleasure and admiration; this had lasted ten years, a prolonged triumph, and no woman in Italy had been more talked about. Then she had rushed into politics, and shown such liberal tendencies as to compromise her husband, who after several warnings received a paternal recommendation from the Vatican to travel for a year or two, and he carried her off to Vienna, where it was said that she knew every secret of the cabinet. But for years past she had given herself up almost wholly to music, for which her talent was remarkable; she was a great lady, and had struck out a line for herself. All the clever men in Rome were to be met at her house, and her receptions were delightful, informal, and gay; but her musical evenings were those to which it was a special compliment to be asked; few people were admitted, and an invitation was supposed to mark a certain point of favor; for though the marchesa was so easy and affable, it was always found that she entirely controlled the position people occupied towards her, and nobody could steal a march on her intimacy. "And she is perfectly capricious," concluded Mr. Randolph. Marion, who had gone for the sake of seeing a ball in this great historical house, which had witnessed the vicissitudes of three hundred years, was sitting by, listening to all this and occasionally interposing a question, which made the minister more guarded than if he had been talking to Mrs. Mason alone. Mrs. Mason was perplexed. She had

been flattered by the marchesa's civility, flattered for her daughter and her young country-folk; music had been mentioned in the note; the invitation, then, was one of those so much coveted. But she was far from certain that this was a house to which she would wish to take the young girls. She had interrupted the minister to ask whether Americans and English went there, and had been assured that they did whenever they could by hook or crook; a woman of that age, she reflected, almost as old as herself, a woman who might have been a grandmother, must long ago have left scandal behind; still she felt uneasy and undecided. Sunday evening was out of the question; Mrs. Mason had never departed from her American mode of observing the day; perhaps that would solve the difficulty; they might not be asked again. But as they were going down the grand marble staircase to their carriage, they passed the marchesa coming up, her starry eyes glancing from her velvet and lace muffings; she stopped to hope that they had got the cards and note, and that she should see them on Sunday. Mrs. Mason regretted that it would be impossible. "I am so sorry; another evening then, Tuesday," said the Italian, smiling so frankly and persuasively, her manner so sweet and simple, that the good matron was entirely disarmed. She said that it would make them most happy, and went away confident that there was no harm in that woman, and that, whatever the follies or faults of her past, she must have been the victim of circumstances, of a false religious and social code. The marchesa's story had interested Marion intensely; here was enough to build a romance upon; it was a romance ready made.

The young men went on Sunday evening, of course. The next day they were riding with their friends of the Tempietto, and Mr. Mason asked about it and received an enthusiastic account from both of them. The Palazzo Satanasso was an imposing old castellated keep in the Capitoline quarter; the room in which the marchesa had received them was

modernized. The marchese had not shown himself. There had been only about a dozen people, of whom but two were women, Russian ladies, one of whom played admirably upon the piano and the other upon the violoncello, who smoked cigarettes the whole evening. An elderly ecclesiastic had sung them some grand old church-music of Scarlatti's; but what had carried them both entirely away was the marchesa's singing of Gluck; she had sung them airs from *Orfeo* and *Alceste*. Rothenstein's enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"Such dramatic power, such tragic depth," he continued, "and such a change in her whole appearance! She was *Melpomene* in person."

"One would never imagine," said Roger, pensively, "that those bright eyes could grow so gloomy."

"Ah!" said Marion, "that is where the anguish of her life finds expression. I was sure her music was her consolation."

Roger eyed her rather quizzically. "What do you mean? I fancy few people have a better time in their own way."

"Oh!" said Marion, sinking her voice, "you don't understand her." Roger smiled, and asked,—

"Who has been telling you about her?"

"Mr. Randolph told Mrs. Mason her story when I was by."

"Not the whole of it, I fancy," said her cousin, with a glance at Rothenstein, for they, too, had been making inquiries. She would have said more, but they had reached the *Ponte Saara*, and, turning off the hard road, began to canter beside the yellow *Tiber*, over the soft springy turf, whitened by hundreds of tufts of straw-colored daffodils, whose sweet breath freighted the air.

They did not find the marchesa when they returned her visit, and it was decided that they must not fail to present themselves on the following Tuesday evening, although there was to be a rehearsal of the tableaux at the Prussian legation. They were ushered into a noble suite of apartments, furnished in the most strik-

ing and singular manner, with Oriental carpets and hangings, massive brass candelabra and platters which acted as reflectors, and a few fine portraits of defunct Crescenzi and Satanassi. There was nothing in common with the meagre, denuded aspect of other Roman rooms of state; these, though lofty and spacious, had a sombre luxury, and the marchesa's dress, which was black satin, with one scarlet velvet bow confining the black lace thrown about her shoulders and bust, was in complete harmony with them. She came forward with that charming smile which Marion thought was never twice the same; now it had a warmth of welcome which gave it a new character; she had something to say to each of them, something unsought, unstudied, which seemed to rise to her lips at the sight of them. Then she turned and called, "*Sigismondo!*" in her high, clear speaking-tones, and a short, gray-headed old man, who looked like a senile satyr in evening dress, without a satyr's joviality, left the American minister, with whom he was in talk, came forward, and was presented as the *Marchese di Rocca Diavolo*. There was a distinction in his appearance and bearing which they had not seen in any of the *Fabii*, *Emiliani*, or other princely descendants of the fabulously old houses, but perhaps this was in a measure due to age; for Marion, without being able to define the quality,—of which her own country affords few illustrations,—had remarked that the older men, who were generally thin, pale, and gray, looked more like gentlemen to her than the dazzling young dandies whom *Henrietta* admired so much, but who all looked like the courier. The marchese spoke English, having been attached to the Neapolitan embassy in London before his marriage, and poor Mr. Mason found himself for once in foreign society not in the character of a deaf-mute. It chanced that the marchesa, greeting Marion last, retained her hand; the young girl's eyes wandered round the room as if in search of something.

"What is it?" said the quick Italian.

"What do you want?"

"The piano is shut," said Marion,

rather abashed at being detected. "And I hoped to hear you sing again."

The marchesa gave her hand a little squeeze, and said, "Oh, no; I never have music on my general evenings; but come next Sunday, and I will sing for you as much as you like."

"I'm sorry, I can't," said Marion, dropping her eyes, and reluctant to give the reason.

"No, of course," replied the marchesa, instantly divining the scruple. "One should always observe the custom of one's country in such matters. Well, some morning."

"All by myself?" said Marion, looking at her with large, earnest eyes.

"All by ourselves," was the reply, with a radiant smile. The marchesa perceived that she had made a conquest, and took a fancy to her captive. The evening was pleasant for the Americans, though they could scarcely tell why; the marchesa's influence pervaded the atmosphere with vivacity. She sent off Count Rothenstein, whose antiquarian tastes she had discovered, to take his three friends to a small inner room where there was a valuable collection of coins and beautiful small plaster casts of ancient *bassi rilievi*; she pointed out to Mrs. Mason one or two well-known public men and offered to present them, but the good lady, though interested to see them, had no desire for their acquaintance, especially as her hostess added that they spoke only Italian. "Ah!" she continued, "you should have known Rossi; how he admired your country! what a man! He was a great friend of mine; they murdered him, the assassins, like your Lincoln. He was a martyr! The blood of the saints is not the only sacred gore which has moistened this Roman soil, and it will bear fruit some day; you will see; but I speak of these things no more." Her eyes flashed, and her tones woke chords which in those days vibrated readily in every American heart. But the engagement at the Palazzo Caffarelli could not be forgotten; owing to the lateness of Italian habits there were still so few people in the rooms that they could not withdraw unseen; their hostess re-

monstrated. "You go before my society arrives," she said; "a little later these young ladies will find some friends. You know the Savellis? They meet you at the hunt." Their engagement was mentioned. "Oh! the Donnerundblitzenburg and her tableaux," said the marchesa, laughing. "I can't bear that woman, with her *prepotenza*. But," she cried with a sudden inspiration, "I will go with you if you will take me. I am to sing an air from Gluck's Fall of Troy, for the tableau of Cassandra; I should like to see it and get an idea. But your carriage is full" — It was not; Mr. Mason was not going with them; none except those to take part being admitted, he and the young men were going to walk back to the club; Mrs. Mason's surprise did not prevent her saying how glad she should be to take her hostess with them. "I go!" cried the marchesa. "Sigismondo! I must go to the Palazzo Caffarelli about some tableaux, — I promised the baroness, — you will make my excuses to my visitors; an imperative engagement."

The marchese seemed in no wise startled or discomposed. She hurried off into her bedroom for her wraps, and drove off with the ladies, laughing like a truant child.

On their arrival they found matters at a dead-lock, and the baroness in high ill-humor.

"Really, ladies, I thought you were not coming at all," was her gracious salutation as they entered. But as she caught sight of the marchesa, who was a little in the rear, her face relaxed somewhat: "Why, *you*, marchesa? This is very kind; your evening, too; how did you manage to get off?"

The sharp Henrietta turned to Marion, while Madame di Rocca Diavolo was speaking to various people seated about in different disconsolate attitudes, and whispered, "The fascinating Fiammetta must have told a fib when she said she had promised to come."

"How can you!" returned Marion, reproachfully. "The baroness must have forgotten."

"*Vediamo, voyons, voyons*," cried

the marchesa, gayly. "What is the trouble?" There was no end of it. The painter who was to arrange the groups had not come; moreover, most of the personages declared themselves incapable of assuming or conceiving the postures or expression befitting their characters; Miss Turnbull, who was not pretty, but had been chosen for her handsome arms, was making difficulties about the people she was to be grouped with: "Mamma won't like me to act with anybody she does n't know;" but this, being analyzed, resolved itself into a determination to appear only with the young Donnersburgs (the baroness's kinsfolk), the Countess Savelli, Prince Fabio, the Duke of Tor'alto, or the beautiful Lady Edith Atheling, daughter of the Duchess of Deria; although she was unacquainted with several of these. The marchesa disposed of the last difficulty by saying summarily that she had no doubt Mrs. Mason would permit her young ladies to take those parts: Miss Sands' arms were perfect, she was sure, and if her figure would do for Cassandra it would do for anything; which instantly brought Miss Turnbull to terms. Then she bade them pose, and laughed and clapped her hands at their stupidity until they laughed themselves, for they made poor work of it, especially the Americans and English; the Germans were much more stupid, but were not aware of it, which helped them immensely. She took one by one the attitude, gesture, or expression of each part, from Medea to Célimène. Henrietta needed no suggestions; put upon her mettle by the demeanor of Miss Turnbull, and a faint, latent antagonism to the marchesa, she perched herself daintily upon an arm-chair and opened her fan in a manner which won the latter's applause. But poor Marion vowed that she could never do what was required of her; she was sure she should spoil her scene. The marchesa reassured her earnestly. "Now only think," she said, "think of the situation; she knows the wrath to come, the woe that is to be, hers as well as theirs; she feels the prophetic gift, yet she cannot rouse them

from their infatuation; she is treated as a mad woman." As she spoke her brows met, her eyes drew closer and gathered intensity, her features took the lines of a tragic mask; with one hand she drew her lace shawl into folds on her breast, extending the other with a beck worthy of Rachel, and at the same time threw herself into an attitude of which her modern dress could not disguise the antique and imposing simplicity. It was masterly; exclamations broke forth on all sides. "Now you could do that," she said, dropping her arms and turning to Marion.

"Never. But now, at least, I know how it should be done."

"There, baroness, it will go now, I think; I'll come and help you at the dress rehearsal, but don't fix it for a Tuesday. You have n't a Chinese tableau; why don't you copy one from a screen? I once heard some Chinese sing; it was like this."

And she pursed up her mouth, arched her brows, drew her eyes into slits, and began to mince about the room as if her knees were tied together, drawing out some extraordinary gibberish in a shrill, nasal sing-song like the twanging of a fiddle-string, pointing upwards in time with alternate forefingers. Everybody went into convulsions of laughter, and so the evening ended.

Marion did not forget to secure an appointment with Madame di Rocca Diavolo. She received her affectionately, and took off her hat and coat with a caressing softness which Marion often longed for but did not invite, and therefore, seldom receiving, enjoyed all the more. "I shall like to sing to you," said her hostess, "you are so *simpatica*. Do you care much for Italian music?"

Marion knew very little, and that chiefly Verdi's; the marchesa sang her a number of airs which she had never heard; they were from Beatrice di Tenda, Gemma di Vergy, Elena da Feltre, and other operas now seldom performed, and all had a deep strain of tragic lyricism. Her singing was dramatic in the highest degree, yet perfectly free from exaggeration; every accent rang with the strong

passion of her nature and shook the answering chords in those who listened; yet there was no violence, rather a smothered fire, a compressed intensity, more profoundly affecting. Marion sat on a low stool beside the piano, with her hands clasped round her knees, her gaze fixed on the dark, melancholy face of the singer, with difficulty restraining the tears which started to her eyes, the sobbing sighs which rose in her throat. Her cheeks burned, her breath came short and quick in her effort to control herself. The marchesa was prepared for this; she was accustomed to witness it. Presently she stopped and took Marion's ice-cold hand. "It is too much for you," she said, tenderly; "you are too young to bear that harrowing music." Marion shook her head, but the singer struck a few large *arpeggios* and began a grand, simple anthem, a piece of church-music by Pergolese, which she uttered with so clear an enunciation, so reverently and devoutly, that the young girl's agitation calmed and sank as the wind dies away under a serene evening sky. Then the marchesa rose from the piano.

"Oh, don't stop!" cried Marion, who could now speak, clasping her hands. "Won't you sing me something of Gluck's?"

"Not to-day, no more to-day. I will sing for you again, whenever you wish. Tell me, they call you Marion, — is that Marianna?"

"Nearly; it comes from the same name, I suppose."

"I had a daughter called Marianna, — ah, my only daughter! She died many years ago. How old are you, — Marianna?"

"Nineteen," said the girl, with her whole soul's sympathy in her face.

"And you seem so young, — a child; yet at your age I had lost both my children, my life was over. I did not care for the boy," she went on, walking up and down the room in a feverish way; "he was born first; they said, 'Now you must have a son for the great name, for the great estate.' What was their name to me, the descendant of Crescen-

tius? But the boy was born and I said, 'There is your son, be satisfied.' I was desperately ill for weeks, I nearly died, and before I was out of danger, he was dead. They were afraid to tell me; but I guessed, and it made no difference to me; I had hardly seen him, and I felt as if he belonged to the hated house, not to me. A year afterwards my little girl came, so beautiful, a little angel! She stayed a year, then she went to heaven; she was taken that she might not behold my wretched, wicked life, and that her pure spirit might plead for me."

She spoke with a concentration of anguish which appalled the young girl, who threw her arms round her, exclaiming amid tears, "Oh, you cannot have been wicked! but if she had lived *she* might have been wretched; think of that."

"Yes, yes," cried the Italian, pressing her to her breast and raising her great, tearless eyes to heaven. "I have thought of it a thousand times, and been thankful. No, my poor little child! I have lived through my own misery, but misery of yours would have killed me! How can I talk to you so, and wring your young heart? Come, let us go into the air and sunshine."

She took Marion to her room and bathed her brow and eyes, and soothed her as if the young girl were the chief sufferer. Then they went out in the carriage.

"Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere," said Marion, too much exhausted by the emotions of the morning to have will or choice. The marchesa ordered the carriage to the Vatican; she had a private pass to the galleries at all hours, and they found themselves the only visitors in the great hall of the Braccio Nuovo.

"How often I have come here," said the marchesa, "when I could not open my piano, nor go to church, nor speak to a human creature. I used to walk up and down in the presence of those marble beings until I felt as if they were — not alive, but conscious, and saw and heard and understood. I used to think they looked at me, and it would quiet me and lift me up."

"Like poor Mignon, — Goethe's Mignon, — you know Beethoven's song."

"Yes, yes. Well, they seemed to me not like persons, but individuals; intelligences incorporate in those beautiful forms. I used to come here alone, at early morning, and at night when the full moon shone in."

"Oh!" said Marion with a half-shudder, "it would be awful to me, — like being alone among the high Alps."

The marchesa laughed. "But I think that would do *me* good."

They paced up and down slowly, her hand within Marion's arm, pausing now and then before some statue or vase of extraordinary beauty. But they were not exactly looking at the sculpture; they were imbibing the influence of the place, as one walks in a wood or beside a lake, and Marion felt it pervade her spirit with a strange, elevated repose. The great white shapes of immortal beauty aloft on their pedestals create a realm for themselves; their silence and immobility seem but their chosen modes of appearing to mortals; they impose upon beholders a calm and contemplation akin to their own. Those who yield themselves to this ascendancy are translated to new spheres; wonder, delight, and active admiration are exalted into comprehension and a high, joyous serenity, which the importunities of every-day life cannot disturb.

After this, Marion was so given over to the marchesa that Henrietta was a little jealous. "You are in love with her," she said, half-reproachfully.

"I never quarrel with you about Count Savelli or Prince Fabio, and between dancing and hunting you see a great deal more of them than I do of Madame Rocca Diavolo."

"I am not in love with them," retorted Henrietta. "I never quarrel with you about Count Rothenstein;" and Marion had no rejoinder ready.

Marion did not seem to be in love with the handsome German, certainly, and what was still more singular, Roger Carey was not in love with Henrietta.

Whether the slight absurdity which attaches to the recollection of earlier loves while one is still young chilled the seeds of sentiment, whether the memory of those unspoken passages at Heidelberg when he was a romantic Fuchs, and of the last forget-me-not of the autumn silently offered and accepted at parting, came between them now, whether her lively nature and precocious worldly wisdom were unfavorable to the tender passion in herself or others, or whether Marion had been right in saying that one has too much to do and think of in Rome to fall in love, he could not decide. He was very fond of her, and she amused him excessively, but of the two his cousin interested him the more. Roger had a certain way with him which won him the intimacy of women on very short acquaintance; it was a tone of friendly familiarity free from the least touch of impertinence or fatuity, which commanded their confidence at once; he gently assumed a right of greater nearness than other men, and it was always accorded. Now he could not be intimate with his cousin, and this puzzled and baffled him a little. He wondered whether she liked Rothenstein; it would not be a good match, after all, for she would not be an heiress, like Henrietta, and the count, though not a fortune-hunter, wished to find a wife with money, not having much of his own. Roger had seen so many marriages between American girls and foreigners, both in Paris and in Rome, that he had begun to dislike them on principle; in this matter of Marion he thought he felt as her brother would have done. But his cogitations troubled him little; he was swimming in a sea of enjoyment and the wave seemed mounting with him hourly. He greatly desired to see Naples, yet dreaded the day which should take him from Rome. The Masons had not altered their plans; a large party was going to Naples when Lent began, to return for the Easter ceremonies; the young men had agreed to go on with them, and return, too, if they did not go to Greece.

THE WELSH IN AMERICA.

I AM aware that this subject in the hands of a native Welshman is in danger of suffering injustice, owing to the natural tendency we have of overestimating the excellences of our own nation, and of cherishing undue zeal for its peculiarities.

On the map of the island of Great Britain is seen a small spot, comprising only twelve counties. This is Wales. There by England's side, and forming a part of it, our country for centuries has preserved the purity of its language and its distinct nationality. Our origin and early development as a nation must in all probability remain among the hidden mysteries. We have ancient stories touching this point in abundance. Some of these productions of the bards contain passages that savor of reality and truth, but they are often so coupled with the absurd and the monstrous as to be wholly unreliable.

It is perfectly safe to say that Britannia was peopled by the Welsh many centuries prior to the Christian era; for at the first invasion of that island by Julius Cæsar, he found them, although "barbarians," yet a powerful and warlike people, possessing wonderful military skill peculiarly their own, and abundance of horses and chariots of war. From Cæsar's account of his first great battle with the Britons it appears that they proved to be almost more than a match for the best fighting legions in the world, under the leadership of the greatest general. Nothing definite is known of the island for nearly one hundred years after Cæsar's departure. The next army from Rome was sent during the reign of Claudius, under the lead of Aulus Plautus, who was met by the famous Caradog ap Brân. This valiant Briton fought as many as thirty-two battles, but was finally betrayed and taken a prisoner to Rome. In the reign of Nero, Queen Boadicea, in the island of Anglesea, after the death of her husband, raised an

army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and led them in her own person against the enemy. The battles were terrific and sanguinary, and for a long time her name was a terror to the Romans.

The Welsh were not confined to the island of Great Britain. As late as the fifth century they were a strong nation in France; and it is recorded as a matter of undisputed history that in that country they had no less than twenty-two sovereigns. During their conflict with the Roman power, and the frequent tumults among themselves, the Welsh in Britain were governed by kings until the year 688. From this time until the thirteenth century they had what they termed princes.

With Llewelyn ap Gruffydd ended the principality of Wales as an independent power in 1282. But for two hundred years after this there were frequent uprisings against the oppressive sway of England, the most formidable of which was under the impetuous leadership of Owain Glyndwr; and not until the accession of Henry Tudor (Henry VII.), who was Welsh on his father's side, did Wales become to all intents and purposes a part of England. Since then all has been tranquil and peaceable. The peculiar Welsh traits and nationality have been singularly preserved; and even to-day, the language is cultivated by their scholars and cherished by the masses with unabated devotion.

In regard to the Welsh, we may safely say that it is the oldest living language in Europe. It possesses a literature reaching back to remoter times than that of any modern tongue. Unlike Irish and Scotch Gaelic, it is not dying out. It has a genuine literary as well as oral existence. And although the changes it has undergone since the days of Taliesin are numerous, yet it is essentially the same tongue that fell in vehement, angry eloquence on the ears

of Cæsar and Agricola. We regard it with veneration as the solitary link that unites those distant ages to our own. To an Englishman, or any one not conversant with the language, the Welsh seems full of strange and inexplicable peculiarities. Indeed, a Welshman even is sometimes led to exclaim, "Thou art fearfully and wonderfully made!" Its most striking features are the multiplicity of its grammatical permutations. For example, the word father in Welsh is *tad*. It so remains after "the" and "our" (*y* and *ein*): *y tad*, and *ein tad*. But after "my" (*fy*) it is *nhad*; after "thy" (*dy*) it is *dad*; after "her" (*ei*) it is *thad*. Thus the letter *t* is changed into *nh*, *d*, and *th*. The same rule is applied to any noun commencing with *t*. The mutable consonants are nine; namely, *c*, *p*, *t*, *b*, *d*, *g*, *ll*, *m*, *rh*. All these as initials in verbs, nouns, adjectives, and other parts of speech, undergo several modifications.

The literature of the Welsh has been divided into four periods. The first extends from the earliest times to the Norman Conquest (1066), the second from the Norman Conquest to the English Reformation (1536), the third from the Reformation to the beginning of the reign of George III. (1760), and the fourth from 1760 to the present. In regard to the earliest date of Welsh literature there has been, and is now, much dispute. The oldest specimens are in rhymed verses, and are claimed to have been written at different periods in the sixth century by Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Myrddin. Some English authors have doubted the authenticity of these productions, others have admitted their genuineness. Mr. Stephens, of Merthyr Tydfil, in his *Literature of the Cymry* (1849), vindicates them and is considered conclusive.

In the second period Wales became rich in native bards, among whom we find Meilyr, Gwalchmai, Einion, Llywarch ap Llywelyn, Iolo Goch, Sion Cent, and above all Dafydd ap Gwilym, on whose poems there was a very interesting paper in the November number of the *Westminster Review*, 1873.

Among the literature of the third period (1536-1760) may be mentioned the first book printed in the language. It was an almanac with a translation of the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, by William Salisbury. In the following year the same author published the first dictionary in Welsh and English, and executed the greatest part of the translation of the New Testament. In 1588, Dr. William Morgan published the first translation of the whole Bible into Welsh. Various causes coöperated to give new impetus to Welsh literature after the accession of George III.; periodical publications were established, patriotic societies were increased, and the fires of Methodism burned in the valleys and blazed on the mountains.

The principality is well supplied with the best of literature in both languages. The generality of the clergy speak English with sufficient ease, many of them fluently; but very few preach in English. Their libraries contain standard works, not only on theology, but also on science and art. Weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies are ably conducted and well sustained; the working population are fair readers, and on general topics are well informed. The *darlith* (lecture) seems to be more popular in Wales than even in America, and is usually delivered in the interest of some benevolent enterprise.

The Welsh in America, although in number far below many other bodies of foreigners, are numerous, and by their industry, morality, religion, and general deportment have won the commendation and respect of the nation that has adopted them. There is a strong conviction among many of the Welsh that one of their own nation discovered America, and established himself here with a goodly number of his countrymen, as early as 1170, over three hundred years before the discovery of Columbus. The history, as far as it goes, may be authentic. A man of some eminence and of an adventurous turn of mind, by the name of Madawg ap Owain Gwynedd, sailed westward from Wales with a number of ships and many people. He returned

after a protracted absence, and reported that he had discovered a vast and beautiful country in the far west, and that he had left the most of his company there. His description of the new country was so fascinating that a large company of men, women, and children concluded to embark with him for this land of promise. He started again for the same destination with ten ships; and there the history, correct or otherwise, ends; for the famous Welshman and his companions were never more heard of. The landing of the emigrants in this country is not sustained by any proof. The first Welsh emigrant of note to America, in regard to whom we have any history, is Roger Williams, a name too closely identified with the early history of our country to need comment.

There was no Welsh settlement in America before the days of William Penn. Among the first settlers of Pennsylvania who landed in 1682 were a large number from Wales, mostly Quakers from the vicinity of Dolgellau. Mr. Froude, in his history, informs us that they bought of Penn forty thousand acres of land near the city of Philadelphia, and that the emigration continued for many years, until they had become quite numerous, and occupied several townships. Many of these were men of means, culture, and influence; glad, undoubtedly, to have escaped the temporal and spiritual oppression of the home government. Welsh churches were organized, Welsh chapels were built, and Welsh ministers addressed large audiences in their native tongue.

In the early days of the city of Philadelphia, the Welsh language was freely spoken in its streets and market-places; and to-day, among its best citizens and most cultivated scholars, there are hundreds in whose veins runs pure Welsh blood. They have lost their language, but their Cambrian names tell the story of their origin. In the early history of Pennsylvania we find the names of many eminent Welshmen. Among these were Rev. Abel Morgan, author of a Welsh concordance published in 1730; David Lloyd, a prominent lawyer and

chief-justice; Ellis Pugh, a noted physician of Philadelphia, and author of the first Welsh book published in America; Thomas Lloyd, first governor of Pennsylvania; Dr. Thomas Wynn, the speaker of the first assembly; Rowland Ellis, a celebrated Quaker; the eminent Cadwaladers, and others too numerous to mention.

Old maps of Pennsylvania are thickly dotted with Welsh names. We find Meirion, Gwynedd, Caer'narfon, Pencader, Maldwyn, etc. But the old Omer-aeg in those regions has become extinct, though in many houses you will yet find Welsh books preserved by great-grandchildren of the early emigrants.

Between the arrival of the first Welsh settlers in Pennsylvania and the commencement of the Revolution in 1776, ninety-four years had passed away; the emigration from Wales had been slow but constant; and in New England, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, and especially in the city of Philadelphia, many of the Welsh had become celebrated as merchants, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, and statesmen. We are justly proud to name among these THOMAS JEFFERSON, and among the signers of the Declaration, besides the illustrious author, we find the names of the following Welshmen: Stephen Hopkins, William Williams, William Floyd, Francis Lewis, Button Gwynett, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris. In that protracted struggle many of the Welsh covered themselves with glory on the battle-field. Others, by their generous contributions, rendered effective aid. Robert Morris, a rich banker of Philadelphia, by his unbounded liberality and great skill as a financier gave the young republic invaluable assistance in its days of agony and strife. But "the tribulations of those days" had a depressing influence on the Welsh churches. The congregations were often scattered, and the organizations abandoned.

In Philadelphia and its vicinity, the nation as a distinct Welsh-speaking people did not long survive the Revolution. Their decline in that region discouraged

further emigration, and gradually those that remained turned their faces to more inviting portions of Pennsylvania, and other States, where land was offered on very favorable terms. Between 1796 and 1802 settlements were established in various portions of Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio.

At present there are settlements in as many as twenty States. In regard to the number of Welsh in America there is among themselves a diversity of opinion. Some put down the figure as high as three hundred thousand. This may be correct, if unmistakable descendants are included, but from what I can learn, the Welsh-speaking population of the country is far below that figure. Rev. R. D. Thomas, in his most excellent volume recently published, *Hanes Cymry America* (History of the Welsh in America), puts them down at 115,716, and distributes them as follows:—

Pennsylvania, 32,974; New York, 21,840; Ohio, 24,810; Vermont, 1350; New Jersey, 942; Maryland, 800; District of Columbia, 50; Virginia, 100; West Virginia, 300; Tennessee, 200; Massachusetts, 500; Maine, 300; Indiana, 200; Illinois, 2035; Michigan, 400; Wisconsin, 18,260; Minnesota, 1745; Iowa, 2265; Missouri, 2195; Kansas, 1750; Nebraska, 200; California, 2000; Oregon and Territories, 500.

Nominally, at least, they are very religious. Wherever in America a settlement of Welsh is found, however small, you will certainly find a chapel there. Unlike their American friends, they are not at all at home while worshipping in school-houses. Like the royal worshiper of Judah, they cannot rest until they have built a house for the Lord. As far as religious tenets are concerned, all the sects in this country are intensely orthodox. They are firm believers in the doctrine of the trinity, the vicarious sufferings and death of Christ, justification by faith, the resurrection of the body, the general judgment, and the endless duration of rewards and punishments in a future state. There are of course many Welshmen who have no faith in the correctness of these doctrines, but

I believe there is not one religious society among the Welsh in this country that does not fully accept all the points just mentioned. We have Arminians and Calvinists; we have sprinklers and immersionists; but when it comes to fundamentals, all the sects are a unit.

These are divided among four denominations: the Calvinistic Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Episcopal Methodists. The first two are not far from equal in number and strength, and comprise between six and seven eighths of the whole. The Baptists come next. The Methodist Episcopal Church has only seven churches and less than three hundred members. Although the Protestant Episcopalians among the Welsh in this country have no organization, many of our people are deeply attached to that form of worship, and have united with English churches.

I need not speak of the nature and church government of three of the churches I have mentioned. But the English reader may not be so well informed with regard to the Calvinistic Methodists. They are a body exclusively Welsh. They cannot be found as a distinct sect among any other people. They had their origin in the days of Whitefield, and in the wonderful revivals under the labors of those flaming heralds of the cross, Daniel Rowlands of Llangetho, and Howel Harris of Tre-fecca. Their first general association was held at Watford in Glanmorgan-shire, South Wales, on the 6th of January, 1742; where Rev. George Whitefield, with the two celebrities above mentioned, was present. Their ministry is talented and laborious. As a church they are deeply devotional and energetic, and in doctrine and government they much resemble the Old School Presbyterians.

During the last forty years, the spirit of union among the churches, both in Wales and in America, has been greatly on the increase. When I was a lad at home, the Arminians and Calvinists had long and bitter controversies, in which both sides manifested anything but that meekness exhibited in the char-

acter of the Man of Nazareth. The children, of course, would partake of the temper and impetuosity of their respective parents, and, possessing less judgment, would sometimes come to blows over the "atonement." This spirit, happily, has almost entirely disappeared.

Politically, the Welsh people, with few exceptions, are republicans; years ago the majority of them were found in the old whig party. When the war broke out and the issues were drawn, they were found almost as a unit on the side of the party in power. They are so to-day, and whatever may be the fate of parties, as such, in our country, the Welsh will be true to their moral convictions of duty.

In this country, as in Wales, the great preaching anniversary is the grand religious feature. It is held invariably throughout the settlements, by all the sects that have an organization sufficiently strong to sustain such a yearly gathering. These meetings are largely attended, and at each of them eight sermons are preached: two on the evening of the first day, and two at each of the three public services on the day and evening following. Among the Welsh it is considered complimentary to preach the second sermon at the public service, and I have often witnessed quite a strife between two preachers in regard to which should preach the first sermon, each wishing to give the other the pre-eminence.

My earliest recollections are identified with these Welsh preaching anniversaries. It may be possible that some customs are being slowly abandoned by the Welsh in America; but I am sure that the *Cwrdd Mawr* (great meeting) is as popular as ever, if not more so. They regard it with a veneration akin to that with which the Jews regard the feast of the Passover. This is no blind enthusiasm. It is a zeal according to knowledge. In these meetings much of the singing is congregational, and John Wesley's advice to "sing lustily" is carried out. There are some celebrated old Welsh tunes which have been united in holy wedlock to as many Welsh hymns

for a hundred years, and when these hymns are given out, it is well understood what tunes will follow. I have witnessed scenes that were spiritually grand during the singing of these veteran compositions. This is often the case in the evening of the second day, at the close of the meeting. I have one of these hymns in my mind this moment. I learned both the words and the melody over forty-five years ago, and whenever I hear them sung, my heart is "strangely warmed." Here is one stanza that I shall never forget in this world nor the world to come:—

"P'le, p'le,
Y gwna'i fy noddfa dan y ne',
Ond yn ei glwyfau anwyi E'!
Y bicell gre' aeth dan ei fron,
Agorwyd ffynhon i'n glanhau,
'Rwy'n llawenbau fod lle yn hon."

I have heard much singing in my day, in both languages, but never have I seen a more wonderful display of the power of sacred melody upon the human heart, than in the influence of that old hymn and tune at some of these Welsh meetings. The last three lines would be sung over and over again, while some of the more demonstrative would give way to the intensity of their religious feelings, and turn their singing into shouting.

The effect often produced by a popular Welsh preacher is wonderful. There is one peculiarity connected with their preaching which differs entirely from anything that I ever observed in English pulpits: it is usually marked by a great variety of intonations. I do not know the origin of this chanting style of preaching prevalent among the Welsh, though it was probably introduced by the founders of Calvinistic Methodism. The judicious use of it is confined to the more passionate or pathetic parts of a sermon. It differs entirely from that monotonous tone that is often heard in English churches, or the chromatic chanting of the mass before papal altars; it is a *melody* of the purest nature. It is not an easy matter to impart to the English mind a clear idea of the genuine Welsh *hwyl*, or that musical style in which the minister pours forth his pa-

thetic passages when under "full canvas." A clergyman who has not an ear for music can never charm his hearers with this melodic *hwyl*, and it would be exceedingly unfortunate for him to attempt it, for it embraces the tones and semitones of the scale. Occasionally, however, a Welsh minister wholly destitute of this talent will endeavor to practice it. The best description I can give of this peculiarity is this: it is the application of sentences in a chanting style to portions of the minor scale. The minister is never at a loss how to apply the words to the melody; they appear to run together as by mutual attraction. The sentence is started, for instance, on E minor. The minister has his own peculiar melody. It ranges here and there from the first to the fifth, often reaching the octave, and then descending and ending in sweet cadence on the key-note. I am sure that in the genuine *hwyl* the intonations are always in the minor mode. The introduction and the deliberative parts are in the major, and the voice continues thus until the emotional point is reached; then it glides triumphantly into a thrilling minor, which generally continues to the close.

The great popular annual gathering of a national character among the Welsh is the *Eisteddfod*, a literary and musical festival. The term is composed of two Welsh words, *eistedd*, to sit, and *bod*, to be; thus the word aptly conveys the idea of a body sitting and deliberating on matters of state or literature. The word is pronounced *ise-teth-vod*; the *th* in the second syllable sounded as in *thou*. The accent is on the penultima, which is, almost without exception, the rule for pronouncing Welsh; adding *au* to the singular forms the plural. *Eisteddfod*, then, means a congress of bards, or a literary and musical convention. We find the *Eisteddfod* in vogue as early as the sixth century, and we are told that King Cadwalader held one in the seventh century. In 1176 Rhys ap Gruffydd, prince of the southern section, a warm and liberal patron of the bards, many of whom were valiant generals and popular advisers in the councils of the nation,

held a grand *Eisteddfod* in Cardigan Castle, Wales, after having given notice for one year and one day, according to the rules of the bardic order. And thus, at shorter intervals throughout the centuries, these national conventions have been held on a magnificent scale. By to-day they have become a necessity to the people, both in Wales and in America. At one of these gatherings a list of subjects and prizes is announced for the next. Essay writing, poetry, music, singing, have a hearing, each branch according to the order prescribed. In this country thousands of dollars are annually given to this object, and the meetings are thus a source of intelligence and refinement to the nation. The modern festival differs somewhat from that of the olden times. But the old characteristics are watched over with loving jealousy, and no innovations are permitted to push aside the poetry, the song, and the harp. The popularity of the *Eisteddfod* is on the increase on both sides of the water. In America, some eight or ten of these are held annually in different parts of the Union. The most prominent, perhaps, meets at Utica, New York, on each New Year's Day, when the large opera house is completely filled.

The Welsh language is particularly rich in poetry. That this is no better known to the literary world is due in a great measure to other causes than the language in which it is written. The Welsh metres are so circumscribed by rules, as to accent and rhythm, that many of them are entirely different from anything in that line in the English or, as far as we know, any other language. Their grand test of poetry, at least until lately, has been in what is termed *mesurau caethion* (restricted metres). In these are written the *englyn*, *cywydd*, and *awdl*. In this style of poetry there is a peculiarity that is very hard to explain to those who are strangers to our language. The best single word in English explanatory of this peculiarity is *alliteration*; but it falls far short of conveying a full meaning. A good poem in these restricted metres requires not

only poetical genius, but also a great deal of mechanical ingenuity. Certain vowels and consonants in each line must bear an exact relation to each other. A production of this kind in Welsh may be highly meritorious in point of real poetry, and yet, if it fails in its mechanical construction, it is condemned. The great test production of the *Eisteddfod* hitherto has been the *awdl*, and this composition embraces the famous *pedwar mesur a'r hugain* (twenty-four metres), and each metre a *caeth* or a restricted one, where the perpetual harmonious jingling of the appropriate vowels and consonants is heard throughout. This is called *cynganedd* (harmony). I may say here that this harmony, on perhaps a more simple scale, is also very often used by our Welsh poets in common versification, in hymns, Christmas carols, etc., and to me at least it has a charming effect. I can explain this peculiar Welsh *cynganedd* better to my English reader with a common stanza in the "free" metres, than with an extract in the restricted ones. The following is from a fine production by my excellent friend, the late Dr. Robert Maurice, of Trenton, Oneida County, New York, whose writings abound in the most natural *cynganedd*, as well as true poetry. I will mark those letters or parts of words that form the harmony:—

"Yna gorwedd un a gerais,
Iddo clywais eiriau clod,
Yn ei gwmmi nid oedd gamwedd,
Dyn yn rhyfedd dan y rhod!
Ond o'r diwedd, i'n didoll,
Angau difri' ingawl dwys,
A'i law arfog er im' erfyn,
'Dyma'i gorffyn dan y gwys."

Among the Welsh there is no end to the subjects and occasions for which the *englyn* has been used: deaths, births, and marriages; almost everything "in heaven above, and on earth beneath, and in the water under the earth." The following has one peculiarity that renders it even among the Welsh a specimen of literary curiosity. It sets forth in glowing terms the industry, perseverance, and ingenuity of the spider, but its distinction is in its being com-

posed exclusively of vowels. It is full in all its parts, and in perfect harmony with the laws of the restricted metres:

"O'i wy i wau e a; o'i iauau
Ei wyau a wea;
E wywa ei we aua',
A'i weau yw iauau ia."

In the works of the old classic bards we see nothing of this alliteration; but about the fourteenth century we find a tendency toward this style of rhythm. *Casnodyn* is said to have composed the first *englyn*, in an elegy to Prince Madog.

Of late, a new school of poets has sprung up in Wales, which boldly repudiates what it terms the arrogant claims of the old school, and the restricted metres. They insist that the old style has greatly retarded the progress of true poetry in the principality, and that real merit has been sacrificed to mechanical harmony. The new school finds already among its patrons some of the finest poets in the country. They have so far advanced as to place themselves on a respectable footing at the *Eisteddfod*. They deserve much praise. They have introduced a healthy variety, and have won a deserved prominence for the *Pryddest* (Ode). But the old *cynganedd* will never cease to be a grand feature in Welsh poetry.

As musical vocalists the Welsh stand deservedly high. Their choral singing is very fine. A short time ago a Welsh choir of five hundred voices from South Wales, under the direction of "Caradoc," astonished the world by its brilliant performance at the London Crystal Palace, in a competition for a famous cup valued at a thousand guineas. They were opposed by the noted Tonic Sol-Fa Choir, of London, the best in England. The judges without a dissenting voice proclaimed the Welsh choir victors. The applause was deafening, and to the lasting honor of the English choir be it chronicled, they cheered as heartily as any in the palace. Before their return to Wales the winners were feasted in royal palaces, while all along their journey homeward they were met by their enthusiastic countrymen with shouts of congratulation.

Miss Edith Wynne stands among the first vocalists of the world, and is equally at home in charming her countrymen with a Welsh song at the Eisteddfod, in thrilling English audiences in the spacious halls of the metropolis, or in delighting Americans at a Boston jubilee.

The Welsh in America, in proportion to their number and circumstances, possess all the musical zeal and vigor of their countrymen at home. And this feature above all others is being more largely developed every year. I have heard singing at their public conventions, in solos, duets, and full choruses, which was of a very high order. The Eisteddfod is gradually and constantly becoming more musical, and consequently more attractive. A movement has already originated preparatory to the forming of a choir of five hundred voices to sing at the great American centennial at Philadelphia.

We have three weekly newspapers: the oldest, *Y Drych* (The Mirror), published at Utica, New York; *Banner America*, published at Scranton, Pennsylvania; *Y Wasg* (The Press), published at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. These three papers, in their mechanical execution and literary ability, will compare well with the best of our country English weeklies. We have three monthlies: the *Cyfaill* (Friend) is published at Utica, New York, for the Calvinistic Methodist Church, and edited by Rev. William Roberts, D. D. The *Cenhadwr* (Messenger) until a few months ago was published and edited by the late venerable Robert Everett, D. D., in the interest of the Congregational churches. The *Cenhadwr* took a noble stand for the downtrodden in the early days of abolitionism. *Blodeu yr Oes* (Flowers of the Age) is a sprightly juvenile published at Utica, and edited by Rev. M. A. Ellis, A. M.

One peculiarity of the Welsh, both at home and in America, is their comparatively small number of names and the great number of persons answering to the same name. Let every John Jones and William Williams be called out, and they would present a very large number.

The reader will readily conclude that some hundred or two persons answering to the name John Jones, in a single parish, would create a "confusion worse confounded." But, happily, in Wales this embarrassment, at least in the rural districts, is obviated by a custom which may seem novel to the American reader. Every farm-house, and indeed every other house and hut in the principality, with the exception of those in cities and large villages, has its own distinct name, and this, unlike those of persons, is always different from all others. These names or designations are of an almost endless variety, and generally arise from some peculiarity of the locality or the sites on which the houses stand. Whenever a person's name is mentioned in connection with any event whatever, the name of his house or farm is invariably given; otherwise, in most cases, it would be impossible to tell who the person was, for the name is claimed by at least fifty in that region. If it were announced in a city paper that on last Thursday Mr. William Jones, of the parish of Llandd-einiolen, on his return from town had unfortunately been thrown from his horse and seriously injured, the people would laugh at the blundering indefiniteness of the information, for they are acquainted with a hundred persons of that name in the parish. But if it had been written that William Jones of Glan'rafon (Riverside) had met with the misfortune, it would have been perfectly plain, for there is but one Glan'rafon in the whole parish. Without this usage, to us in America, events in Wales in connection with certain names could not be intelligible. I read weekly in the columns of *Y Drych* and *Y Wasg*, a list of deaths in Wales which would be of no value whatever to us in the absence of this distinction.

But how among the Welsh in the States? Here again we meet the same difficulty, but we are not able to find relief in the same way. In a few instances in the old settlements, individuals are distinguished by the names of their farms, which generally follow the appellations of those which their parents or ancestors occupied in Wales. In America, in

Welsh settlements, the difficulty is sought to be obviated by the assistance of middle letters. In the town of Remsen, Oneida County, New York, some thirty years ago I was informed that the John Joneses and William Williamses, and a few other names, had used up the whole alphabet in middle letters to distinguish themselves from others, John A. and John B., and so on. When John Z. was reached, and another John Jones appeared, he had to be called John A. Jones No. 2. If any of our inventive Americans can furnish a scheme to relieve us from this embarrassment, they will be worthy to rank among the benefactors of mankind.

Another Welsh peculiarity is that a great number of their married ladies retain their maiden names. I know not how far this custom prevails in this country, but it does in some measure. In Wales it is quite common, especially among the peasantry. This was so in my own mother's case. Although the wife of William Jones, she was always known among her friends and relatives as Nellie Hughes, and I am sure that no other name would have given her any satisfaction.

Welsh children are called by their fathers' first names; this is quite common, and the custom in a measure prevails in America. Among my near neighbors in Wales was the family of Llys y Gwynt. That was the name of the house. The father's name was Richard Thomas. But the children, with one exception, were surnamed Pritchard (ap Richard); the exception among ten was Erasmus Thomas. It is so throughout the principality, but not so much as in former years. In America also this

is often found. Robert Abram and Ellis Pritchard were brothers, and were well-known citizens of Trenton and Steuben, in Oneida County. Here, however, this practice will soon die out, and the sooner the better. It is an unfortunate custom, through which the names of our ancestors are buried in impenetrable obscurity.

In regard to the future of our people in this country as a distinct Welsh-speaking nation, it is not easy to argue definitely. In the older settlements the children, although able to speak the language, prefer to converse in English. There is a strong probability that in these localities coming generations will gradually work out the old tongue, and that on the spots where now assemble crowded audiences to hear Welsh preaching, their descendants, in larger gatherings and in more commodious churches, will gather to hear the gospel dispensed in the universal language of the country.

It is in the new settlements of the West that the Welsh language will be perpetuated the longest. Thither are the emigrants bound, and there they settle in strong numbers. There Welsh churches are built and Welsh ministers ordained. The language may yet become obsolete throughout the land, but that period must be remote; and when I attend our yearly Eisteddfodau, and mark the enthusiastic nationality, or gaze on the listening thousands at the preaching anniversaries, I am led to think that *possibly* it may never come. And for one, I am ready to cry from the depth of a full Welsh heart, "*Oes y byd i'r iaith gymraeg!*" ("The world's life-time to the Welsh language!")

Erasmus W. Jones.

"AD AMICOS."

1829-1876.

"*Dumque virent genua
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.*"

THE muse of boyhood's fervid hour
Grows tame as skies get chill and hazy;
Where once she sought a passion-flower,
She only hopes to find a daisy.
Well, who the changing world bewails?
Who asks to have it stay unaltered?
Shall grown-up kittens chase their tails?
Shall colts be never shod or haltered?

Are we "the boys" that used to make
The tables ring with noisy follies?
Whose deep-lung'd laughter oft would shake
The ceiling with its thunder-volleys?
Are we the youths with lips unshorn,
At beauty's feet unwrinkled suitors,
Whose memories reach tradition's morn —
The days of prehistoric tutors?

"The boys" we knew — but who are these
Whose heads might serve for Plutarch's sages,
Or Fox's martyrs, if you please,
Or hermits of the dismal ages?
"The boys" we knew — can these be those?
Their cheeks with morning's blush were painted;
Where are the Harrys, Jims, and Joes
With whom we once were well acquainted?

If we are they, we're not the same;
If they are we, why then they're masking;
Do tell us, neighbor What's-your-name,
Who are you? — What's the use of asking?
You once were George, or Bill, or Ben;
There's you, yourself — there's you, that other;
I know you now — I knew you then —
You used to be your younger brother!

You both are all our own to-day —
But ah! I hear a warning whisper;
Yon roseate hour that flits away
Repeats the Roman's sad *paulisper*.
Come back! come back! we've need of you
To pay you for your word of warning;
We'll bathe your wings in brighter dew
Than ever wet the lids of morning!

Behold this cup; its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted;
The blood of friendship's clinging vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted;
Old Time forgot his running sand
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And Death himself with gentle hand
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim
Is rainbowed with its magic story;
The shining days with age grown dim
Are dressed again in robes of glory;
In all its freshness spring returns,
With song of birds and blossoms tender;
Once more the torch of passion burns,
And youth is here in all its splendor!

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow
We knew so well as man and boy, —
The shaft that stings through bone and marrow;
Again our kindling pulses beat,
With tangled curls our fingers dally,
And bygone beauties smile as sweet
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour! we may forget
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its laughter,
But not the loving eyes we met,
Whose light shall gild the dim hereafter.
How every heart to each grows warm!
Is one in sunshine's ray? We share it.
Is one in sorrow's blinding storm?
A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

"The boys" we were, "the boys" we'll be
As long as three, as two, are creeping;
Then here's to him — ah! which is he? —
Who lives till all the rest are sleeping;
A life with tranquil comfort blest,
The young man's health, the rich man's plenty,
All earth can give that earth has best,
And heaven at fourscore years and twenty.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

VIII.

LATE in middle life Mrs. Jameson formed an intimate acquaintance, which at one time assumed the character of a close friendship, with Lady Byron, under the influence of whose remarkable mind and character the subjects of artistic and literary interest, which had till then absorbed Mrs. Jameson's attention and occupied her pen, gave place to others of a very different kind,—those which engrossed for a time, to the exclusion of almost all others, the minds of men and women in England at the beginning of the Crimean War; when the fashion of certain forms of philanthropy set by that wonderful woman, Florence Nightingale, was making hospital nurses of idle, frivolous fine ladies, and turning into innumerable channels of newly awakened benevolence and activity, far more zealous than discreet, the love of adventure, the desire for excitement, and the desperate need of occupation, of many women who had no other qualifications for the hard and holy labors into which they flung themselves.

Mrs. Jameson felt the impulse of the time, as it reached her through Lady Byron and Miss Nightingale, and warmly embraced the wider and more enlightened aspect of women's duties beginning to be advocated with extreme enthusiasm in English society. One of the last books she published was a popular account of foreign Sisters of Mercy, their special duties, the organization of their societies, and the sphere of their operations; suggesting the formation of similar bodies of religiously charitable sisterhoods in England. She had this subject so much at heart, she told me, that she had determined to give a series of public lectures upon it, provided she found her physical power equal to the effort of making herself heard by an audience in any public room of moderate size. She tested the strength of her

chest and voice by delivering one lecture to an audience assembled in the drawing-rooms of a friend; but as she never repeated the experiment, I suppose she found the exertion too great for her.

When first I met Mrs. Jameson she was an attractive-looking young woman, with a skin of that dazzling whiteness which generally accompanies reddish hair, such as hers was; her face, which was habitually refined and *spirituelle* in its expression, was capable of a marvelous power of concentrated feeling, such as is seldom seen on any woman's face, and is peculiarly rare on the countenance of a fair, small, delicately-featured woman, all whose personal characteristics were essentially feminine. Her figure was extremely pretty; her hands and arms might have been those of Madame de Warens.

Mrs. Jameson told me that the idea of giving public lectures had suggested itself to her in the course of her conversations with Lady Byron upon the possible careers that might be opened to women. I know Lady Byron thought a very valuable public service might be rendered by women who so undertook to advocate important truths of which they had made special study, and for the dissemination of which in this manner they might be especially gifted. She accepted in the most liberal manner the claim put forward by women to more extended spheres of usefulness, and to the adoption of careers hitherto closed to them; she was deeply interested, personally, in some who made the arduous attempt of studying and practicing medicine, and seemed generally to think that there were many directions in which women might follow paths yet unopened, of high and noble exertion, and hereafter do society and the cause of progress good service.

Lady Byron was a peculiarly reserved and quiet person, with a manner habitually deliberate and measured, a low sub-

duced voice, and rather diffident hesitation in expressing herself; and she certainly conveyed the impression of natural reticence and caution. But so far from ever appearing to me to justify the description often given of her, of a person of exceptionally cold, hard, measured intellect and character, she always struck me as a woman capable of profound and fervid enthusiasm, with a mind of rather a romantic and visionary order.

She surprised me extremely one evening as she was accompanying me to one of my public readings, by exclaiming, "Oh, how I envy you! What would I not give to be in your place!" As my vocation, I am sorry to say, oftener appeared to me to justify my own regret than the envy of others, I answered, "What! to read Shakespeare before some hundreds of people?" "Oh no," she said, "not to read Shakespeare to them, but to have all that mass of people under your control, subject to your influence, and receiving your impressions." She then went on to say she would give anything to lecture upon subjects which interested her deeply, and that she should like to advocate with every power she possessed. Lady Byron, like most enthusiasts, was fond of influencing others and making disciples to her own views. I made her laugh by telling her that more than once, when looking from my reading-desk over the sea of faces uplifted towards me, a sudden feeling had seized me that I must say something *from myself* to all those human beings whose attention I felt at that moment entirely at my command, and between whom and myself a sense of sympathy thrilled powerfully and strangely through my heart, as I looked steadfastly at them before opening my lips; but that, on wondering afterwards *what* I might, could, would, or should have said to them from myself, I never could think of anything but two words: "Be good!" which as a preface to the reading of one of Shakespeare's plays (The Merry Wives of Windsor, for instance) might have startled them. Often and strongly as the temptation recurred to me, I never could think of anything

better worth saying to my audience. I have some hope that sometimes in the course of the reading I said it effectually, without shocking them by a departure from my proper calling, or deserving the rebuke of "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

In February, 1828, I fell ill of the measles, of which the following note to Miss S—— is a record.

MY DEAREST H——: I am in a great hurry, because my parcel is not made up yet, and I expect your brother's emissary to call at every moment; the reason why he sends for my parcel is because we met him yesterday, as he was coming to our house, and so prevented his visit. I send you my play, also an album of mine, also an unfinished sketch of me, also a copy of my will. The play you must not keep, because it is my only copy; neither must you keep my album, because I want to finish one of the pieces of verse begun in it; my picture—such as it is—begun, but never finished, by Dick O——, I thought you would like better than nothing. He has finished one that is a very good likeness of me, but it was done for my mother, or I should have wished you to have it. My will I made last week, while I was in bed with the measles, and want you to keep that.

I have been very ill for the last fortnight, but am well again now. I am pressed for time to-day, but will soon write to you in earnest.

I'm afraid you'll find my play very long; when my poor father began cutting it, he looked ruefully at it, and said, "There's plenty of it, Fan," to which my reply is Madame de Sévigné's, "Si j'eusse eu plus de temps, je ne t'aurais pas écrit si longuement." Dear H——, if you knew how I thought of you, and the fresh, sweet mayflowers with which we filled our baskets at Heath Farm, while I lay parched and full of pain and fever in my illness!

Yours ever, FANNY.

My beloved aunt Dall nursed and tended me in my sickness with unwearied

devotion; and one day when I was convalescent, finding me depressed in spirits and crying, she said laughingly to me, "Why, child, there is nothing the matter with you; but you are weak in body and mind." This seemed to me the most degraded of all conceivable conditions, and I fell into a redoublement of weeping over my own abasement and imbecility.

My attention was suddenly attracted to a large looking-glass opposite my bed, and it occurred to me that in my then condition of nerves nothing was more likely than that I should turn visionary and fancy I beheld apparitions. And under this conviction I got up and covered the glass, in which I felt sure I should presently "see sic sights as I daured na tell." I speak of this because though I was in a physical condition not unlikely to produce such phenomena, I retained the power of perceiving that they would be the result of my physical condition, and that I should in some measure be accessory to my own terror, whatever form it might assume.

I have so often in my life been on the very edge of ghost-seeing, and felt so perfectly certain that the least encouragement on my part would set them before me, and that nothing but a resolute effort of will would save me from such a visitation, that I have become convinced that of the people who have seen apparitions, one half have — as I should term it — chosen to do so. I have all my life suffered from a tendency to imaginary terrors, and have always felt sure that a determined exercise of self-control would effectually keep them from having the dominion over me. The most distressing form of nervous excitement that I have ever experienced was one that for many years I was very liable to, and which always recurred when I was in a state of unusual exaltation or depression of spirits; both which states in me were either directly caused or greatly aggravated by certain electrical conditions of the atmosphere, which seemed to affect my whole nervous system as if I had been some machine expressly construct-

ed for showing and testing the power of such influences on the human economy.

I habitually read while combing and brushing my hair at night, and though I made no use of my looking-glass while thus employed, having my eyes fixed on my book, I sat (for purposes of general convenience) at my toilet table in front of the mirror. While engrossed in my book it has frequently happened to me accidentally to raise my eyes and suddenly to fix them on my own image in the glass, when a feeling of startled surprise, as if I had not known I was there and did not immediately recognize my own reflection, would cause me to remain looking at myself, the intentness with which I did so increasing as the face appeared to me not my own; and under this curious fascination my countenance has altered, becoming gradually so dreadful, so much more dreadful in expression than any human face I ever saw or could describe, while it was next to impossible for me to turn my eyes away from the hideous vision confronting me, that I have felt more than once that unless by the strongest effort of will I immediately averted my head, I should certainly become insane. Of course I was myself a party to this strange fascination of terror, and must, no doubt, have exercised some power of volition in the assumption of the expression that my face gradually presented, and which was in no sense a distortion or grimace, but a terrible look suggestive of despair and desperate wickedness, the memory of which even now affects me painfully. But though in some measure voluntary, I do not think I was conscious at the time that the process was so; and I have never been able to determine the precise nature of this nervous affection, which beginning thus in a startled feeling of sudden surprise went on to such a climax of fascinated terror.

I was already at this time familiar enough with the theory of ghosts, of which one need not be afraid, through Nicolai of Berlin's interesting work upon the curious phantasmagoria of apparitions, on which he made and recorded so many singular observations. Moreover, my

mother, from a combination of general derangement of the system and special affection of the visual nerves, was at one time constantly tormented by whole processions and crowds of visionary figures, of the origin and nature of which she was perfectly aware, but which she often described as exceedingly annoying by their grotesque and distorted appearance, and wearisome from their continual recurrence and thronging succession. With the recovery of her general health she obtained a release from this disagreeable haunting.

One of the most remarkable and painful instances of affection of the visual organs in consequence of a violent nervous shock was that experienced by my friend Miss T——, who, after seeing her cousin, Lady L——, drowned while bathing off the rocks at her home at Ardgillan, was requested by Lord L—— to procure for him, before his wife's burial, the wedding ring from her finger. The poor lady's body was terribly swollen and discolored, and Miss T—— had to use considerable effort to withdraw the ring from the dead finger. The effect of the whole disastrous event upon her was to leave her for several months afflicted with an affection of the eyes which represented half of the face of every person she saw with the swollen, livid, and distorted features of her drowned cousin; a horrible and ghastly result of the nervous shock she had undergone, which she feared she should never be delivered from, but which gradually wore itself out.

The only time I ever saw an apparition was under singularly unfavorable circumstances for such an experience. I was sitting at midday in an American railroad car, which every occupant but my maid and myself had left to go and get some refreshment at the station, where the train stopped some time for that purpose. I was sitting with my maid in a small private compartment, sometimes occupied by ladies traveling alone, the door of which (wide open at the time) communicated with the main carriage, and commanded its entire length. Suddenly a person entered the

carriage by a door close to where I sat, and passed down the whole length of the car. I sprang from my seat, exclaiming aloud, "There is C——!" and rushed to the door before, by any human possibility, any one could have reached the other end of the car; but nobody was to be seen. My maid had seen nothing. The person I imagined I had seen was upwards of two hundred miles distant; but what was to me the most curious part of this experience was that had I really met her anywhere, my most careful endeavor would have been to avoid her, and, if possible, to escape being seen by her; whereas this apparition, or imagination, so affected my nerves that I rushed after it as if desirous of pursuing and overtaking it, while my deliberate desire with regard to the person whose image I thus sprang towards would have been never to have seen her again as long as I lived. The state of the atmosphere at the time of this occurrence was extraordinarily oppressive, and charged with a tremendous thunder-storm, a condition of the air which, as I have said, always acts with extremely distressing and disturbing influence upon my whole physical system.

ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, *February*, 1828. }

MY DEAREST H——: I have this instant received your letter, and, contrary to John's wise rule of never answering an epistle till three days after he receives it, I sit down to write, to talk, to be with you. Pray, when your potatoes flourish, your fires are put out by the sun, and your hills are half hid in warm mist, wish one hearty wish for me, such as I spend by the dozen on you. I confess I am disappointed, as far as I can be with a letter of yours, at finding you had not yet received my parcel, for my vanity has been in considerable anxiety respecting your judgment on my production. Now that the effervescence of my poetical furor has subsided, and that repeated perusals have taken a little of the charm of novelty from my play, my own opinion of it is that it is a clever performance *for so young a person*, but nothing more. The

rest will, I hope, be better, and I think you will agree with me in regard to this. Dearest H—, in my last letter want of time and room prevented my enlarging on my hint about the stage, but as far as my own determination goes at present, I think it is the course that I shall most likely pursue. You know that independence of mind and body seems to me the great desideratum of life; I am not patient of restraint or submissive to authority, and my head and heart are engrossed with the idea of exercising and developing the literary talent which I think I possess. This is meat, drink, and sleep to me; my world, in which I live and have my happiness; and moreover, I hope, my means of fame (the prize for which I pray). To a certain degree it may be my means of procuring benefits of a more substantial nature, which I am by no means inclined to estimate at less than their worth. I do not think I am fit to marry, to make an obedient wife or affectionate mother; my imagination is paramoured with me, and would disqualify me, I think, for the every-day, matter-of-fact cares and duties of the mistress of a household and the head of a family. I think I should be unhappy and the cause of unhappiness to others if I were to marry. I cannot swear I shall never fall in love, but if I do I will fall out of it again, for I do not think I shall ever so far lose sight of my best interest and happiness as to enter into a relation for which I feel so unfit. Now, if I do not marry, what is to become of me in the event of anything happening to my father? His property is almost all gone; I doubt if we shall ever receive one pound from it. Is it likely that, supposing I were willing to undergo the drudgery of writing for my bread, I could live by my wits and the produce of my brain; or is such an existence desirable?

Perhaps I might attain to the literary dignity of being the lioness of a season, asked to dinner parties "because I am so clever;" perhaps my writing faculty might become a useful auxiliary to some other less precarious dependence; but to write to eat, — to live, in short, —

that seems to me to earn hard money after a very hard fashion. The stage is a profession that people who have a talent for it make lucrative, and which honorable conduct may make respectable; one which would place me at once beyond the fear of want, and that is closely allied in its nature to my beloved literary pursuits.

If I should (as my father and mother seem to think not unlikely) change my mind with respect to marrying, the stage need be no bar to that, and if I continue to write, the stage might both help me in and derive assistance from my exercise of the pursuit of dramatic authorship. And the mere mechanical labor of writing costs me so little that the union of the two occupations does not seem to me a difficulty. My father said the other day, "There is a fine fortune to be made by any young woman of even decent talent, on the stage now." A fine fortune is a fine thing; to be sure, there remains a rather material question to settle, that of "even decent talent." A passion for all beautiful poetry I am sure you will grant me; and you would perhaps be inclined to take my father and mother's word for my dramatic capacity. I spoke to them earnestly on this subject lately, and they both, with some reluctance, I think, answered me, to my questions, that they thought as far as they could judge (and, unless partiality blinds them entirely, none can be better judges) I might succeed. In some respects, no girl intending herself for this profession can have had better opportunities of acquiring just notions on the subject of acting. I have constantly heard refined and thoughtful criticism on our greatest dramatic works, and on every various way of rendering them effective on the stage. I have been lately very frequently to the theatre, and seen and heard observingly, and exercised my own judgment and critical faculty to the best of my ability, according to these same canons of taste by which it has been formed. Nature has certainly not been as favorable to me as might have been wished, if I am to embrace a calling where personal

beauty, if not indispensable, is so great an advantage. But if the informing spirit be mine, it shall go hard if, with a face and voice as obedient to my emotions as mine are, I do not in some measure make up for the want of good looks. My father is now proprietor and manager of the theatre, and those certainly are favorable circumstances for my entering on a career which is one of great labor and some exposure, at the best, to a woman, and where a young girl cannot be too prudent herself, nor her protectors too careful of her. I hope I have not taken up this notion hastily, and I have no fear of looking only on the bright side of the picture, for ours is a house where that is very seldom seen.

Good-by; God bless you! I shall be very anxious to hear from you; I sent you a note with my play, telling you I had just got up from the measles; but as my note has not reached you I tell you so again. I am quite well, however, now, and shall not give them to you by signing myself
Yours most affectionately,
FANNY.

P. S. I forgot to answer your questions in telling you all this, but I will do so methodically now. My side-ache is some disturbance in my liver, evidently, and does not give way entirely either to physic or exercise, as the slightest emotion, either pleasurable or painful, immediately brings it on; my blue devils I pass over in silence; such a liver and my kind of head are sure to breed them. Certainly I reverence Jeremy Bentham for his philanthropy, plain powerful sense, and lucid forcible writing; but as for John's politics, they are, as Beatrice tells the prince he is, "too costly for every-day wear." His theories are so perfect that I think imperfect men could never be brought to live under a scheme of government of his devising.

I confess, however, I approve of the vote by ballot, which is one of his favorite reforms. I will give my reasons for doing so hereafter, if you want them; but as for pulling down the old house by sudden jerks of radical change, I am not for that, before a new one is made sound for us. The Duke of Wellington

seems determined to stand stock-still, or march no way but backwards, and that seems a pity.

I think Mrs. Jameson would like you, and you her, if you met, but my mind is running on something else than this. My father's income is barely eight hundred a year. John's expenses since he has been at college have been nearly three. Five hundred a year for such a family as ours is very close and careful work, dear H—, and if my going on the stage would nearly double that income, lessen my dear father's anxieties for us all and the quantity of work which he latterly has often felt too much for him, and remove the many privations which my dear mother cheerfully endures, as well as the weight of her uncertainty about our future provision, would not this be a "consummation devoutly to be wished?"

ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, March, 1828. }

MY DEAREST H—: I have been thinking what you have been thinking of my long silence, about which, however, perhaps you have not been thinking at all. What you say in one of your last about my destroying your letters troubles me a good deal, dearest H—. I really cannot bear to think of it; why, those letters are one of my very few precious possessions. When I am unhappy (as I sometimes am), I read them over, and I feel strengthened and comforted; if it is your *positive desire* that I should burn them, of course I must do it; but if it is only a sort of "I think you had better," that you have about it, I shall keep them, and you must be satisfied with one of my old "I can't keep it's." As for my own scrawls, I do *not* desire that you should keep them. I write, as I speak, on the impulse of the moment, and I should be sorry that the incoherent and often contradictory thoughts that I pour forth daily should be preserved against me by anybody.

My father is now in Edinburgh. He has been absent from London about a week. I had a conversation with him about the stage some time before he went, in which he allowed that, should our mis-

erably uncertain circumstances finally settle unfavorably, the theatre might be an honorable and advantageous resource for me; but that at present he should be sorry to see me adopt that career. As he is the best and kindest father and friend to us all, such a decision on his part was conclusive, as you will easily believe; and I have forborne all further allusion to the subject, although on some accounts I regret being obliged to do so.

I was delighted with your long letter of criticisms; I am grateful to you for taking the trouble of telling me so minutely all you thought about my play. For myself, although at the time I wrote it I was rather puffed up and elated in spirit, and looked at it naturally in far too favorable a light, I assure you I have long since come to a much soberer frame of mind respecting it. I think it is quite unfit for the stage, where the little poetical merit it possesses would necessarily be lost; besides, its construction is wholly undramatic; the only satisfaction I now take in it is entirely one of hope. I am very young, and I cannot help feeling that it offers some promise for the future, which I trust may be fulfilled. Now even, already, I am sure I could do infinitely better; nor will it be long, I think, before I try my strength again. If you could see the multiplicity of subjects drawn up in my book under the head of projected works, how you would shake your wise head, and perhaps your lean sides. I wish I could write a good prose work, but that, I take it, is really difficult, as good, concise, powerful, clear prose must be much less easy to write than even tolerable poetry. I have been reading a quantity of German plays (translations, of course, but literal ones), and I have been reveling in that divine devildom, Faust. Suppose it does send one to bed with a side-ache, a head-ache, and a heart-ache, is n't it worth while? Did you ever read Goethe's Tasso? Certainly he makes the mad poet a mighty disagreeable person; but in describing him it seemed to me as if Goethe was literally transcribing my thoughts and feelings, my mind and being.

Now, dearest H——, don't bear malice,

and, because I have not written for so long, wait still longer before you answer. My mother has been in the country for a few days and has returned with a terrible cough and cold, with which pleasant maladies she finds the house full here to welcome her, so that we all croak in unison most harmoniously. I was at the Siddonses' the other evening. My aunt was suffering, I am sorry to say, with one of her terrible head-aches; Cecilia was pretty well, but as it was a *soirée chantante*, I had little opportunity of talking to either of them. Did you mention my notion about going on the stage in any of your letters to Cecy?

The skies are brightening and the trees are budding; it will soon be the time of year when we first met. Pray remember me when the hawthorn blossoms; hail, snow, or sunshine I remember you, and am ever your affectionate

FANNY.

The want of a settled place of residence compelled me, many years after writing this letter, to destroy the letters of my friend, which I had preserved until they amounted to many hundreds; my friend kept, in the house that was her home from her fourteenth to her sixtieth year, all mine to her,—several thousands, the history of a whole human life,—and gave them back to me when she was upwards of seventy and I of sixty years old; they are the principal aid to my memory in my present task of retrospection.

My life at home at this time became difficult and troublesome, and unsatisfactory to myself and others; my mind and character were in a chaotic state of fermentation that required the wisest, firmest, and gentlest guidance. I was vehement and excitable, violently impulsive, and with a wild, ill-regulated imagination.

The sort of smattering acquirements from my schooling, and the desultory reading which had been its only supplement, had done little or nothing (perhaps even worse than nothing) towards my effectual moral or mental training. A good fortune for which I can never be

sufficiently thankful occurred to me at this time, in the very intimate intercourse which grew up just then between our family and that of my cousin, Mrs. Henry Siddons.

She had passed through London on her way to the Continent, whither she was going for the sake of the health of her youngest daughter, an interesting and attractive young girl some years older than myself, who at this time seemed threatened with imminent consumption. She had a sylph-like, slender figure, tall, and bending and wavering like a young willow sapling, and a superabundant profusion of glossy chestnut ringlets, which in another might have suggested vigor of health and constitution, but always seemed to me as if their redundant masses had exhausted hers, and were almost too great a weight for her slim throat and drooping figure. Her complexion was transparently delicate, and she had dark blue eyes that looked almost preternaturally large. It seems strange to remember this ethereal vision of girlish fragile beauty as belonging to my dear cousin, who, having fortunately escaped the doom by which she then seemed threatened, lived to become a most happy and excellent wife and mother, and one of the largest women of our family, all of whose female members have been unusually slender in girlhood and unusually stout in middle and old age. When Mrs. Henry Siddons was obliged to return to Edinburgh, which was her home, she was persuaded by my mother to leave her daughter with us for some time; and for more than a year she and her elder sister and their brother, a lad studying at the Indian Military College of Addiscombe, were frequent inmates of our house. The latter was an extremely handsome youth, with a striking resemblance to his grandmother, Mrs. Siddons; he and my brother Henry were certainly the only two of the younger generation who honorably maintained the reputation for beauty of their elders; in spite of which and the general admiration they excited (especially when seen together), perhaps indeed from some un-

comfortable consciousness of their personal advantages, they were both of them shamefaced and bashful to an unusual degree.

I remember a comical instance of the shy *mauvaise honte*, peculiar to Englishmen, which these two beautiful boys exhibited on the occasion of a fancy ball, to which we were all invited, at the house of our friend, Mrs. E. G—. To me, of course, my first fancy ball was an event of unmixed delight, especially as my mother had provided for me a lovely Anne Boleyn costume of white satin, point-lace, and white Roman pearls, which raised my satisfaction to rapture. The two Harrys, however, far from partaking of my ecstasy, protested, pouted, begged off, all but broke into open rebellion at the idea of making what they called "guys" and "chimney-sweeps" of themselves; and though the painful sense of any singularity might have been mitigated by the very numerous company of their fellow-fools assembled in the ball-room, to keep them in countenance, and the very unpretending costume of simple and elegant black velvet in which my mother had attired them, as Hamlet and Laertes (it must have been in their very earliest college days), they hid themselves behind the ball-room door and never showed as much as their noses or their toes, while I danced beatifically till daylight, and would have danced on till noon.

Mrs. Henry Siddons, in her last stay with us, obtained my mother's consent that I should go to Edinburgh to pay her a visit, which began by being of indeterminate length, and prolonged itself for a year,—the happiest of my life, as I often, while it lasted, thought it would prove; and now that my years are over I know to have been so. To the anxious, nervous, exciting, irritating tenor of my London life succeeded the calm, equable, and all but imperceptible control of my dear friend, whose influence over her children, the result of her wisdom in dealing with them, no less than of their own amiable dispositions, was absolute. In considering Mrs. Henry Siddons's character, when years had mod-

ified its first impression upon my own, my estimate of it underwent, of course, some inevitable alteration; but when I stayed with her in Edinburgh I was at the idolatrous period of life, and never, certainly, had an enthusiastic young girl worshiper a worthier or better idol.

She was not regularly handsome, but of a sweet and most engaging countenance; her figure was very pretty, her voice exquisite, and her whole manner, air, and deportment graceful, attractive, and charming. Men, women, and children not only loved her, but inevitably *fell in love* with her, and the fascination which she exercised over every one that came in contact with her invariably deepened into profound esteem and confidence, in those who had the good fortune to share her intimacy. Her manner, which was the most gentle and winning imaginable, had in it a touch of demure playfulness that was very charming, at the same time that it habitually conveyed the idea of extreme self-control and a great reserve of moral force and determination underneath this quiet surface.

Mrs. Harry's manner was artificial, and my mother told me she thought it the result of an early determination to curb the demonstrations of an impetuous temper and passionate feelings. It had become her second nature when I knew her, however, and contributed not a little to the immense ascendancy she soon acquired over my vehement and stormy character. She charmed me into absolute submission to her will and wishes, and I all but worshiped her.

She was a Miss Murray, and came of good Scottish blood, her great-grandfather having at one time been private secretary to the young Pretender. She married Mrs. Siddons's youngest son, Harry, the only one of my aunt's children who adopted her own profession, and who, himself an indifferent actor, undertook the management of the Edinburgh theatre, fell into ill-health, and died, leaving his lovely young widow with four children to the care of her brother, William Murray, who succeeded him in the government of the theatre,

of which his sister and himself became joint proprietors.

Edinburgh at that time was still the small but important capital of Scotland, instead of what railroads and modern progress have reduced it to, merely the largest town. Those were the days of the giants, Scott, Wilson, Hogg, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, the Horners, Lord Murray, Allison, and all the formidable intellectual phalanx that held mental dominion over the English-speaking world, under the blue and yellow standard of the Edinburgh Review; they were an amazing company of brains, to be sure.

The ancient city had still its regular winter season of fashionable gayety, during which sedan chairs were to be seen carrying through its streets, to its evening assemblies, the more elderly members of the *beau monde*. The nobility and gentry of Scotland came up from their distant country residences to their town houses in "Auld Reekie," as they now come up to London.

Edinburgh was a brilliant and peculiarly intellectual centre of society, with a strongly marked national character, and the theatre held a distinguished place among the recreations; the many eminent literary and professional men who then made the Scotch capital illustrious being zealous patrons of the drama and frequenters of the play-house, and proud, with reason, of their excellent theatrical company, at the head of which was William Murray, one of the most perfect actors I have ever known on any stage, and among whom Terry and Mac-kay, admirable actors and cultivated, highly intelligent men, were conspicuous for their ability.

Mrs. Henry Siddons held a peculiar position in Edinburgh, her widowed condition and personal attractions combining to win the sympathy and admiration of its best society, while her high character and blameless conduct secured the respect and esteem of her theatrical subjects and the general public, with whom she was an object of almost affectionate personal regard, and in whose favor, as long as she exercised her pro-

fession, she continued to hold the first place, in spite of their temporary enthusiasm for the great London stars who visited them at stated seasons. "Our Mrs. Siddons," I have repeatedly heard her called in Edinburgh, not at all with the slightest idea of comparing her with her celebrated mother-in-law, but rather as expressing the kindly personal goodwill and the admiring approbation with which she was regarded by her own towns-folk, who were equally proud and fond of her. She was not a great actress, nor even what in my opinion could be called a good actress, for she had no natural versatility or power of assumption whatever, and what was opposed to her own nature and character was altogether out of the range of her powers.

On the other hand, when (as frequently happened) she had to embody heroines whose characteristics coincided with her own, her grace and beauty and innate sympathy with everything good, true, pure, and upright made her an admirable representative of all such characters. She wanted physical power and weight for the great tragic drama of Shakespeare, and passion for the heroine of his love tragedy; but Viola, Rosalind, Isabel, Imogen, could have no better representative. In the first part Sir Walter Scott has celebrated (in the novel of *Waverley*) the striking effect produced by her resemblance to her brother, William Murray, in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*; and in many pieces founded upon the fate and fortune of Mary Stuart she gave an unrivaled impersonation of the "enchanting queen" of modern history.

My admiration and affection for her were, as I have said, unbounded; and some of the various methods I took to exhibit them were, I dare say, intolerably absurd, though she was graciously good-natured in tolerating them.

Every day, summer and winter, I made it my business to provide her with a sprig of myrtle for her sash at dinner-time; this, when she had worn it all the evening, I received again on bidding her good night, and stored in a *treasure* drawer, which, becoming in time choked

with fragrant myrtle leaves, was emptied with due solemnity into the fire, that destruction in the most classic form might avert from them all desecration. I ought by rights to have eaten their ashes, or drunk a decoction of them, or at least treasured them in a golden urn, but contented myself with watching them shrivel and crackle with much sentimental satisfaction. I remember a most beautiful myrtle-tree, which by favor of a peculiarly sunny and sheltered exposure had reached a very unusual size in the open air in Edinburgh, and in the flowering season might have borne comparison with the finest shrubs of the warm terraces of the under cliff of the Isle of Wight.

From this I procured my daily offering to my divinity. It has always seemed to me singular that the ancients should have held the myrtle sacred to Venus; beautiful, it seems to me, above all other flowers, but it is of a severe as well as sweet beauty; its rather stiff and formal growth, its sharply cut and polished dark green leaves, its pure, delicate, spiritual blossom, and the aromatic fragrance of its verdure, which indeed requires bruising to draw it forth, are all chaste and original characteristics which do not indicate the flower possessing them as the appropriate one for her to whom the rose was dedicated, and of whom the perfectest rose was the perfectest type.

The myrtle is the least voluptuous of flowers; the legend of Juno's myrtle-sheltered bath seems not unnaturally suggested by the vigorous, fresh, and healthy beauty of the plant, and the purity of its snowy blossoms. The exquisite quality, too, which myrtle possesses, of preserving uncorrupted the water in which it is placed, with other flowers, is a sort of moral attribute, which, combined with the peculiar character of its fragrance, seems to me to distinguish this lovely shrub from every other flower of the field or garden.

To return to my worship of Mrs. Harry Siddons. On one occasion, the sash of her dress came unfastened and fell to the ground, and, having secured pos-

session of it, I retained my prize and persisted in wearing it, baldric fashion, over every dress I put on. It was a silk scarf, of a sober dark gray color, and occasionally produced a most fantastical and absurd contrast with what I was wearing.

These were childish expressions of a feeling the soberer portion of which remains with me even now, and makes the memory of that excellent woman, and kind, judicious friend, still very dear to my grateful affection. Not only was the change of discipline under which I now lived advantageous, but the great freedom I enjoyed, and which would have been quite impossible in London, was delightful to me; while the wonderful, picturesque beauty of Edinburgh, contrasted with the repulsive dinginess and ugliness of my native city, was a constant source of the liveliest pleasure to me.

Is there a more beautiful city in the world than that Scotch fortress-crowned metropolis, the mountains, framing every picture of which it is the centre, on one side, and the sea on the other? — where on one hand Arthur's Seat overhangs the town, its verdant, turfy slopes sinking down in lovely curves towards Holyrood and Dalkeith, a perfect model of a mountain in all its features and whole configuration (though wanting the supreme quality of great mountain height); and on the other the splendid broken mass of the Castle Cliff, with its bristling crest, springs straight up from its rocky roots in the very heart of the fair city, like some great flower of war, and confronts the Salisbury Crags and their long line of battlemented cliff; while between both the gentle eminence of the Calton Hill, whose outline and position have given to Edinburgh its title of the modern Athens, rises in gradual slopes and terraces to a height that gives the spectator the most favorable point of view for the unrivaled panorama which it commands. Hence the eye wanders in delight over the time-tinted, (Turner forbid I should say stained!) irregular masses of the old town to the broad, bright, stately avenues and edifices of the new;

to the beautiful Frith of Forth, its wind-ing shores and picturesque islands, and the Ochil Hills, throwing their delicate purple outline on the horizon beyond; while on the opposite side, the smooth-swarded slopes and shoulders of the Braid and Pentland Hills, and the dark, wooded crests and ravines of the Cortorphines, complete the enchantment of a landscape possessing every combination of various beauty. Almost beneath one's feet lies Holyrood Palace, with its quadrangles and cloisters and beautiful ruined arches, and but a little farther on the remains of St. Anthony's Chapel, crumbling among the mossy stones and flowery turf at the foot of Arthur's Seat.

The indescribable mixture of historic and romantic interest with all this present, visible beauty, the powerful charm of the Scotch ballad poetry, which now began to seize upon my imagination, and the inexhaustible enchantment of the associations thrown by the great modern magician over every spot made memorable by his mention, combined to affect my mind and feelings at this most susceptible period of my life, and made Edinburgh dear and delightful to me above all other places I ever saw, as it still remains, — with the one exception of Rome, whose combined claim to veneration and admiration no earthly city can indeed dispute.

Seen from far or near, in a distant mass, when its noble outline against the sky assumes the figure of a colossal couchant lion, or in detail, when the eye divides part from part of its varied and picturesque features, nowhere, I believe, can a more interesting or beautiful object or group of objects engage the attention of poet or painter, or stamp themselves upon the memory of the traveler from other lands.

Beautiful Edinburgh! dear to me for all its beauty and all the happiness that I have never failed to find there, for the keen delight of my year of youthful life spent among its enchanting influences, and for the kind friends and kindred whose affectionate hospitality has made each return thither as happy as sadder

and older years allowed, — my blessing on every stone of its streets!

I had the utmost liberty allowed me in my walks about the city, and at early morning have often run up and round and round the Calton Hill, delighting, from every point where I stopped to breathe, in the noble panorama on every side. Not unfrequently I walked down to the sands at Porto Bello and got a sea bath, and returned before breakfast; while on the other side of the town my rambles extended to New Haven and the rocks and sands of Cramond Beach.

While Edinburgh had then more the social importance of a capital, it had a much smaller extent; great portions of the present new town did not then exist. Warriston and the Bridge of Dean were still out of town; there was no Scott's monument in Princes Street, no railroad terminus with its smoke and scream and steam searing the echoes of the North Bridge; no splendid Queen's Drive encircled Arthur's Seat. Windsor Street, in which Mrs. Harry Siddons lived, was one of the most recently finished, and broke off abruptly above gardens and bits of meadow land and small, irregular inclosures and mean, scattered houses, stretching down towards Warriston Crescent; while from the balcony of the drawing-room the eye, passing over all this untidy suburban district, reached without any intervening buildings the blue waters of the Forth and Inchkeith with its revolving light.

Standing on that balcony late one cold, clear night, watching the rising and setting of that sea star that kept me fascinated out in the chill air, I saw for the first time the sky illuminated with the aurora borealis. It was a magnificent display of the phenomenon, and I feel certain that my attention was first attracted to it by the crackling sound which appeared to accompany the motion of the pale flames as they streamed across the sky; indeed, *crackling* is not the word that properly describes the sound I heard, which was precisely that made by the *flickering* of blazing fire; and as I have often since read and heard discussions

upon the question whether the motion of the aurora is or is not accompanied by an audible sound, I can only say that on this occasion it was the sound that first induced me to observe the sheets of white light that were leaping up the sky. At this time I knew nothing of these phenomena, or the debates among scientific men to which they had given rise, and can therefore trust the impression made on my senses.

I have since then witnessed repeated appearances of these beautiful meteoric lights, but have never again detected any sound accompanying their motion. The finest aurora I ever saw was at Lenox, Massachusetts; a splendid rose-colored pavilion appeared to be spread all over the sky, through which, in several parts, the shining of the stars was distinctly visible, while at the zenith the luminous drapery seemed gathered into folds, the color of which deepened almost to crimson. It was wonderfully beautiful. At Lenox, too, one night during the season of the appearance of the great comet of 1858, the splendid flaming plume hovered over one side of the sky, while all round the other horizon streams of white fire appeared to rise from altars of white light. It was awfully glorious, and beyond all description beautiful. The sky of that part of the United States, particularly in the late autumn and winter, was more frequently visited by magnificent meteors than any other with which I have been acquainted.

At that season of the year hardly an evening closed in without some apparition of brilliant light sweeping like a discarded world down through the gloom; and I have driven at night over the hills between Stockbridge and Lenox, when a perfect shower of these beautiful meteors has flashed on every side.

The extraordinary purity, dryness, and elasticity of the atmosphere in that region was, I suppose, one cause of these heavenly showers; the clear transparency of the sky by day often giving one the feeling that one was looking straight into heaven without any intermediate window of atmospheric air, while at night (especially in winter) the world of stars,

larger, brighter, more numerous than they ever seemed to me elsewhere, and yet apparently infinitely higher and farther off, were set in a depth of dark whose blackness appeared transparent rather than opaque.

Midnight after midnight I have stood, when the thermometer was twenty and more degrees below freezing, looking over the silent, snow-smothered hills round the small mountain village of Lennox, fast asleep in their embrace, and from thence to the solemn sky rising

above them like a huge iron vault hung with thousands of glittering steel weapons, from which, every now and then, a shining scimitar fell flashing earthwards; it was a cruel-looking sky, in its relentless radiance.

My solitary walks round Edinburgh have left two especial recollections in my mind; the one, pleasant, the other very sad. I will speak of the latter first; it was like a leaf out of the middle of a tragedy, of which I never knew either the beginning or the end.

Frances Anne Kemble.

AT SUNSET.

THERE comes a night, O dear and true!
 Along the path that we pursue
 Its shadow drinks the morning dew;
 We see it creep
 Across the living bloom we tread,
 A thing too fugitive to dread,
 And yet we weep—

Light tears for rainbow uses meet;
 Half-fears, that quicken failing heat,
 And prick our lazy bliss to sweet
 Self-consciousness,
 That else might sometimes in a trance,
 Too prodigal of time and chance,
 Forget to bless!

If in mid-heaven hung our sun,
 If all our path were overrun
 With flowers that missed the graces won
 From shadows gray,
 Beloved, thou mightst fail to keep
 My feet from falling on the steep
 And dusty way,

Nor always guard mine eyes from tears.
 In the wide margin of those years
 Where all the room for speech appears
 That love doth crave,
 The silent speech of hand to hand
 Might be less dear, in that strange land
 That had no grave.

Annie R. Annan.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

IX.

It had been rather too warm on Saturday. On Sunday the breeze that draws across Woodward farm almost all summer long, from over the shoulder of Scatticong, had fallen, and the leaves of the maples along the roadside and in the grove beyond the meadow hung still as in a picture; the old Lombardy poplars at the gate shook with a faint, nervous agitation. Up the valley came the vast bath of the heat, which inundated the continent and made that day memorable for suffering and sudden death. In the cities there were sun-strokes at ten o'clock in the morning; some who kept within doors perished from exhaustion when the sun's fury was spent. The day was famous for the heat by the sea-shore, where the glare from the smooth levels of the salt seemed to turn the air to flame; at the great mountain resorts, the summer guests, sweltering among the breathless tops and valleys, longed for the sea.

Easton lay awake all night, and at dawn dressed and watched the morning gray turn to clear rose, and heard the multitude of the birds sing as if it were still June; then he lay down in his clothes again, and, meaning to wait till he could go out and sit in the freshness of the daybreak, fell asleep. When he woke, the sun was high in his window and the room was full of a sickly heat. He somehow thought Gilbert had come back, but he saw, by a glance through the door standing ajar, that his room was yet empty.

After breakfast, which could be only a formality on such a morning, even for a man not in love, he went out on the gallery of the hotel, and, as he had done the first Sunday, watched the people going to church. The village folk came as usual, but the bell brought few of the farmers and their wives. The meadows were veiled in a thin, quivering

haze of heat; far off, the hill-tops seemed to throb against the sky.

Easton saw the Woodwards drive up to the church; but Mrs. Farrell was not with them. He had not meant to go, even if she had come; yet it was a disappointment not to see her come. He went indoors and looked listlessly about the office, which had once been a bar-room, and could not have been so dreary in its wicked days as now. Its manners had not improved with its morals. It was stained with volleys adventurously launched in the direction of a spittoon, it smelt of horse and hostler, and it was as dull as a water-cooler, a hotel-register, a fragment of circus-bill, a time-table of the Pekin & Scatticong Railroad, can make a place. Easton went and sat upon the gallery till the people came out of church and dispersed; then he abruptly left the porch and struck out through the heat, across the grave-yard and along the top of a bare ridge of pasture, toward the woods that lay between the village and Woodward farm. He could think of no other place to pass the time but that which had yesterday heard him say he loved her. The whole affair had taken a dozen different phases during the night, as he turned from side to side in his sleeplessness. Once he had even beheld her in that character of arch-flirt in which Gilbert had denounced her. He saw a reckless design in what she had done, a willful purpose to test her power upon them both. But for the instant that this doubt lasted he did not cease to love her, to feel her incomparable charm. However she had wronged them, he could not do otherwise than remain true to her against every consequence. His love, which had seemed to spring into full life at the first sight of her, had been poisoned from the very beginning by the suspicion of others, and every day since then she had said or done things that were capable of being taken in the sense of consciously inso-

lent caprice; yet all her audacity might be innocent in the very measure of its excess; and there was mixed with that potential slight towards her in his heart such tenderness and sweet delight, such joy in her beauty, grace, and courage, that every attempt to analyze her acts or motives ended in a rapturous imagination of her consent to be loved by him. He could not help feeling that she had not discouraged him; he excused the delay which she had imposed; how, when he thought of the conditions which she had made, could he doubt her goodness or fail to know her regret? He went, thinking, on toward the spot he was seeking, and sometimes he walked very swiftly and sometimes he found he had stopped stock still, under the blazing sun, in attitudes of perplexity and musing. When at last he entered the dell, from the field on which they had yesterday emerged, drops of perspiration rolled down his forehead, and the shadow of the place had a sultriness of its own, in which his breath came almost as faintly as in the open sunshine of the meadows. He went toward the pool where the cattle drank, and bathed his face; then, seeking out that shelf of rock where she had sat, he laid himself down on the ledge below it and fondly strove to make her seem still there.

He fell into a deep reverie, in which he was at first sensible of a great fatigue, and then of a lightness and ease of heart such as he had not felt for the whole week past. While he lay in this tranquillity, he seemed to see Gilbert and Mrs. Farrell come laughing and talking up the glen together: Gilbert was dressed in his suit of white flannel, but she wore a gown of dark crimson silk, stiff with its rich texture, and trailing after her on the gray rocks and over the green ferns. Her head was bare, and in the dark folds of her hair was wound a string of what seemed red stones at first, like garnets in color, but proved, as she came nearer, to be the translucent berries of a poisonous vine. When she saw that they had caught his eye, she took Gilbert by the hand and called out to Easton, "Now you can't escape. He's

going to make up with you whether you will or no. I've told him everything, and he understands. Is n't it so—*major*?" They looked at each other, and, with a swift, significant glance at Easton, burst into a laugh, which afflicted him with inexpressible shame and pain. He shuddered as Gilbert took him in his arms in token of reconciliation, and then he found himself in a clutch from which he could not escape. Mrs. Farrell had vanished, but "Easton, Easton!" he heard the voice of Gilbert saying, "what's the matter?" And opening his eyes he found his friend kneeling over him and looking anxiously into his face.

"I've been asleep, have n't I?" he asked, stupidly.

"Yes, and going it on rather a high-stepping nightmare," answered Gilbert, with his old smile. "Better have a little dip at the brook;" and Easton mechanically obeyed. He drew out his handkerchief to dry his face, and knew by the perfume it shed that it was the handkerchief Mrs. Farrell had restored. His heart somehow ached as he inhaled its fragrance, and he felt the old barrier, which had not existed for the moment, reestablished between himself and Gilbert. He came and sat down constrainedly where he had been lying.

"I hope you won't be the worse, my dear fellow, for your little nap," said Gilbert. "Fortunately there is n't a spot in the universe where a man could take cold to-day."

"I think I'm all right," said Easton, and he looked down, to avoid Gilbert's eyes.

Gilbert continued to gaze at him with the amused smile of patronage which people wear at the sight of one not yet wholly emerged from the mist of dreams, and waited for a while before he spoke again. Then he said, "Easton, if you're perfectly awake, I wish you'd hear me say what a very extraordinary kind of ass I think I've been for the past week or so."

Easton looked up, and there was his friend holding out his hand to him and gazing at him with shining eyes. He

could not say anything, but he took the hand and pressed it as he had that day when they had pledged each other not to let harm come between them.

"Confound it!" Gilbert went on, "I knew all the time that I was wrong, but I had to get away before I could face the thing and fairly look it out of countenance."

"Did you have a good time?" asked Easton, his voice husky with the emotion to which he refused sentimental utterance.

"Glorious! But I missed you awfully, old fellow, — after I'd made it all right with you, — and I wish you had been with me. The trout bit like fish that had nothing on their consciences; and there was an old couple over there near the lake who supplied me with bread and milk; they could have gone into your *Annals* just as they are, without a change of clothing. They had three sons killed in the last fight before Petersburg; I'll tell you all about them."

"You're back later than you expected," said Easton.

"Yes; I wanted a few nights more on the pine-boughs, and so we waited for an early start this morning. We broke camp about four o'clock, and started for West Pekin with the sun. But he beat us. I never knew heat like it; it was a good thing for me that I had been toughened by a few days out-doors. We stopped for a wash in a brook about three miles back on the road, and then we steamed along again. I reached the hotel pretty soon after you left, and put on the thinnest clothes I had; and then I started for the farm. They had spied you making in this direction, and their information was so accurate that I had n't any trouble in finding you."

In spite of a visible effort to be at ease there was a note of constraint in Gilbert's voluble talk, and he seemed eager to find some matter not personal to them. He recurred to those old people at the lake, and told about them; he described the place where he had camped; he gave characteristic stories of the man whom he had taken with him and whose whole

philosophy of life he had got at in the last three days.

At the end of it all, Easton said, "I'm glad you don't think I meant you any harm, Gilbert, and I've wanted to tell you so. But for once in my life I did n't seem to be able to do the thing I ought. I could n't understand my own action. It was mortifying to think that I could have been so little myself as to have talked of that matter, and I was ashamed to recur to it; I could n't. I don't see now what I can say. There is nothing to say except that I was entirely guiltless in wounding you, and that I am altogether to blame for it."

Gilbert smiled at the paradox. "Oh, never mind it, Easton. I tell you it's all right. I really saw the thing in its true light at first; and if the devil had n't been in me, I should n't have mentioned it. Nobody blames *you*."

There was ever so slight an implication of superiority in the last words which stung Easton, however unmeant he knew it to be, and he rejoined anxiously, "Yes, but I *was* to blame; it's unjust *not* to blame me."

Gilbert had thrown himself back on the flat rock, and was looking at the leaves above, with the back of his head resting in the hollow of his clasped hands. He turned his face a little towards Easton, and asked with a smile, "Are n't you making it a little difficult? Let it all go, my dear old fellow. There never *was* anything of it; why should we make something of it now?"

"How can I let it go?" cried Easton. "I either wronged you and was to blame, or else was not to blame because I was simply the helpless means of wronging you. It leaves me in a very cruel position; I must refuse your forgiveness or accept it at the cost of one who was entirely innocent. If I let it go as it is, I skulk behind a woman, who, as far as you are concerned, was really the victim of my own folly and weakness."

Gilbert rose to a sitting posture and looked coldly at his friend. "I want you to take notice," he said, "that I have mentioned no one, that I have tried to pass the matter *all* over. You

have no right to put it as you do." His eyes began to flash, and he went on recklessly: "And if you come to talk of cruel positions, I leave you to say what you can for a man who will let his friend go as long as you have let me go, without saying the word that might have removed his sense of a cruelly injurious slight."

Easton hung down his head: "I have nothing to say in my defense."

"Oh!" groaned Gilbert. "I beg your pardon; I do indeed, Easton. I did n't mean to say that."

"It makes very little difference whether you say or think your contempt of me," rejoined Easton, gloomily. "It can't be greater than the contempt I feel for myself."

He looked so piteously abased, so hopelessly humiliated, that Gilbert came and laid his arm across his shoulder — the nearest that an American can come to embracing his friend. "Look here, let's stop this thing right here, or it will get the upper hand of us in another minute. Come, now, I won't make another apology if you won't! Is it quits?"

Easton caught Gilbert's humor, and laughed the ghost of his odd, reluctant laugh. "It's safest," he said; "it seems to be the only way to keep from coming to blows. Besides, it's superfluous on your part."

"Oh, I can't allow that," retorted Gilbert, "if I may say so without offense," he added with mock anxiety.

"Gilbert," Easton began, after a little silence, "I suppose you must know what I would like to tell you?"

Gilbert, who had resumed his former place, glanced at his friend from the corner of his eye. "Yes, I think I can guess it."

"Well?"

"Why, my dear fellow, it's so very completely and rightly your own affair, that I can have nothing to say if you tell it. A man does n't ask his friend for advice in such matters; he asks him for sympathy, for congratulation."

Easton gave a little sigh. "And that you're not prepared to offer," he said with a miserable smile.

"Why, Easton!" exclaimed the other. "Is n't this rather a new line for you? Since when have you wanted *my* approval of any course you were to take? You used to make up your mind to a thing and do it, and *then* ask my approval."

"Approval is n't the question, quite," said Easton, nettled. "There's nothing to approve or to disapprove."

"I admit the word's clumsy," answered Gilbert, shortly.

Easton said nothing for a little while, and then he spoke soberly: "I don't want to force any confidence on you, Gilbert; and after what's passed I know it's natural for you to shrink from having anything to do with this affair of mine; it is completely my own, as you say. But I can't have things remain as they are in your mind in regard to — to Mrs. Farrell. You know that I'm in love with her; it's no secret; I would n't mind shouting it from the housetop, even if she had refused me a hundred times. But she has n't. I have told her that I love her; and she has n't forbidden me; I don't know whether she has warranted me in hoping, or not; but she has imposed conditions on my speaking to her again, and that is something."

He glanced appealingly at Gilbert, who sat up and confronted him. "Easton," he said, with an indefinable air of uncandor, "we never spoke of Mrs. Farrell together but once, and then I said things which, if I could have supposed you were going to take her so seriously, I would n't have said. You know that."

"Yes, I know that, Gilbert," answered Easton, affectionately.

"Well; and now what do you want me to say? You must let me hold my tongue. It's the only way. I will respect you in whatever you do. As for the lady who may some day forbid you to bring me to dinner any more, the least said is the soonest mended."

"Yes; but you are very unjust to her." The words seemed to have escaped from Easton, who looked a trifle alarmed after speaking them.

"Unjust? Unjust! You're right;

I revise my opinion; I think I did n't do her justice."

"What do you mean?" demanded Easton.

Gilbert gave a short laugh.

"You must know, Gilbert," said Easton, breathing quickly, "that this is very insulting to me."

"I beg your pardon. I don't mean to insult you, Heaven knows. But I do ask your leave to be silent."

"And I ask you to hear me patiently. Will you?"

"I will, indeed."

Easton opened his lips as if to speak, but he did not speak at once; he did not seem to find the words or the thoughts so ready as he expected.

"I never blamed you," he began finally, "for any judgment you formed of her character, and I certainly invited the expression of it. I know that what she says and does sometimes can be harshly interpreted," and again he hesitated, "but I'm sure any one who will make a generous interpretation" —

"I'll try," interrupted Gilbert, "I'll adopt any generous interpretation you offer of her experiment upon the strength of our regard. How does she explain it herself?"

"She explains it" — began Easton, "she made it a condition of my speaking to her again — she told me to say" —

He choked with the words, and Gilbert was silent. "Oh, my dear, dear old Easton," he broke out at last, "do let it all go! What's Mrs. Farrell to me or I to her? If you are in love with her, why, marry her and be done with it. I could imagine any woman's turning constant by virtue of your loving her, and I've no doubt she'll be the best wife in the world for you. I take back all I said of her."

"It is n't that; it's what you have n't said. It's what you think," said Easton, hotly.

"Oh good Lord! And what is it I think?"

"You exonerate me from all blame in the cause of our disagreement."

"Yes, I do!"

"But if you exonerate me at her ex-

pense, you disgrace and dishonor me; you offer me a reconciliation that no man can accept."

Gilbert did not answer, and seemed to have made up his mind not to answer. Easton went on: "She feels so deeply the trouble between us that she charged me to make friends with you at any cost; not to spare her in the least — to" —

Easton hesitated, and Gilbert said, "Well?" but the other did not go on. Then Gilbert said, "I have no comment to make on all this. What do you wish me to do?"

"To do? What do I wish? Do you think you don't owe it to her to say?" —

Gilbert laughed aloud. "That she acted from the highest motives throughout? No, I certainly don't think that," he said, and then he began to grow pale, while Easton reddened angrily. "By Heaven," Gilbert broke out, "it seems that I have misunderstood this case. I supposed that between you you had somehow used me ill, but it appears that I have done an injury to a meek and long-suffering angel. I supposed that she had cunningly turned the chance you gave her against me, and meant, if she could n't make me feel her power one way, to make me feel it another. I supposed she intended to break us apart, and to be certain of *you* at any cost. But I'll interpret her *generously*, since you wish me to. I'll say that I acquit her of any particular malevolence. I'll say that she merely wanted to over-punish me, like a woman, for some offense in my words or manner; or I'll say that she acted from an empty and reckless caprice; that it was curiosity drove her to follow up the clew which you had given her, — for motives of your own; I won't judge them. I'll say that I believe she was frightened when she saw the mischief she had done, and would have undone it if she could; though I'm not so sure of that, either! You think she might be induced to forgive me, do you? Will you undertake to tell her what I say, and make my peace with her?" he asked offensively, his nostrils dilating. "I've had enough of this!" and he rose.

Easton had sat silent under this torrent of bitterness. He now sprang to his feet.

"Stop!" he shouted. "You have got to take back every word" —

"Don't be a fool, Easton!"

Easton ground his teeth. "You take a base advantage of what has passed between us; you rely on my forbearance to" —

"Oh! Passed between us!" sneered Gilbert. "Your forbearance! What do you think of the forbearance of a man who could lend himself to an infamous scoundrel's revenge; who could consent to rise at his friend's expense, and then live to boast of it to a woman?"

Easton choked. "What do you think," he cried with equal outrage, "of a man who could urge me to do what I did, and always refuse to do or be anything that could cancel my regret, holding my consent in reproach over me through years of fraud and hypocrisy, to fling it in my face at last?"

Their friendship, honored and dear so long, was in the dust between them, and they trampled it under foot with the infernal hate that may have always lurked, a possible atrocity, in their hearts, silenced, darkened, put to shame by the perpetual kindness of their daily lives.

It remained for Gilbert, with all the insult he could wreak in the demand, to ask, "Is that Mrs. Farrell's interpretation of my motives?" and then they were in the mood to kill, if they had been armed. But so much of the personal sanctity in which they had held each other remained instinctive with them that they could not inflict the final shame of blows.

They stood face to face in silence, and then Gilbert turned and walked slowly down toward the opening of the glen; Easton made a few mechanical paces after him. When Gilbert reached the border of the meadow, he stopped, and, with whatever motive, went swiftly back to the scene of their quarrel. He came in sight of the spot, but Easton was not to be seen there; he quickened his going almost to a run; and then he saw Easton lying at the brink of the pool. There

was a slight cut along his temple, from which the blood ran curling into the clear basin, where it hung distinct, like a spire of smoke in crystal air.

X.

Gilbert knelt at the side of the man who was his friend again, and caught up his head and dashed his face from the pool, while a groan broke from his own lips — the anguish of the sex which our race forbids to weep. He stanchd the blood with his handkerchief, and then felt in Easton's pocket for another to bind over the wound; and as he folded it in his hands it emitted a fragrance that pierced him with a certain puzzling suggestion, and added to his sorrow a keener sting of remorseful shame.

Easton unclosed his eyes at last, and looked up at him. "Did you strike me, Gilbert?" he asked.

"No, no, — oh no! God knows I did n't! How could I strike you, my dear old boy?"

"I thought you did; you would have done well to kill me. I had outraged you to the death."

"Oh, Easton, I came here wanting to be friends with you, to make it all right again. And now" —

"I know that. It is all right. Whose blood is this? Were you hurt? Oh — mine! Yes, I must have fainted, and cut myself in falling. I've felt queer all day. This heat has been too much for me. How long ago was it?"

"How long? I don't know. Just now."

"I thought it was longer. It seems a great while ago."

He closed his eyes, wearily, and Gilbert stood looking ruefully down upon him. After a little while he rose giddily to his feet. "Will you help me home, Gilbert?" he asked, as he leaned tremulously against a rock.

"You could never walk to the hotel, Easton," said Gilbert. Easton sat down again, and Gilbert stared at him in perplexed silence. "By heavens!" he broke out, "I don't know what to do,

exactly. If you were over at the farm, we could get their carryall and drive you to the hotel; but your room would be horribly close and hot after you got there."

"I can't go to the farm-house," said Easton, with languid impatience, "and run the chances of making a scene; I could n't stand *that*, you know."

"No; you could n't stand *that*," assented Gilbert, gloomily. "But it would be much the same thing at the hotel, with more women to assist. Faint?" he asked, looking anxiously at Easton's face.

"A little. You'd better wet my head," answered Easton, taking off the handkerchief that bound up his face. Gilbert did so, and then left the dripping handkerchief on Easton's head. "Thanks. That's good. We'll stay here a while. It's the best place, after all. It's cool as any," he said, looking refreshed.

Gilbert watched his face anxiously; but he was at his wits' end, and they both sat silent. He looked at his watch; it was two o'clock. He grimly waited half an hour, exchanging a word with Easton now and then, and freshening the handkerchief at the pool from time to time. The opening of the glen darkened, and the steady glare on the meadow beyond ceased. Gilbert walked down to the edge of the pasture and looked out. A heavy cloud hid the sun. "Look here, Easton, this won't do," he said when he came back. "It's going to rain, and you've got to get under shelter, somehow. We must run the gauntlet to the back of the farm-house, and try to find some conveyance to the hotel. Do you think you could manage to walk with my help across the meadow? The sun's behind a cloud, now, and I don't think it would hurt you."

"Oh, yes," said Easton, "I can walk very well. Just give me your arm, a little way."

They set out, and toiled slowly up the long meadow slope, slanting their course in the direction of the orchard behind the house. Easton hung more heavily on his friend's arm as they drew nearer.

"Do you suppose we've been seen?" he panted, as they stepped through a gap in the orchard wall.

"No; there isn't a woman on watch; not a solitary soul. They're every one asleep — confound 'em," said Gilbert, in the fervent irrelevancy of his gratitude. "Now you sit here, Easton, and I'll run up to the kitchen door and tell one of the boys to get out his team, and we'll have you out of harm's way in half a minute."

Easton sank upon a stone, and Gilbert ran toward the house under cover of the orchard trees. He was not out of sight when Easton heard women's voices behind a cluster of blackberry brambles near the wall on the left; then, without being able to stir, he heard the sweep of dresses over the grass toward him; he knew that in the next instant he was to be discovered; he rose with a desperate effort and confronted Mrs. Farrell and the two young girls, Miss Alden and Miss Jewett, who were lamenting the heat, and wondering how soon it would rain.

He felt rather than heard them stop, and he made some weak paces towards them, essaying a ghastly smile as he lifted his eyes to Mrs. Farrell's face. Then he saw her blench at his pallor, and saw her see the cut on his temple. "I've had a fall, and a little scratch. It's nothing. Don't mind it. Gilbert" —

A killing chagrin, such as only a man can feel who finds himself unmanned in the presence of her he loves, was his last sensation as he sank in the grass before her. The young girls fled backward, but she rushed toward him with a wild cry, "Oh, he's dead!" and in another moment the people came running out of the house and thronged round them with question, and injurious good-will, and offers to have him taken to their rooms. Gilbert came with them, and flung up his fists in despair. Mrs. Farrell had Easton's head upon her knee, and was sprinkling his face from one of many proffered flagons of cologne. "No, he shall not go to your room," she vehemently retorted upon the last hospitable

zealot, "he shall go to mine; he is mine!" she said. "Here, Rachel, Ben, Mrs. Woodward — will you help me?"

The others fell back at her brave confession, and they all began to like her. They meekly suffered themselves to be dispersed, and they cowered together on the piazza while a messenger ran for the doctor. Then, while the ladies waited his report, they talked together in low tones, though they were separated from Mrs. Farrell's room by the whole depth of the house. Not a voice dissented from the praises of the heroine of a love episode whose dramatic interest reflected lustre upon them all. The ladies were even more enthusiastic than the men, and several rebuked their husbands, who had formerly been too forward in doing justice to Mrs. Farrell, for coldness in responding now to their own pleasure in her.

"George, how *can* you smoke?" asked the youngest of the married ladies, and reproachfully drew her husband's newspaper away from him and sent him into the orchard with his cigar. Another made her husband take the children away for a walk, in order that the ladies might not be distracted by their play while attending the verdict of the physician. The common belief was that Easton would die, and in the mean time they excited themselves over the question as to how, when, and where he had fallen. The husband with the cigar was suffered to approach and say that he had known an old fellow once who had been out in the heat a good deal, and had gone into the woods to cool off, and had come home in the evening with a cut in his head and a story that he had been attacked and knocked down.

"Yes," said one of the ladies, who had a logical mind, "but Mr. Easton does n't pretend to have been knocked down, and — and he is n't an old fellow."

"I was going to say," retorted the smoker, taking a good long whiff, with half-closed eyes, insensible to the frantically gesticulated protest of his wife, "that this old fellow was supposed not to have been attacked at all; he had

got giddy with the heat and tumbled over and barked his skull against a tree, and then fancied he'd been knocked down; they often do."

The theory seemed to have reason in it, but the language in which it was clothed made it too repulsive for acceptance, and there was open resentment of it by the tribunal before which it was offered. At this moment the doctor was seen slanting down the grass toward the gate from the side door; the ladies called after him and captured him.

"The wound is a very slight matter," said the doctor; "but Mr. Easton had something like a sunstroke this summer in New York, and is very sensitive to the heat."

"Yes, yes," said the spokeswoman, eager for all, "but what happened to him? How did he get hurt?"

"His friend thinks he was overcome by the heat and struck his face against a point of rock in falling, over there in the valley by the sugar orchard."

"There!" said the young wife, who at heart had felt keenly injured by the indifference to her husband's theory, "it's just as George said. Oh, *George!*" She took him by the arm, joying in his wisdom, and looked fondly into his face, while he smoked imperturbably.

"Yes, but will he get well?" tremulously demanded the spokeswoman of the group, pursuing the doctor on his way to the gate.

"Oh, I think so," said the doctor; "he's got the temperature in his favor now;" for though the threatened storm had passed without rain, it had left the air much cooler.

The doctor mounted into his buggy and chirruped to his horse, and drove off. He came again in the evening, and said they had better not move Easton to the hotel that night, left his prescriptions, and went away.

Mrs. Woodward and Rachel began to talk together about where they should put Easton.

"Put him!" cried Mrs. Farrell, emerging upon them where they stood in a dimly lighted group with Gilbert and Mrs. Gilbert just outside the door.

She had an armful of draperies of which she had been dismantling her closet.

"He's not to be put *anywhere*. I'm going to stay with Rachel, and he's to stay where he is till he gets perfectly well. It would kill him to move him!" The women were impressed, and looked to see conviction in Gilbert's face.

"It would kill him to keep him where he is, Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, dryly. "A man can't stand too much kindness in his sensitive state. You must have some regard for his helplessness. He would never let you turn out of your room for him in the world; and if you try to make him, it will simply worry him to death. It'll be gall and wormwood to him any way, to think of the trouble he's given. You must have a little mercy on him."

Gilbert had to make a long fight in behalf of his friend; he ended by painting Easton's terrors of a scene, when they were coming toward the farm-house from the glen.

Opinion began to veer round to his side. "Well, well," cried Mrs. Farrell, passionately, "take him away from me,—take him where you will! You let me do nothing for him; you think him nothing to me!"

"If he could stay where he is for the night," said Mrs. Woodward, "he could have Mrs. Burroughs's room to-morrow; she's going to the sea-side and won't want it any more."

This matter-of-fact proposal seemed so reasonable that it united the faltering opposition, and Mrs. Farrell had to give way. In their hearts, no doubt, all the women sighed over the situation's loss of ideality. At parting, Mrs. Gilbert took Mrs. Farrell's hand, and went so far as to kiss her. "I don't think you need be anxious," the older woman said. "The doctor says he needs nothing but care and quiet, and he'll be well again in a few days. Even now I can't help congratulating you. I didn't know matters had gone so far—so soon. My dear," she added, after a little hesitation, "I'm afraid I haven't quite done you justice. I thought—excuse my saying it now—I thought perhaps you were amusing

yourself. I beg your pardon in all humbleness."

"Oh don't, *don't*, Mrs. Gilbert!" cried Mrs. Farrell, and cast her arms about her neck, and sobbed there. She went to Rachel's room, and changed her dress for a charming gown in which she could just lie down and jump up in an instant. She bound her hair in a simple knot, and when she came back to her own room with her lamp held high and shaded with one hand, she looked like a stylish Florence Nightingale with a dash of Lady Macbeth.

Gilbert was sitting there in the dark, beside a table on which the light revealed a curious store of medicines and restoratives, the contribution of all the boarders: five or six flagons of cologne and one of bay-rum; a case-bottle of brandy; a bottle of Bourbon whisky; a pint of Bass's pale ale; the medicines left by the doctor; some phials of homœopathic pellets from Mrs. Stevenson, who used the high-potency medicines; a tiny bottle of liquid nux from Mrs. Gilbert, who preferred the appreciable doses, and despised all who did not; a lemon; three oranges; a box of guava jelly—from one of the young girls. Mrs. Farrell's tragic gaze met Gilbert's lowering eyes, and wandered with them to this array; they both smiled, but she was the first to frown. She beckoned him from the room, and "Here is your lamp," she said. "Don't turn it down or it will smoke, but set it where it won't shine in his eyes. I'm going to be there in that room." She pointed down the passage-way toward Rachel's door. "If he needs the least thing you're to call me." Her severity would have admonished any levity that lingered in Gilbert's heavy heart, as she put the lamp in his hand.

"Let me light you back to your room," he said, with moody humility.

"No, I can find the way perfectly well in the dark," she answered. "Or—yes, you had better come, so as to make sure of the right door in case you need me. You think I tried to make you quarrel!" she said in a swift undertone, as they passed down the hall; "but

I never meant it, and you *know* that, whatever you think. Oh, I have been punished, punished! But I'm glad you held out against me about the room," she added. "He would have been as true to you; and if you had let me do anything to make him seem silly, I should have hated you!"

He saw with a man's helplessness the tremor of her lips, and then she had opened and closed the door, and he stood blankly staring at it.

In the morning Easton was well enough to sit up in an easy-chair, and was fretfully eager to return to his hotel. It was clear that he was intensely vexed at having caused the sensation of the day before, and that the fear of giving further trouble galled him with the keenest shame. They were only too glad to release him from the fond imprisonment to which Mrs. Farrell would have sentenced him, on condition that he would consent to occupy the room vacated by Mrs. Burroughs for a few days, and be cared for better than he could be at the hotel, until he was quite well again.

But in a few days he was not quite so well. He fell from his dull languor into a low fever, and from feebly lounging about his room, and drowsing in an easy-chair, it came to his not rising one morning at all.

Thus his hold upon the happiness so fiercely pursued, and now within his grasp, relaxed, and a vast vagueness encompassed him, in which he strove with one colossal task: to make Gilbert see a certain matter as he saw it, which was not at all the matter of their quarrel, but some strange abstraction, he never could make out what; though their agreement upon it was a vital necessity. He was never delirious, but he was never sure of anything; a veil was drawn between his soul and all experience; he could not tell, when he had been asleep, that he had slept; his waking was a dream; the world moved round him in elusive shadow.

He was what one of the ladies called comfortably sick. It was not thought from the first that he was in danger, and as it turned out, he was not. But if

he had lain for a month at the point of death, he could not have been more precious to that houseful of women, who enjoyed every instant of the poetic situation; maid and matron, those tender hearts were alike glad of the occasion to renew in this fortunate reality their faith in romance, and they turned fondly to Mrs. Farrell for a fulfillment of their ideal of devotion. It looked on the face of things rather like expecting devotion from a Pompeian fresco, so little did her signal beauty seem related to the exigency, so far should sickness and sorrow have been from her world. But here Mrs. Farrell most disappointed those who most feared her picturesque inadequacy. She threw herself into her part with inspiration; rising far above the merely capable woman, she made her care of Easton a work of genius, and not only divined his wants and ministered to his comfort with a success that surprised all experience, but dealt so cunningly with his moods that he was at last flattered into submission if not resignation. In the beginning he was indeed a most refractory object of devotion; he chafed so bitterly against his helpless lapse into the fever, he was in such a continual revolt against his hospitable detention at the farm-house, and was so weighed down, through all the hazy distance in which his life ebbed from actual events, with the shame of being a burden, that no magic less than hers could have consoled him. But she overcame his scruples and reconciled him to fate, so that it did not seem an unfair advantage to inflict the kindness against which he could not struggle; and she had her way with him, even to excess. Since she was not allowed to give up her room to him, she devoted herself in the moments of her leisure to the decoration of his chamber. She upholstered it almost anew with contributions from the ladies of scraps of chintz, mosquito-netting, and dotted muslin; she shut out the garish light with soft curtains; she put on the plain mirror and toilet table what Gilbert called a French cap and overskirt, and she furbelowed the mantel-

piece. She took Mrs. Woodward's ivies and trained them up the corners, and she had a great vase on the table, often renewed with autumnal wild flowers, ferns, and the firstlings of the reddening sumac leaves. As a final offering she brought in her spinning-wheel — the mania was then just beginning — and set it by the hearth. It must be owned that when all was done the place had a certain spectacularity; the furniture and ornaments wore somehow the air of properties; on the window seats, which she had contrived for greater coziness of effect, it was not quite safe to sit down. But her friends — and all the ladies were her friends now — easily forgave this to her real efficiency and her unsparing self-sacrifice; the two young girls worshipped the carpets she trod upon, and the whole sympathetic household sighed in despair at the perfection with which she, as one may say, costumed the part. She had ordinarily indulged a taste for those strong hues that went best with her Southern beauty, but now her robes were of the softest color and texture; she moved in slippers that made no sound; in emblem of devotion to the sick-room she denied herself every ornament; at first she even left off her Etruscan ear-rings, and kept only a limp scarf of dark red silk, tied at her throat in a sentiment of passionate neglect. In behalf of Easton's peaceful dreams she banished the Japanese fans, with their nightmare figures, and as she sat fanning him with a quaint, old-fashioned fan of white feathers, which she had skillfully mounted on a long handle, her partisans declared, some that she looked like an Eastern queen, other some, like an Egyptian slave. They remembered her afterwards in this effect, and also how she used to look as she stood at dusk lighting the little tapers which she had found at a queer country store in an out-of-the-way village of the neighborhood, and setting them afloat in a vase of oil, to illumine the chamber during the night. She realized the character as thoroughly in other respects; she met the friendliness all round her with gentle appreciation, availed herself of it little or not-

ing, and for the most part quietly withdrew from it. Her defiant airs were all laid aside; her prevailing mood was serious; she often spoke earnestly of matters which certainly had not commanded her open reverence before; there was a great change in her, in every way, and some, who had always longed to like her, liked her now with thankful hearts for the opportunity. Amongst these Mrs. Gilbert made her advances like one who has an atonement to offer; Mrs. Farrell frankly accepted the tacit regret, and visited a good deal in her room.

But as the sick man's disorder slowly ran its course, and the days took him further and further from any joy in her, Mrs. Farrell seemed to lose her hold of the situation, and another change came over her, in which she fell from her high activities into a kind of dull and listless patience, and dragged out the time, uncheered by the inspiration that had hitherto upheld her. She seemed not to know what to do. The spring was gone, the impulse exhausted, in that strange nature, which knew itself perhaps as little as others knew it. Those were the days when she surrendered her authority to Rachel, and served under her about Easton, who had also fallen largely to the care of Gilbert and Ben Woodward. Few young ladies would not willingly assume the task of nursing a young man through a low fever in a romance, but the reality is different. If it had been something short and sharp, a matter of a week's supreme self-devotion, it would doubtless have been otherwise with her; she was capable of great things, but a long trial of her endurance must finally lose its meaning. She had times of melancholy in which she sat behind her closed doors for hours, or when she went lonely walks through the woods or fields. She withdrew herself more and more from the society that sought her, and got a habit of consorting with poor old Nehemiah as he dug his potatoes or gathered his beans, and seemed to find him a relief and shelter. Heaven knows what they talked of. Doubtless, as she followed him from one potato hill to another, and listened to

his discourse, he admired her taste for serious conversation, and was obscurely touched that such resplendent beauty should be so meekly contented with his company. She no longer teased Ben Woodward, whose open secret of a passion for her she used to recognize so freely; she was the boy's very humble servant in manner; and to Rachel's efficiency and constancy she was the stricken thrall. It was touching to see how willingly subservient she was to the girl, and how glad she was to be of any use that Rachel could think of. One night, after they had sat a long time silent by the taper's glimmer while Easton slept, she suddenly caught Rachel by the arm, and whispered, "Why don't you say it? How can you keep thinking it and thinking it, and never say it? For pity's sake, speak this once, and tell me that you know I did it all, and that you despise me!"

"I don't judge you," said Rachel; "and I have no right to despise any one. You know, yourself, whether you are to blame for anything."

"Do you think I acted heartlessly that day when I made fun of him — there in the school-house?"

"I *did* think so, then."

"Do you now? Do you believe I'm sorry?"

"How can I tell? You seemed unfeeling then, but I don't believe you were; and you seem sorry now" —

"And you don't believe I am! Oh me, I wonder if I am! Rachel, you do believe I know how to feel, don't you?"

"How can you ask such a thing as that?" returned the girl in a startled accent.

"I wonder if I do! It seems to me that I know how to feel, but that I never feel. It seems to me that I am always acting out the thing I ought to be or want to be, and never being it. Don't trust me, Rachel — not even now; I think that I'm very remorseful and sorry, but who knows if I am? I keep asking myself what I should do if he were to die — what would become of me. I try to scare myself about it; but my soul seems to be in a perfect torpor;

I can't stir it. Rachel, Rachel! I *did* try to make him in love with me — all I could. There was such a deadly charm in it — his perfect faith in me, whatever I said or did. But it frightened me at last, too; and I did n't know what to do; and that day when I behaved so about him, I was frantic; if I had n't made fun of him, the thought of what I had done would have killed me. But I honored him all the time. Oh, he was my true, true lover; and when I thought how recklessly I had gone on, it almost drove me wild. Rachel, do you know what I did?" She poured out the whole story, and then she said, "But now I seem not to be able to care any more. It's all like a dream: it's some one running and running after me, and I am laughing and beckoning him on, and all of a sudden there he lies without help or motion; it can't give him any pleasure to see me, now; I can't do anything for him that some one else can't do better, or that he won't be as glad of from another. It's as if he were in prison, and I sat at the door outside, waiting in this horrible lethargy. When he comes out, what will he say to me? I think that I should die if he upbraided me; but if he did n't I should go mad. No, no! That's what some other woman would do. Rachel, isn't it awful to bring all these things home to yourself, and yet not suffer from them? Oh, but I care — I care because I can't care. My heart lies like a stone in my breast, and I'm furious because I can't break it, or hurt it. Rachel, if you give way before me I don't know where I shall end. You must never yield to me, no matter what mood I'm in, or else I shall lose the one real friend I have in the world — the only one I can be myself to, if there is really anything of me."

As she ceased to speak, Gilbert came in to take his place for the night. He asked Rachel in a low voice what was next to be done, but he took no notice of Mrs. Farrell save to give her a slight nod.

No one else treated her with coldness now; but in his manner toward her there still lingered a trace of resentment. It

had a tone of irony, to which she submitted meekly, like one resolved to bear a just penalty; and if there were times when he forgot to be severe and she forgot to be sad, then afterwards he was the more satirical and she the more patient. It began to be said by some of the ladies that Mr. Gilbert had rather a capricious temper; but he had his defenders, who maintained that he was merely run down with worry and confinement over his friend.

One day he came into Mrs. Gilbert's room, and found Mrs. Farrell with her. He offered to go away if he had burst upon a confidential interview, seeing that they fell silent at his coming, but Mrs. Farrell said that they had just finished their talk, and that now she was going.

Gilbert did not sit down after he had closed the door upon her, but took two or three lounging turns about the room. "It's very pleasant to see you and Mrs. Farrell such friends, Susan," he said at last. "It's really millennial. But which is the wolf and which is the lamb?"

He laughed his short laugh, and Mrs. Gilbert answered nervously, "You know very well I told you, the first time we talked of her, that I liked her."

"You said she fascinated you. The spell seems to have deepened. You used to find some little imperfections in her."

"Well, and who pretends that I don't see them now?"

"Oh, not I. But I'm affected to see you so lenient to them of late. Did you know that she was a person of strong religious convictions?"

"What *do* you mean, William?"

"Nothing. She has found out that Easton and I are in a sort of suspense about such matters, and she says it is terrible. She can only account for our being able to endure it by supposing that men are different, more self-centred, not so dependent as women. She considers the Woodwards a high example of the efficacy of a religious training in the formation of character. She says she is not like Rachel; that she has an

undisciplined nature, and was too irregularly trained, first in her father's belief and then in a convent. What was her father's belief? I suppose some sort of marine Methodism of the speaking-trumpet pitch. She wants my advice as to a course of reading in the modern philosophy; she thinks every Christian ought to know how his faith is being assailed."

Gilbert stopped in his walk, and looked gravely at his sister-in-law, who gave a troubled sigh. "What right have you to suppose she is n't perfectly in earnest now, William?"

"None; I think she thinks she is."

"She has shown so much more character, so much more heart, than I ever supposed she had, in this affair, that I'm glad to believe we were mistaken about her in several essential ways. The fact is, I always did have a sort of sneaking fondness for her, and now I'm determined to indulge it; so you need n't come to laugh about her in *my* sleeve, William. I'm an ardent Farrellite, and have been — ever since I found out that she was in love with your friend. Don't you think she's very devoted to him?"

"Oh, I dare say. He's not in a state for devotion to tell upon, exactly."

Mrs. Gilbert looked baffled. Presently she asked, "Are she and Rachel Woodward as good friends as ever?"

"How do I know?" returned Gilbert, resuming his walk. "That's a curious girl, Susan. One meets enough good women in the world; I've always been able to believe in them," he said, stopping at Mrs. Gilbert's side to take her hand and kiss it; "in fact, the worst women seem pretty good, if one will only compare them with one's self; but I don't think I've understood, before, just the sort of feminine goodness that the unbroken tradition of your New England religiousness produces. Puritanism has fairly died out of the belief, — I don't care what people profess to believe, — but in such a girl as Rachel Woodward, all that was good in it seems to survive in the life. She's more like Easton than any other human being I know; they're both unerringly sincere; they're

both faithful through thick and thin to what they think is right; only you can't help feeling that there's something Quixotic in Easton's noblest moods, and that he has an arrogant scorn of meaner morals than his own. But her purity does n't seem to judge anything but itself, and her goodness and veracity always seem to refer themselves to something outside of her. You can see before she speaks how she is considering her phrase, and choosing just the words that shall give her mind with scriptural scruple against superfluity; if you know the facts, you know what she will say, for she's almost divinely without variableness or shadow of turning where the truth is concerned. It's awful; it makes me hang my head for shame, to watch the working of that vestal soul of hers. And with all this inflexibility, you might call it angularity, of rectitude, she has a singular charm, a distinctly feminine charm."

"Oh, indeed! And what is her charm?"

"Poh, Susan!" said Gilbert, looking askance at her. "Don't make me think you can be guilty of bad taste."

"Oh, well; I won't, I won't, my dear boy! I did n't mean to," cried Mrs. Gilbert. "It was rather foolish in me to interrupt you."

"I can't call it an interruption, exactly; I had got to the end of my say."

He went off to Easton's room, where he found Rachel Woodward putting things in order for the evening, and he smiled to see with what conscientious regard she preserved Mrs. Farrell's arrangements, as matters having a sacred claim to which no reforms of her own could have pretended, and yet managed somehow to imbue all that picturesqueness with a quality of home-like comfort. He nodded to her, and said he was going out for a short walk.

On the road he overtook Mrs. Farrell, who was moving rather sadly along by herself. Her face brightened as she turned and saw him, but she waited for him to speak.

"Where are your inseparable comrades?" he asked.

"Oh!" said she. "Jenny Alden is n't very well, this afternoon, and Miss Jewett has gone over with Mrs. Stevenson to Quopsaug."

"Quop—*what?*" asked Gilbert, stopping short.

"Quopsaug," repeated Mrs. Farrell, simply. "Did you never hear of it?"

"No, I never heard of Quopsaug. Is it—vegetable or mineral?"

"It's vegetable, I believe. At least it vegetates. It's a place—a huddle of unpainted wooden houses in a little hollow at the foot of Scatticong, on the east side. It has a Folly and it has a Bazar. But I wonder Quopsaug has n't come up long ago in our poverty-stricken conversation. I suppose every one must have thought everybody else had talked you to death about it."

"No," said Gilbert. "What do people go to Quopsaug for?"

"To see the Folly,—that's the store-keeper's mansion; and to buy things out of the Bazar—that's his store. And to wheedle the inhabitants generally out of their spinning-wheels; at least that's what Mrs. Stevenson's gone for to-day."

"And is Quopsaug a nickname?"

"No; it's one of those musical Indian names we're so fond of in New England. The people adopted it thirty or forty years ago, when they started a cotton mill—which failed—there. The place used to be called East Leander, but they re-christened it Quopsaug, after a chief who scalped the first settler, and then became a praying Indian, and lies over there in the Quopsaug grave-yard, under a Latin epitaph. You ought to go to Quopsaug."

"I must," said Gilbert, absently; the talk dropped, and they walked on in silence till they came to a rise in the road overlooking a swampy meadow. In the midst of this stood a slim, consumptive young maple in a hectic of premature autumnal tints, and with that conscious air which the first colored trees have.

"I suppose you would like a branch of that," said Gilbert, "for your vase."

"Why, yes," assented Mrs. Farrell.

When he brought it to her, she had turned about and was facing homeward. "An olive branch?" she asked, with a tentative little burlesque.

"If you like," said Gilbert, with a laugh that was not gay. "It is n't quite the color; but it's olive branch enough for all the peace you probably mean, and it's sufficiently angry-looking for war when you happen to feel like making trouble again."

The leaves were mainly of a pallid yellow, but their keen points and edges were red as if dipped in blood. She flung the bough away and started forward, dashing the back of her hand passionately across her eyes.

It was as though he had struck her. He made haste to come up with her. "Mrs. Farrell," he faltered, dismayed at the words that had escaped him, "I've been atrociously rude."

"Oh, not unusually so!" she said, darting a look upon him from gleaming eyes, while her lips quivered. "You seem to feel authorized to give me pain whenever you like. You need n't do so much to make me know the difference between yourself and Mr. Easton."

Gilbert's face darkened. "Upon my word," he said, "I think the less you say about that the better."

"Why?" she retorted, trembling all over with excitement. "You force me every moment to remember his magnanimity and generosity; all your words and acts teach me how friendless I am without him. He never could believe so ill of a woman as you do; but if the case were changed, I don't think he would choose the part of my torturer. And you are his *friend*!" She broke, and the tears fell down her face.

Gilbert walked speechless beside her. "It's true," he said at last, "Easton is a better man than I; he's a manlier man, if you like, — or if you mean that."

She did not speak, but she slightly slackened her fierce pace, and seemed to be waiting for him to speak again.

"But I did n't know that I had been giving you so much pain. I'm sorry — I'm ashamed — with all my heart. I ask your pardon."

"Yes, yes! I know how you say all that. Oh, I know the superior stand you take! I know how you say to yourself, 'It's my business to treat her handsomely for Easton's sake, whatever I think of her. Come, I'll do the right thing, at any rate!' You ask my pardon. Thanks, thanks; I give it in all meekness. Yes, let there be a truce between us. I can't choose but be glad to be let alone. Will you walk on and leave me, now, Mr. Gilbert, or let me leave you?"

"No, I can't part from you so. Let it be peace, not a truce. I make no such reservations as you imagine. I beseech you to pardon my brutality, and to forget my rudeness."

She halted, and impulsively stretched out her hand toward him, and then suddenly withdrew it before he could take it. "Wait," she said seriously. "I can't be friends with you yet, till I know whether you really think me worthy. If you don't, you shall have no forgiveness of mine. You must be more than sorry that you hurt my feelings."

"I will be as much sorry, and about as many things, as you like."

"Oh, don't try to turn it into a joke! You know what I mean. Did Mr. Easton tell you what I told him to say about the trouble between you? Did he lay the whole blame upon me? Did he say that I did it willfully and recklessly, because your friendship piqued me, and because — because — though I never thought of that before! — I was jealous of it?"

Gilbert did not smile at the slight confusion of ideas, but answered gravely, "Easton was not the man to lay blame upon you — he would like it too well himself. Besides, I was unfair with him, and gave him no chance to speak in your defense."

"Oh, how could you be so cruel as that? He was so true to you! I should think you never could forgive yourself for that. You ought to have heard him praise you. He told me everything. Yes, you did act grandly. But he could have done as much for you, and more, or he never would have suffered your self-sacrifice."

"There is only one Easton in the world," said Gilbert, gloomily; and he went on to talk of Easton's character, his noble eccentricities, his beneficent life, and his heroic ideals. He spoke with a certain effect of self-compulsion very different from the light-hearted liking with which he had once before talked with her of Easton, but she listened reverently, and at the end she said with a sigh, "No, I see that I did n't know him. Why, I had n't even imagined it! Why *should* he care for me?"

Gilbert did not undertake to answer the question, and she said, "But I am so glad you have told me so much about him. How proud I shall be to surprise him with it all!"

Gilbert made no sign of sharing her rapture, but she seemed not to heed him.

They were very near the house, now, and she turned on him an upward, side-long look, as her lower stature obliged, and asked, "And you really think me worthy to be sorry?"

"Yes," said Gilbert, with a heavy breath.

"Then I'll forget your cruelty," she said; "but don't do it any more." She dropped him a little nod, and went into the house without him. He stood there watching the black doorway through which she had vanished, but it was as if he had followed her, so wholly had all sense fled after her out of his face. He stirred painfully from his posture, and cast his eye upward at Easton's room. The cold window met his glance with a gleam from which he shrank, with a sudden shock at the heart, as though he had caught Easton's eye, and he turned and walked away into the nightfall.

W. D. Howells.

PENNYROYAL.

HEAVY with cares no winnowing hand could sift,
 Wrapt in a sadness never to be told,
 As o'er the fields and through the woods I strolled,
 Following with restless footstep but the drift
 Of the still August morn, so I might shift
 The scenery of my thoughts, and gild their old
 Monotonous fringes with a light less cold,
 I found the aromatic herb, whose swift
 Associations bore me far away
 To boyhood, when beneath an oak like this
 I culled the fragrant leaves. Crude childhood's bliss
 Was in the scent; but brighter smiled the day
 For memories now a portion of the soul,
 Safe from all later change and fate's control.

C. P. Cranch.

MONEY AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

COMMERCE AND ITS INSTRUMENTS OF ADJUSTMENT.

THERE being no single doctrine in regard to money and its substitutes which is so universally settled upon as to be entitled to claim to be established as a principle, it is much to be desired that the discussion of the entire subject should be approached in a liberal spirit. Such, however, is far from being the mode in which it is usually approached; dogmatism taking the place of argument, and authority the place of reason. Thus do opposing teachers stand arrayed against each other, agreeing upon nothing, and bewildering the student by their discords at the very threshold of his investigations. So wholly unsettled are the theories that the student needs to be cautioned at once against the authority of great names, — no teacher being entitled to speak on any part of this subject *ex cathedra*.

To us, much of the difficulty seems due to the fact that most writers have signally erred in exalting the importance of the agent above the principal, the subordinate above the master. Commerce is to be performed; its adjustments are to be made by the parties to it, and the requisite machinery for those adjustments should be forthcoming, whether it be in the form of money, of checks, of bills of exchange, of promissory notes, or of clearing-houses. Very many writers have advocated the placing of an arbitrary limit upon the volume of money,¹ either that of the quantity of gold or sil-

ver which can be retained in a country, or of a fixed amount of circulating notes; but none with whom we are acquainted have proposed to limit in such manner any other of the means of payment. Why do this? Why not apply this legislative interference to all of the forms of the machinery, and extend it to checks, bank loans and deposits, promissory notes, bills of exchange, and clearing-houses? Commerce being the principal, and it being thought desirable to place a clog upon it, why not logically and consistently place that clog in operation throughout? It is believed impossible to assign any reason for this discrimination against money, and in favor of the other appliances for settlement, which has its foundation in any sound principle: but that it is the mere outgrowth of the selfishness of the few who have so long governed the many, either through legislation in which those many have had no voice, or by the creation of a public opinion in which the voice of the people has been made to go against their own best interests. Limiting the machinery for making the adjustments of the great and powerful would not for one moment be tolerated by those who hold the power; while to limit that of the many who are weak is to retain and consolidate the power of those who are already strong, is of course easy, and is defended as not only right but beneficent.² In the discussion, as well as in the legislation which follows it, commerce,

¹ Authorities disagree widely as to what things are and what are not money. We define money to be the currency of the realm or of the country; the standard of payment, whether it be of coins, circulating notes, or any other commodity. Anything which freely circulates from hand to hand, as a common, acceptable medium of exchange in any country, is in such country money, even though it cease to be so, or to possess any value, in passing into another country. In a word, an article is determined to be money by reason of the performance by it of certain functions, without regard to its form or substance. In this broad sense shall we here use the word money.

² In 1775 the Parliament of Great Britain actually passed an act providing that "all promissory or other notes, bills of exchange, or drafts, or undertakings in writing, being negotiable or transferable, for the payment of any sum or sums of money less than the sum of twenty shillings, in the whole, . . . shall be, and the same are hereby declared to be absolutely void and of no effect," etc. Two years thereafter this was followed by an act extending these provisions to all sums under five pounds. To us this now appears to be an act of flagrant tyranny on the part of the strong against the weak; but is it really more flagrant than the laws which still hamper the commerce of the great body of the people

and especially that among the great body of the people, —really the great commerce, —is overlooked and ignored; empirical legislation is applied to the popular instrument of this commerce, and as a consequence poison is absorbed at the very roots. We have, therefore, as one of the results, in every so-called civilized country, an abnormal condition of society, showing millionaires on the one hand and paupers on the other, —the richer the millionaires, the poorer and the greater the number of the paupers.¹

The failure to apprehend the true mode of investigating this subject arises, to a great extent, from entire ignorance of money of account, and the important part which it plays in commerce. Hundreds of volumes have been written about money, in which not a word has been said about money of account, and hence it is that coins have become the great idols of most writers on finance, and the objective point of most legislators on the subject. The office of coins has thus become magnified far beyond its importance — far beyond the commerce of which they are but one of the less important classes of handmaidens.

A money of account is an absolute necessity to man, growing out of the imperfection of his nature, the limited capacity of his powers. When any coin or weight of gold or silver, or any other article of value or of general acceptability, has for a considerable time been used as an equivalent or in payment for things purchased, the people using it assume the value of the article in question as the unit of a money of account, and employ it to express prices. By incessant use it is impressed upon and becomes familiar to the mind, is "committed to the memories of a whole nation," and "performs the same office with regard to the value of things as degrees,

minutes, seconds, etc., do with regard to angles, or as scales do to geographical maps or plans of any kind." It becomes, in fact, "an arbitrary scale of equal parts, invented for measuring the respective values of things vendible," as well as of incomes, expenditures, debts, wealth, etc. The use of a money of account is in no respect a mechanical process, by which other articles are compared by weight or bulk with gold or silver; but it is an arithmetical one, by which they are compared with a unit of value, that has had its origin in some coin or other commodity possessing the quality of acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services. Hence it is that a money of account, having been so long in use as to become a part of the modes of thought of a people, often survives the existence of the coin or other commodity upon which it was based. The money of account of the Bank of Venice, undisturbed for five hundred years, had no coins to correspond with it, and the value of all coins was expressed in it. A money of account is a language in which all values or prices may be expressed, and by means of which the relative values of commodities may be stated. It is something which each and every one carries in his mind as he does his knowledge of words or of arithmetic, and in so doing he is quite independent of any thought of coinage or of circulating notes. Failing to recognize the office of money of account, most writers on finance have treated coins as standards of value and measures of value, when they are merely standards of payment. While in the words of Colwell² money of account is "the popular expression of value; coinage furnishes the legal equivalent." And as he adds, though Great Britain were "flooded with all the coins of the world," the

by placing an arbitrary limit upon the volume of money, while allowing entire freedom to the commerce of the few in the manufacture and use of bank credit? For these Acts of Parliament see Cobbett's Paper against Gold, American edition, 1834, pages 214, 215.

¹ This melancholy condition of things is explained by political economists by means of Ricardo's theory of rent and Malthus's law of population, two doctrines of the schools, acceptance

of which, simply on the faith of authority, the student needs to be cautioned against, as much as against any of the theories in the so-called monetary science.

² *The Ways and Means of Payment.* By Stephen Colwell. 8vo. Philadelphia. Second edition, 1860. A volume to which the present writer with pleasure acknowledges his great indebtedness, and in which the subject of money of account will be found most fully and ably treated.

people of that country "would promptly and readily express the value of every coin in pounds, shillings, and pence. It is the money of account of England which at this moment performs the great function of expressing all prices there, whether of stocks, or coins, or bullion, or bank-notes, or merchandise. It is not the gold sovereign, nor the silver shilling, nor the copper penny, which is used to measure the values of these innumerable things; it is the scale of the money of account existing in all men's minds, and applicable to every article alike, which is employed to express every possible price and variation of price." As men buy, sell, adjust for settlement, and settle by denominations which have had their origin in coins, therefore, in taking a superficial view, and failing to analyze purchases, sales, and settlements, they assume that no proper settlement can be made without coins or something which is supposed to be interconvertible with coins. Thus they overlook the fact that commerce is the great thing, that it is really but an exchange of commodities, services, and ideas, and that all that is needed is a common medium which will enable each individual to command, in exchange, the particular commodities, services, and ideas which he needs. The offsetting of debts against each other, by the checks which pass through clearing-houses, and other expedients, when carefully examined, illustrate this with much clearness, showing the desirability of making the exchanges with as little expense or friction as possible.

To magnify the office of the machinery of commerce, and to belittle commerce itself, is to place one in the sure road to a belief in doctrines which will, if followed out, make commerce subservient to one of its instruments, instead of leaving all of its instruments subservient to it. Such action must of necessity limit production and consumption, and therefore the control of man over those material things which are the foundation and the source of the ameliorations in his condition and of the growth of wealth in a community or country. "From the in-

destructibility of matter as a physical premise," says Peshine Smith,¹ "it obviously follows that what we term production and consumption are mere transformations of substance. Whether fossil coal is converted into heat, smoke, and ashes, corn into hogs' flesh, turnips into mutton, corn, pork, turnips, and mutton into human muscle and brain; the uniform phenomenon is alteration of matter in its quality merely, without increase or diminution of its quantity. In every transition of matter from one condition to another, force is employed, or, as we say, *consumed*, and force is also evolved or *produced*. . . . The consumption of a product is nothing else than its passage from a state of inertness to one of activity, as from the inorganic or mineral region to the vegetable or vital. It is only through this transition, and at the moment of its occurrence, that a commodity becomes the *pabulum* to production, and that its utility, which was before latent and potential only, becomes manifest and efficient. . . . Between the production of any commodity whatsoever, and its consumption, the interval, long or short, is one of inertness. It stands the monument of human power and natural forces which, having expended themselves in bringing it into shape, slumber in suspended animation, communicating no impulse to the incessant activity which, from the vegetable to the social order, is the essential characteristic of vitality; but is itself a clog and obstruction involving a draft upon the vital force to put it in motion. It is like an inorganic body contained in and afflicting an organism. The space to overcome, and the time to intervene before it evolves utility by its consumption, becoming then an instrument and a force, are coefficients of its value, neutralizing in the same proportion the power of the community in which it rests paralyzed. The growth of wealth, therefore, depends upon the rapidity of circulation; not the rapidity with which products are transported in space, nor

¹ Quoted by Carey, *The Unity of Law*, Philadelphia, 1873, page 127, from an unpublished work by E. Peshine Smith.

the frequency of mere changes of ownership, but the continuity of transformations through the immediate succession of actual consumption to production."

Blindly to ignore the commerce which gives the impulse to the transformations in the forms of matter, and empirically to legislate as to one instrument necessary to this commerce, and to limit its volume, is either to limit the commerce or to force it to the use of some other instrument, or both. It is not only reasonable to expect, but it can be shown, that both of these things take place. While the commerce of the great body of the people cannot be conducted without money, that of the few powerful ones can, and is, as will more clearly appear by reference to British finance, in which an inflated credit system largely usurps the place which should be filled by "current money of the realm." The commerce of the great body of the people being the great commerce, the full national power is not brought out unless the people's instrument of payment be made subservient to the work which is needed to be performed, and commerce freed from subjection to its instrument. The experience of almost all governments of importance in modern times has taught them that in a great public emergency a full volume of money has enabled them to levy heavier taxes upon the people without distress than they could otherwise have done. Few of these governments, if any, seem, however, to have learned the true philosophy of this great fact, and hence they have failed to avail themselves of the lesson which it should have carried with it. The necessities of the state being imperative, the question of a volume of money becomes subservient to these necessities, and the people thereby gain the advantage of being enabled more and more to labor in the direction of a "continuity of transformations through the immediate succession of actual consumption to production." With each step the state, which can in no event manifest more power than the grand aggregate of that of the whole people, finds itself capable of efforts which had never, perhaps, be-

fore been deemed possible. Such were the results in Great Britain between 1797 and 1815, and in the United States between 1862 and 1865. But never were lessons more wholly lost upon two governments than these, and the policy which in each case saved a nation being reversed, the people were almost universally ruined, materially as well as morally, and thrown back half a century. Continuity of consumption with production largely fell off, because the indispensable instrument for the payment of labor was arbitrarily regulated in volume without regard to the work to be done, and immense capital was thereby wasted, — the power to labor being the one commodity which perishes if not consumed at the instant of production. Aside from the stupidity of such a course as these two governments have pursued, when the hours of their own necessities were past, it was positively selfish and cruel in them to allow to be developed, even for their own salvation, power which was to be crushed so soon as they themselves had no further use for it.

But it may be urged that however hard the action of the British and American governments may have been upon individuals, it was entirely justifiable, upon the ground that it was the abandonment of an unsound, unstable system for a sound and stable one. Let us therefore examine into the British system, as it has been reached and perfected by more than half a century of so-called "specie payments," and see what it really is. Of what, then, does the great instrument of payment in Great Britain consist? Has it, or has it not, intrinsic value? In London, the financial heart of the world, the proportion of the instrument having any intrinsic value, in use in large operations, is wonderfully small. Sir John Lubbock's oft-quoted analysis of a sum of £19,000,000 paid into his bank by customers shows that £18,395,000, or ninety-seven per cent., was in the form of checks and bills, £487,000, or not quite two and one half per cent., in Bank of England and country bank notes, and £118,000, or a little over one half of one per cent., in specie.

Let us trace out the mode of the creation and the nature of the instrument of payment by which these great sums were paid, and see if the baselessness of some of its pretensions cannot be exposed. A new bank is started in London, in which the stock subscribed for is paid in almost entirely by means of checks drawn against deposits in the Bank of England or other London banks, not actually representing money in hand of either gold, silver, or paper, but mere credits on the books of these banks. A new credit institution is thus created with a capital of perhaps £1,000,000 or £2,000,000. But no addition has been made to the gold or silver coin of the realm or even to the paper money. The operation is a mere transfer of the ownership of credits from individuals or corporations to the new bank, and these credits usually remain with the Bank of England while they continue to be the property of the new bank. Customers now come to the new bank and ask loans and discounts on stocks, bonds, promissory notes, and bills of exchange. Credits are carried to their respective accounts and are called *deposits*. These last-named transactions have been mere exchanges of credits between the bank and its customers. Some portions of these deposits are now transferred by means of checks to the creditors of these "depositors," and of these portions some may remain with the new bank to the credit of the new parties, while others are taken to other banks and are there deposited. The checks on the new bank are met at the clearing-house by checks which the new bank holds against other banks for a sum perhaps almost equal to, or in excess of, these checks. Only the balance, whatever it may be, is paid, and this is done by a check upon the Bank of England, where all of the other banks keep their accounts.¹ These transactions go on from day to day and from week to week. Very little money passes, but immense debts are effectually and completely paid by the mere assignment of the ownership of these bank credits,

¹ The average daily clearings of the London Clearing-House are equal to about \$100,000,000, or \$30,000,000 per annum; these payments be-

which are wholly without intrinsic value. These bank credits (deposits) perform for the rich and powerful all of the functions of money, and there is hardly any limit beyond which they may not be increased in a great city like London, where bank loans are wholly unrestricted by law, and where the use of checks and the clearing-house causes but slight demands upon the banks for money of any kind. On December 31, 1874, thirteen joint-stock banks in London, with a capital and surplus of £12,753,059, showed loans and discounts amounting to £100,504,385, and held deposits of £100,605,085. Four of these banks, the London and County, London and Westminster, London Joint-Stock, and Union, which in 1844 had held deposits amounting to £7,743,000, held in 1874 £84,557,167. These deposits are the creation of these four and other banks, a mere exchange of credits between the banks and their borrowers.

Such credits, in performing the functions of money, and in employing labor, undoubtedly add to the wealth of Great Britain by aiding in giving rapidity of circulation, and "continuity of transformations through immediate succession of consumption to production." In so far as they accomplish this end, they do good; but they also form an instrument which is used by forestallers and speculators to buy up and remove from the market commodities of prime necessity, and thereby to levy additional prices for these upon the poor and others who need to use them. They are an instrument generally for centralizing power in the hands of the few, to the detriment not only of the great body of the people of Great Britain, but also of the whole world. While the mass of the people of that empire are little better than the slaves of the few, they are also made by these few the instruments for reducing the people of other countries to slavery, by the destruction of their industries. Thus the freedom to create an unlimited volume of bank-credit currency to be used by means of checks, and an entire

ing thus made without the intervention of so much as a single dollar of specie or even of bank-notes.

absence of freedom to create or have created by the state current money of the realm, increases the power of the few above its normal point, and depresses that of the many below its normal point.

The creation by the state of current money, while ameliorating the condition of the many, would add greater wealth to the whole country, for money would, much more than bank credit, directly serve to employ labor, the source of all wealth, giving greater rapidity of circulation, so that immediate succession of consumption to production would follow. But it may be urged that the credits exchanged between banks and their borrowers, while having no intrinsic value, at least "represent value," because some of the borrowers who caused the bank credits to be called into existence have given in exchange for them notes or acceptances received in the actual sale of merchandise. It often happens, however, that two, three, and even four sets of notes or acceptances are under discount at one time, the "value represented" in which is one and the same lot of merchandise, which has passed through two, three, or four sets of hands. But when a government issues its money in exchange for commodities or services received by it, this money as truly represents value as any personal note or acceptance ever issued, with the additional advantage that the value is represented by a volume of money only equal to itself. Value being a measure of the resistance to be overcome in getting possession of anything, the paper money issued by a responsible government, like that of the United States or Great Britain, for commodities or services received, would represent and indeed embody value in such an eminent degree, that it would closely approximate in this respect to money of inherent value equal to its face.

It may, however, be claimed that the

deposits in the banks in Great Britain are payable on demand in gold, and therefore have intrinsic value at their back; and that a government money, such as the greenback, does not possess this. Let us then see how this theory will stand the test of facts. The bank loans in Great Britain are estimated by very high authority¹ at \$3,500,000,000, while the deposits are placed at \$3,840,000,000,² and the total amount of gold and silver at \$600,000,000,³ very considerably over \$400,000,000 of which is permanently out in circulation among the people. The Bank of England, which holds the bankers' balances, and according to The London Economist, the highest English financial authority, has "the only reserve the nation possesses,"⁴ held November 24, 1875, but \$115,000,000 of this specie. Now while \$115,000,000 to \$200,000,000 of specie may serve to keep \$3,840,000,000 of deposits and \$200,000,000 of Bank of England and of country bank notes—the average amount of such notes actually out—at par with that specie *while the deposits and the notes are the principal instrument of payment*, and there is no extraordinary demand for the specie, let us not deceive ourselves by imagining that \$115,000,000 or even \$200,000,000 of specie is capable of paying over \$4,000,000,000 of deposits and notes, or of giving \$4,000,000,000 of value to such a volume of these bank credits. It is only because these bank credits, when moved at all, are used to pay debts and to purchase commodities and services with, and not for the purpose of demanding specie, that this huge superstructure is kept afloat at all. Were payments made in Great Britain by means of specie and bank-notes alone, the great bulk of these deposits could have no existence whatever. The trade of the country, too, would be

¹ See page 21 of The Banks of Issue Question. Memorial addressed to the Governor and Court of Directors of the Bank of England, and submitted to the Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1875. By Ernest Seyd. London: Edw. Stanford. 1875

² Banking and Currency. A Letter to Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq., Governor of the Bank of England, etc. By Henry R. Grenfell, Director of the

Bank of England. London: Effingham Wilson. 1875. See page 7. Also, Analysis of the Transactions of the Bank of England for the Years 1844-72. By R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F. S. S. London: Edw. Stanford. 1874. See page 42.

³ See Westminster Review, October, 1873, p. 286, for Bank of England estimate of the gold circulation of Great Britain—£105,000,000.

⁴ See Economist, February 27, 1875, page 243.

shrunk accordingly, unless the supply of specie and bank-notes was increased. If there were more specie and bank-notes, there would be less necessity for the use of bank loans and deposits, as in the case of France, where \$1,250,000,000 of specie and \$480,000,000 of Bank of France notes, or \$1,730,000,000 of money in all, enables the people generally to pay cash as they go, and largely to dispense with bank loans and to prevent the creation of deposits.¹

The great element of power in bank deposits in Great Britain consists in their quality of acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services, which they acquire by reason of being supposed to be interconvertible with the legal tender of the realm, without any regard being paid to what they themselves and the legal tender are composed of. Commerce needs to be performed, they are an acceptable instrument wherewith to perform it, and hence their power. Just as a mower or a reaper which is capable of doing its appointed work well is acceptable to the farmer who has mowing or reaping to do, without any regard being had to the materials out of which it is constructed, so are bank deposits which will do their work, to men of commerce who have adjustments to make. Thus with the aid of money of account do men adjust and largely settle their balances merely by denominations, and without the intervention of anything having intrinsic value. The currency of the Bank of Venice was wholly without intrinsic value. The government took the coins received on deposit by the bank, and expended them, giving the depositors inscriptions on the books of the bank which bore interest. For over five hundred years the vast commercial operations of the Venetian republic were carried on in this currency. Coins were at twenty per cent. dis-

count, compared with it, and it "fluctuated in amount according to the wants of the people, and not according to the wants of the public treasury."² This currency was not redeemable in coin, but the government from time to time purchased any amounts which seemed to be in excess of the public wants.

The almost entire freedom with which loans and deposits are by law allowed to be created, and the limit which is placed upon paper money, in Great Britain, is a good type of the legislative action of the governments of all civilized countries. In the United States there is no limit to the volume of deposits or loans of national banks, although there is a provision as to reserves to be held on account of these deposits. The volume of the current money of the realm, the greenback, is fixed with rigidity at a certain arbitrary and empirical maximum limit. Additional bank circulation can, it is true, be issued, but eighty per cent. of legal tenders must be retired for all such circulation issued, and the retirement at any time of any bank circulation does not give the right to reissue greenbacks, or release the Treasury Department from the necessity of retiring eighty per cent. for any new bank circulation issued. Thus is the people's instrument of payment subjected to the most irrational and stupid interference, without regard being paid to the wants of commerce, when it should be wholly subject to the requirements of that commerce, — in a word, its servant and not its master.

We shall now, perhaps, be reminded for the ten thousandth time of Continental money. The reply is, The volume of this money was not regulated by the wants of commerce, but by the needs of a government; one too which was weak and without the power of levying a dollar of taxation which could give to that

has slight influence in restraining loans and speculation, which increase with an increased use of bank-checks throughout the realm. It does not limit the volume of the whole instrument of payment, but simply that of the great body of the people. It is mere class legislation for the few and against the many.

² Colwell, *The Ways and Means of Payment*, page 7.

¹ The avowed object of the Bank Act of 1844, and the one great guiding doctrine in all monetary legislation in Great Britain for more than half a century, has been "the convertibility of the bank-note." To secure and maintain this, ruin is brought upon the country at steadily decreasing intervals. There should really be some compensation for all this cost, beyond the mere keeping of gold and bank-notes at par with each other, but there is not. It

money redemption and protect it against issue above and beyond the power of commerce to keep it at par. Few taxes were levied for the use of that government by the colonies or States before 1778, and Continental money alone enabled Congress to prolong the contest through the first three years; and to it do these United States to-day stand indebted for independence, snatched too from the unwilling grasp of one of the then most powerful nations of the earth. Yet the total amount of this money was not more than \$241,000,000, a sum not greatly in excess of the liabilities of those persons who became bankrupts under the credit system in Great Britain, during the last seven months of 1875.

But further, in pleading for the right of commerce to regulate the volume of money, and against that of money to regulate the volume of commerce, we shall be warned that there will be great "inflation of prices." Why more so than under the British credit system, where some \$115,000,000, or a little over, of specie is made to serve as a so-called "basis" for \$4,000,000,000 of bank circulation and deposits? The difference lies more, we may suggest, in the class of people to be "inflated" than in the inflation itself. The demands of commerce being permitted to be responded to by an adequate supply of bank credits for wholesale men and their great transactions, upon what plea can its equally imperative demands for money, for small transactions among the great body of the people, be denied? Upon none that is based upon those eternal principles of right and justice in which our free government is supposed to be grounded. Should wages rise under this sound principle of a money regulated by the wants of commerce, and the power of the people over the accumulations of the past thus increase and steadily grow, would not that fact tend

to furnish conclusive evidence that freedom to create bank credit for the few, accompanied by the placing of fetters upon money for the many, had given too much power to these few?

Let us here pause and look into this question of prices, for there is no branch of our subject which needs more discrimination in the handling. Advance in the rate of wages, in any country, is an infallible sign of advancing civilization. In countries where there is but little diversification in the industries, there is but feeble power of association, and as a consequence but little demand for labor. There land, labor, and all raw materials are low, and finished commodities are high. Just in proportion as men are enabled to combine their efforts, in that proportion will finished commodities, which can be produced by the aid of steam and machinery, tend to fall,¹ and in the same ratio will raw materials, including land and labor, rise. Value being found, in the cost of reproduction, every improvement in machinery and processes tends to decrease the value of all existing commodities which can be produced by such machinery. With these improvements, raw materials, including land and labor, acquire a higher utility, and the greater this utility the higher becomes the value of man; every reduction in the value of existing capital being so much added to the value of man. Association with his fellows is the first and greatest need of man. Money is the instrument of this association, and the more nearly the supply of this instrument approximates to the demands for it by commerce, the greater the power of man to associate and combine his efforts, the less the waste of labor, the greater "the continuity of transformation through consumption to production," and consequently the more rapid the increase of wealth, with a nearer approach of the prices for raw ma-

¹ Three tons of coal represent the labor power of a man for his lifetime. In 1870 one mill in Philadelphia manufactured, in every day of ten hours, 33,000 miles of cotton thread, obtaining from seven tons of coal the necessary power. Supposing it possible for such quality of thread to be made by hand, it would require the labor of 70,000 women to ac-

complish this work. In that year but 137,876 men, women, and children were employed in the productive industries of that city; the products of which were of the value of \$334,852,458. Thus did this one cotton mill represent one half the mere physical power of those who produced this great body of commodities.

terials and for finished commodities, and the greater the advance of man towards freedom and towards becoming master of nature and of himself. That an increased volume of money does accompany this desirable state of things is proved by the fact that while France and Belgium have for several decades steadily increased their stocks of gold and silver, and the wages of labor have increased, their diversified industries have as steadily advanced, and their exports of finished commodities and imports of raw materials have both as steadily augmented, showing that the finished commodities are lower in price and the raw material higher than in other countries with which they trade. The truth is that the movement of the precious metals is *from* those communities and countries which are without diversified industries, and are poor, *to* those which have these industries, and are rich.

To the people of these United States especially, there is a very important element in the question as to commerce and its machinery which is somewhat peculiar to their country, and very vital, and needs to be examined closely and pondered well. It is this: bank loans and the resulting deposits accumulate in business centres in proportion to the ability or the willingness of those centres to work bank credits through checks and clearing-houses, without demanding circulating notes or specie. In small towns doing business with rural populations, they do not accumulate largely because a demand for circulating notes or specie, almost the only circulating mediums there used, soon follows loans, and draws upon the actual resources of the banks. In other words, these rural banks bank mainly upon their real resources, and not upon their credit, as city banks so largely do. In France these loans and deposits do not accumulate because the people generally use money, and not checks, in their business affairs.¹ The

private deposits in the Bank of France, including its branches in the various provinces, November 25, 1875, were but \$55,000,000, while the deposits in the banks of New York city, December 4, 1875, nearly all private, were \$206,966,900. The private loans and discounts of the Bank of France, November 25, 1875, were but \$126,000,000, while those of the banks of New York city, December 4, 1875, were \$269,390,400. Our country, being one of vast area — 3,603,884 square miles for an area of 121,547 square miles for Great Britain — compared with its population, cannot build up and work a general system of inflated bank credit like that of Great Britain, and must therefore, if for no other reason, have a full volume of current money of the realm, as France has, or stagnate and annually waste labor power worth thousands of millions of dollars, being at the same time dependent upon foreign countries for loans.

We have already seen that thirteen joint-stock banks in London, with a capital and surplus of £12,753,059, had, on December 31, 1874, loaned £100,504,385, and held deposits to the amount of £100,605,085, and that the deposits in all the banks in Great Britain are estimated at £768,000,000 (\$3,840,000,000), while their loans are estimated at £700,000,000 (\$3,500,000,000). The loans and deposits of the London banks referred to are each nearly eight times the amount of their capital and surplus. On the other hand, while, October 1, 1875, all the national banks in the United States had

Capital	\$504,829,769
Surplus	184,356,076
	\$689,185,845

their loans and discounts were but \$980,222,951, or but about fifty-three per cent. in excess of capital and surplus. This too is in spite of the fact that the loans of the banks in the large cities, which are included in this "return," are far above this average. Thus while we have a vol-

¹ M. Pinard, manager of the Comptoir d'Escompte, of Paris, testified before the French Commission of Inquiry, 1865-68, that the greatest efforts had been made by that institution to induce French merchants and shopkeepers to adopt English habits in respect to the use of checks and the keeping of

bank accounts, but in vain; their prejudices were invincible; "it was no use reasoning with them, they would not do it because they would not." See page 60, *Example of France*. From the French of M. Victor Bonnet, by Geo. Walker. New York. 1875.

ume of money which is not allowed to be regulated by its master, commerce, and are unable, on account of our population being scattered over a wide extent of territory, to work bank credits through checks and clearing-houses, as is done in Great Britain, our industries languish for the want of the machinery necessary to their mobilization, the charge for the use of this machinery throughout a large part of our country is as high as it was in the days of ancient Greece and Rome, and we appear to be poor in comparison with Great Britain, and never cease to borrow from her until our credit is exhausted. But does she lend us money? Let facts speak! When \$15,500,000 of indemnity under the Geneva award was to be paid by her, she for prudential reasons effected the transfer of the credits to this country gradually, by means of bills of exchange and securities, and not by money, the thing which was to be paid; and when, some years since, Mr. Boutwell had sold in the London market United States bonds to the amount of \$21,000,000, he was notified by the Bank of England that if he attempted to remove such a sum of money from England, the bank would break up his combinations and contracts, and defeat his plans. The article that that great capitalist country pays loans, indemnities, and other debts in and with is almost wholly merchandise, not money. The bill of exchange drawn against the merchandise goes to the party who is to receive the payment, but it is paid ultimately in the country receiving the merchandise. The money or bank credit paid for United States, state, local, or railroad bonds sold abroad, for many years past, *has been paid by our own people, and the country has received nothing but merchandise for this vast load of debt*, some of which will be a financial burden upon our shoulders for generations, while the remainder will be repudiated. France has since the treaty of 1871 paid to Germany \$1,100,000,000, the amount of the war fine, but it has been almost wholly paid in merchandise. To the close of 1874 France had sustained a loss of less than \$140,000,000 in gold and silver in her

direct intercourse with Germany since the war, while Great Britain, which temporarily took some of the French loan, since absorbed by France, had in her intercourse with Germany from January, 1871, to September 30, 1875, sustained a net loss of but \$110,000,000, these two amounts aggregating \$250,000,000. On the other hand, Germany had from January 1, 1870, to December 31, 1874, imported merchandise of the value of \$1,132,000,000 more than she had exported. The people of Germany thought the country was to receive gold and silver for the war fine, and that for once the instrument of payment would become the servant and not be the master of commerce; so they engaged in great enterprises, which would have added wealth to the land and given increased prosperity to the people. The government also believed that gold and silver were to be received. So it locked up the money, which mainly came from its own people, in the imperial treasury for a time, demonetized silver, retired all bank-notes under the denomination of one hundred marks, equal to twenty dollars, and otherwise contracted the currency, degraded commerce to the position of the servant, brought on a crisis, and filled the land with misery and discontent. If it persist in this policy long enough, it will break up the empire, and France will peacefully repossess herself of Alsace and Lorraine, unless she too degrade commerce to the position of the servant of money.

In commerce, the real end is an exchange of commodities and services against commodities and services, unless there be a remainder of debt upon one side, be the medium of exchange gold, silver, paper money, or bank credits. Must we then for another century be condemned to the direful consequences of closing our eyes to this great fact, and exhaust our politico-economic philosophy and legislation upon the medium, the mere instrument, and thus by hampering and ruining commerce find ourselves always hereafter, as heretofore, in our dealings with the world the debtor? Or, recognizing commerce as the great

thing, and its instruments as only its subordinates and servants, shall we have such a monetary system as is adapted to the requirements of 45,000,000 people scattered over 3,600,000 square miles of territory? If we do but once rise high enough to give this proper recognition to commerce, we shall then have such a volume of current money of the realm as will, by setting all of our people to work, gather up billions of millions of minutes which would otherwise be lost, and give us such a succession of actual consumption to production as will enable us to add to our production of commodities, in a single year, an amount greater in value than all we have borrowed from Great Britain in half a century. Steadily holding to the recognition of the claims of commerce, we shall in a few years cease to be the great borrower of all time, and become one of the greatest of lenders. But we shall accomplish far more than this. We shall do equal and exact justice to all of our people, great and small alike; save from extinction our middle class, the bulwark and defense of a free government; have assurance that the six millions of children who are now being educated at the public expense shall have a fair field for the honest employment of their cultivated faculties, and not be forced to become new recruits in our great and growing army of "scallawags;" and finally, we shall rescue from destruction our free government, which now threatens to become an insupportable tyranny in the hands of "rings" of bad men, backed up by a hungry crowd of pauperized and demoralized pensioners upon the public treasuries, ever ready to support their masters, the dispensers of the people's taxes, in any fresh iniquity.

But how is the volume of the current money of the realm to be made to respond to the demands of commerce, and in no wise to hamper and overmaster that commerce or to be in excess of its wants? By having hereafter *money, the quality of money in which cannot be destroyed with-*

out a total destruction of its value, it being essential when governments issue money that that quality in it shall be preserved until by concurrent action of the government and the people it is deemed proper to retire it from circulation;¹ and by making that money interconvertible, at the pleasure of the holder, with the national bonds bearing a low rate of interest. Such money will be inexportable, and in its ebb and flow entirely under the control of the people and the government. Luckily we have not far to seek to find such a money. Nearly if not quite all civilized peoples, and ourselves above almost all others, are heavily burdened with the interest upon their public debts, while at the same time paying to banks annually immense sums for the use of the paper money of these banks. For ourselves, let our national debt be turned to a useful account; let the interest to banks paid for all paper money cease; let us have none but current money of the realm, wholly of paper and based on the entire wealth of the nation, whether it be of houses, lands, mines, mills, factories, farm implements or products, iron, copper, lead, silver, or gold.

But we shall be told that however well it may do to have bank credits which are without intrinsic value in use for currency, still the standard of payment, the current money of the realm, the legal tender with which these bank credits are (presumed to be) redeemable, should at least be genuine, good, and honest, and that to be so it must have actual, intrinsic value.

In reply we would say that it is not intrinsic value which is most highly prized in money, but that quality which flows from its being either a legal tender or supposed to be interconvertible with a legal tender. *The quality of acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services is the great element of power in money.* If intrinsic value be what men most regard in money, why is it that lands are not

other of these mints, thus destroying money which has been made by other realms.

¹ A large portion of the work of the mints of the world is the melting and recoinage of gold and silver which have already been coined by one or another

prized above greenbacks? Because, in spite of intrinsic value, lands are neither a legal tender nor convertible into one. What would be thought of the government of the United States if it should undertake to force the holders of greenbacks to take lands in exchange for them, at \$1.25 per acre? Such a proceeding would most justly be denounced as repudiation, unless these lands were made a legal tender at or above \$1.25 per acre, when the ownership in them would pass from hand to hand as money, as it did in Rome and ancient Britain.¹

The world has been led by the teachings of a false philosophy into a belief that it is the purely intrinsic value of gold and silver which gives to these metals such almost universal acceptability throughout the world. The truth is, however, that this latter comes from the fact that so many governments have adopted one or the other of them as the material out of which their legal tender is made. At small expense they can, therefore, by coinage, in almost every country be made to take a form which gives them throughout that country universal acceptability for the payment of debts and the purchase of commodities and services.² Let all civilized countries discard these metals as the materials for money, as eventually they will, and so large a part of their intrinsic value will immediately thereafter vanish by reason of decreased use for them, that it can

be restored only by largely decreased production or increased utility. The action of the German government alone, in determining to demonetize silver except for subsidiary purposes, has robbed the silver thaler of from seven to eight per cent. of its old intrinsic value, although it is still for a time to be allowed to circulate at that value. It needs but the concurrent action of two or three more equally important governments to convert this depreciation of from seven to eight per cent. into one of twenty-five per cent.³

Perhaps it may further be objected that the proposed permanent paper money will be a depreciated one. Depreciated as compared with what? Is the greenback to-day a depreciated money? No; not at all! Man's standards are all arbitrary in their origin, and the very fact of his needing to set up standards is evidence conclusive of the limited and imperfect nature of his capacity and powers.⁴ For centuries in England silver was the standard, and it is so in India and China to-day; in France and Italy paper, and in Belgium and Switzerland gold and silver are such. Until recently silver was a standard in Germany; on the 1st of January, 1876, gold alone became such. While until 1875 silver was the only standard in Holland, now, both gold and silver are. Up to 1853 the United States had the double standard. From that date to 1862 it

¹ Any scheme which looks to robbing the greenback of its legal-tender quality, or of forcing the holders of it to take from the government in exchange for it anything which is neither a legal tender nor convertible into one, is a scheme for repudiation pure and simple, be it disguised as it may.

² On the testimony of Thomas Baring we are assured that it was found impossible, during the crisis of 1847 in London, to raise any money whatever on a sum of £80,000 in silver. During a similar crisis in Calcutta in 1864 it was equally impossible to raise even a rupee of paper money on £20,000 of gold. The silver in London was not a legal tender above forty shillings, while the gold in Calcutta was not so for any sum whatever.

³ The Director of the United States Mint, foreseeing the result here indicated, in his report of December, 1875, calls for the protection of the silver interest in the following words:—

"The trade-dollar coinage should be continued if for no other purpose than to make a local market for the silver. Ultimately, China must have a national coinage of silver, and in the mean time a

more extensive use of the silver coins of other countries will be found useful, not only to the Chinese, but likewise to foreign residents at the different ports. The American trade-dollar has been well received in that empire; and if authority were given to coin at our Western mints five, ten, twenty, and fifty cent pieces of the same standard, they would no doubt find a ready market at the different commercial ports, and gradually work their way into the interior of the empire. If this trade coinage should incidentally afford protection to our mining interests, which have already been injuriously affected by the fall in the value of silver, it could hardly be regarded otherwise than as sound national policy."

⁴ For instance, the same degree of temperature is expressed by a thermometer in the United States by Far. 82°, in France by Cent. 28°, and in Germany by Rea. 28°. The decision in any discussion as to which is the proper degree of heat, when merely the degree is named, imperatively demands that the country in which the discussion takes place be first known, that we may know its *standard*.

had gold alone. As soon as the greenback was issued in 1862, and made non-convertible with gold, it ceased to fluctuate in value with gold, and became the standard of payment of which the money of account dating from that time is the expression. It is to-day the standard, and in its money of account are expressed the prices of gold as well as silver coins and bullion, as every dealer knows, and as his books of account completely demonstrate. How can the thing be depreciated in comparison with itself? Gold is at a premium; the greenback is not at a discount, because it is itself the standard. Almost the entire premium on gold to-day is owing to the fact that the legal-tender act, as it passed the House of Representatives, in February, 1862, making the greenback a full legal tender, covering all debts both public and private, was so amended in the Senate that gold became the only legal tender for duties on imports and interest on the public debt. Subsequent action of the Treasury Department and of Congress has made it the only legal tender for the payment of the principal of almost the entire funded debt of the United States. Hence, while gold is not the standard of payment, and has not established the existing money of account of the people and the country, it has by legal enactment become the one and only thing which when coined has the quality of acceptability for the payment of all debts, public and private, and the purchase of all commodities and services. Hence it is at a large premium over the greenback, while in France gold and silver are at no premium whatever over the Bank of France notes, the issue of which is largely in excess of that of greenbacks. But the Bank of France note, while not payable in gold or silver, is a full legal tender. The fact that France has a large supply of gold and silver, which is being steadily augmented, of course exerts its influence, but as the Bank of France note is a full legal tender, there are few uses for gold and silver which cannot be equally well fulfilled by this note, and to this is mainly due the absence of all premium on gold and silver.

Further, it may be urged that our government is unfit to be entrusted with the issue of money, even though we start with the provision and the precaution that it shall be done only in response to the wants of commerce, and in exchange for another form of existing public debt, the bonds of the government. The only reply which need be made to this is that then our government is not fit to preside over the destinies, to hold control of the lives, the happiness, the fortunes, the morals, of 45,000,000 people, and that it should, at the earliest practicable moment, be exchanged for some other form of government capable of issuing the current money of the realm in response to the wants of commerce, and not to those of the state or its corrupt officials. But commerce being restored to its proper place, the prosperity of the people would add to the honesty and ability with which the government would be administered, and that government would then become worthy of ruling over the nation.

The practical question in connection with this subject of a current money of the realm which shall in its movements prove wholly subservient to commerce, is: How, at this moment, in the present condition of the public debt and with the dead-lock in the commerce of the people, is such a money to be gotten out into circulation? Ten years of mismanagement on the part of our finance ministers and legislators render this task a difficult one. They have exerted all the power they possessed in the direction of exalting the servant money above the master commerce, and as a legitimate consequence have paralyzed our productive forces and caused the continuity of transformations through actual consumption to production to be arrested, and not only railroad, municipal, and state, but also national bonds to be forced abroad in exchange for products which we should either have produced ourselves, or paid for with those we did produce. But the more difficult the task, the greater the necessity for addressing ourselves to it vigorously and at once, and of arresting the further progress of the evil.

In order to obtain immediate relief by

inspiring immediate confidence, let Congress pass a law providing for the issue of bonds bearing not over 3.65 per cent. interest in lawful money, and made interchangeable, at the pleasure of the holder, with lawful money. Permit the national banks to count any of these bonds held by them as "lawful reserve," if the government still persist in the folly of troubling itself about the reserves of these banks. This would at once make a demand for \$42,000,000 of these bonds by the conversion of this amount of greenbacks now deposited in the treasury of the United States, and of use to neither government nor banks, but upon which certificates have been issued for clearing-house purposes. Prohibit the sale of any more gold by the Secretary of the Treasury, but oblige him to apply all not needed for balance in the treasury to the payment of interest and the calling of gold bonds; take all moneys received for the new interconvertible bonds, except such as are needed for balance and for current expenses, for the purchase of gold to be applied exclusively to the calling of gold bonds, thus as rapidly as possible stopping the interest on them and withdrawing them from the market, and from the danger of being transferred to Europe when not already there.

The \$42,000,000 of greenbacks now lying dead in the treasury would at once be converted, and there is not a well-ordered savings-bank in the land which would not immediately, as a measure of proper safety in time of a crisis, invest some portion of its means in these bonds; besides which, capitalists having balances which they wished from time to time to use would gladly invest in a bond convertible into legal tender on demand. Moreover, the people, sorely tried by fraudulent and ill-managed savings-banks, would regard them as a favorable security, and purchase them largely. The conversion of legal tenders into these bonds would from time to time place the Secretary of the Treasury more and more in funds wherewith to purchase gold and to call gold bonds, until by 1881 the whole of the public debt ex-

cept the currency 6's loaned to Pacific railroads, and the new 5's, might be held by our own people in current money of the realm, — the servant, not the master, of commerce, — and 3.65 currency bonds, interconvertible with each other at the pleasure of the holder.

In order not violently or abruptly to disturb the national-bank circulation, which must finally give place to "current money of the realm," let the order in which gold bonds shall be called for redemption be provided by law; and when any bonds so called are held by the government as security for any national bank-note circulation, let the government on paying off the bonds to the bank have power to require payment from the bank, in lawful money, of a sum equal to the circulation so secured. Then let an equal amount of the circulation of said bank be retired by and at the expense of the government so soon as it shall come into the treasury for any purpose whatsoever. Let it also be enacted that no new bank-notes shall be thereafter issued except in exchange for those torn and defaced ones, or others which come into the treasury for redemption, and are not liable to retirement as above provided.

Let these things be done, and the exercise of its prerogative of control over the current money of the realm will quietly be restored to the government; the interest on the public debt, now averaging 4.50 per cent. in gold, will be reduced; dismay and doubt will be replaced by confidence, because commerce will have again taken its proper place in its relation to money, that of master and not of servant; and it will by us be demonstrated to the nations that there is perfect harmony between justice and economic wisdom, in allowing equal freedom to commerce to decide as to the volume of current money of the realm which she will use, as there is in that which has been granted to her to decide precisely how much bank credit she will have and make use of.

By maintaining in practice, by freedom, the true, natural, and sound relation between current money and bank credit, a stable commercial and finan-

cial system can be established, and only by these means. Under such a system in practice with us, those financial or rather credit crises which rob the poor of the ability to sell their power to labor, and interrupt the continuity of transformations through the immediate succession of actual consumption to production, would be at an end. The steady growth of wealth would enable us rapidly to discharge our indebtedness

to Europe, to develop our great natural resources, and finally to become not only prosperous throughout the entire realm and among all classes, but with that prosperity to become happy, contented, and virtuous; and while removing the necessity for the corrupt practices of needy men, would restore our government to that position of love and respect which it once held, but, unhappily, holds no more.

Henry Carey Baird.

WILD ROSES.

ON long, serene midsummer days
 Of ripening fruit and yellowed grain,
 How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,
 In tangled hedge or leafy lane,
 Fair wild rose thickets, you unfold
 Those pale pink stars with hearts of gold!

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell
 On lawns where gleams the shrub's trim bosk,
 In terraced gardens, tended well,
 Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk.
 In costliest urns their colors rest;
 They beam on beauty's fragrant breast!

But you in lowly calm abide,
 Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee;
 You know what splendor, pomp, and pride
 Full oft your brilliant sisters see;
 What sorrow, too, and bitter fears;
 What mad farewells and hopeless tears!

How some are kept in old, dear books,
 That once in bridal wreaths were worn;
 How some are kissed, with tender looks,
 And later tossed aside with scorn;
 How some their taintless petals lay
 On icy foreheads pale as they!

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,
 Abloom in many a lonesome spot,
 Shy roadside roses, may you bless
 The fate that rules your modest lot,
 Like rustic maids that meekly stand
 Below the ladies of their land!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE STATE AND THE RAILROADS.

I.

AMONG all the subjects which have been discussed during the last ten years, has there been any one which has excited an equal degree of attention over the same area with that known as the railroad problem? Many other things have eclipsed it in the intensity of the interest they have excited. We have had war, panic, and pestilence; but these have been local, and have gone as well as come. This discussion has been at once ubiquitous and unending. While every country in Europe has taken part in it, here in America it has been so earnestly and incessantly dwelt upon before the people, in the halls of legislatures and in the press, at the bar of the courts and on the exchange, that every one—including at last even the demagogues and the lawyers—is heartily weary of it. Unfortunately, however, this weariness is not due to the fact that the subject is exhausted or that a generally accepted conclusion has been reached. On the contrary, the difficulty is that the discussion does not seem to move at all. It tends rather to wear itself out through a wearisome process of repetition. This, however, is true only of the discussion; the problem itself is as fresh, as importunate, and as omnipresent, as ever. It is one of those problems, also, which in some form or other is perpetually presenting itself; and, when separated from the wordy debate in which it is involved, its gradual, quiet, irresistible tendency to a solution, which does not yet wholly reveal itself, is full of interest. Its proper consideration involves a most suggestive study in political and economical science, the wide scope of which may be stated in very few words.

About half a century ago a new force was let loose upon the world at large as it then existed; a force the ultimate perturbing effect of which, socially, political-

ly, economically, no one then dreamed of, and no one even yet can fathom. This element of innovation struck the different systems of government in use at about the same time. The result could hardly fail to be singular, for it so happened that the new power was one of those which made all human theories and institutions conform to it, instead of mildly conforming itself to them; and when it came, as it oftentimes did, in contact with economical or social principles or political formulas which were supposed to be well established, it was apt somewhat unceremoniously to modify or even overthrow them. It has, indeed, been through the many and severe perturbations involved in this process that the railroad problem has made its presence manifest. The different forms these perturbations have taken, and the different ways in which they have been met, in accordance with the political habits and favorite economical theories of the several nations, make not only an interesting study, but, curiously enough, a novel one. In this and in another paper it is proposed to discuss very briefly not only the American, but the English, Belgian, French, and German phases of the railroad problem; and, finally, to state the conclusions in respect to it upon which each of these communities seems, for the time being at least, to be settling down.

In England the railroad system originated; and in England it has undergone its most complete development; the English system and the English experience must, therefore, be described first.

THE PROBLEM IN ENGLAND.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, in one of the early railroad debates in the House of Lords, that in dealing with the new system it was above all else necessary to bear in mind the analogy of the king's highway. Par-

liament did bear it in mind, and upon this analogy, naturally enough, the railroad was first established. The proprietor of the road-bed and the carrier over it were to be different persons. Provision in this respect was especially made in all early charters, and it was supposed that the power of using the road, which was reserved to all the world on certain fixed terms, would make impossible any monopoly of the business over it. Experience, of course, quickly showed how utterly fallacious this reasoning was. The analogy of the highway was, however, not at once abandoned. Recourse was had to a system of fixed maxima charges, and the old tollboards of the turnpikes were incorporated at enormous length into the new charters as they were granted. One of these, for instance, which went through Parliament in 1844, consisted of three hundred and eighty-one distinct sections, in which, among other things, it was prescribed that for the carriage of a "horse, mule, or ass" the company might charge at a rate not to exceed three pence per mile, while for a calf or a pig or "other small animal" the limit was a penny. Naturally, this attempt at regulation proved no more efficacious than the other, and with it the analogy of the highway seems to have disappeared. The chaotic condition of the English railroad legislation had already begun to attract public notice, and led in 1840 to the reference of the whole subject to the first of the many special parliamentary committees which have taken it into consideration. Sir Robert Peel was a member of this committee, which apparently fell back on a reliance upon the principles of free trade as affording all necessary regulation of the railroad system. It was argued that "an enlightened view of their own interests would always compel managers of railroads to have due regard to the general advantage of the public." At the same time, to afford railroad managers a realizing sense of what the principles of free trade were, numerous charters were granted and liberal encouragement given to the construction of competing lines. Then

came on the great railroad mania of 1844, and, as other countries have since done, England awoke one day from dreams of boundless wealth to the reality of general ruin. Free trade in railroads was then pronounced a failure, and in due time another parliamentary committee was appointed, and the whole subject was again taken into consideration. Of this committee Mr. Gladstone was the guiding spirit. Meanwhile Sir Robert Peel, who was then prime minister, had changed his mind as respects the efficacy of "an enlightened self-interest" stimulated by competition, and had come to the conclusion that railroad competition was an expensive luxury for the people indulging in it, and that there might be something in state management of railroads. Accordingly Mr. Gladstone's committee made a series of reports which resulted in the passage of a law looking to the possible acquisition of the railroads by the state at the expiration of twenty-one years from that time. With this measure as the grand result of their labors the committee rested. Not so the railroad system. The twenty-one years elapsed in 1865, and during that time Parliament sat and pondered the ever-increasing complication of the railroad problem with most unsatisfactory results. Competition between railroads through all those years was working itself out into combination; and, as the companies one after another asked and secured acts of amalgamation, obstinately refusing to compete, it was clearly perceived that something was wrong. The parliamentary mind was sorely troubled, but the way of deliverance was not revealed. In 1865 a new commission was appointed, which went again over the familiar path, this time in the direction of state ownership. The cry now was that the process of amalgamation, or consolidation, as we in America term it, had gone so far that the time was close at hand when the railroads would manage the state, if the state did not manage the railroads. In truth there was something rather alarming in the speed at which this was going on. For instance, one committee point-

ed out, as an example of what the process might lead to, that a single amalgamation was suggested to it through which a union of 1200 miles of railroad would be effected, bringing under one control £60,000,000 of capital with £4,000,000 of annual revenue, and rendering impossible throughout one large district the existence of an independent line of railway. A few years later, when the next committee sat, all this had become an established fact, only the mileage was 1500 instead of 1200; the capital £63,000,000 instead of £60,000,000; and the annual income £7,000,000 instead of £4,000,000. Nevertheless the commission of 1865 followed closely in the steps of its predecessors. It dumped on to the tables of Parliament an enormous "blue-book" which left the matter exactly as dark as it was before. Still the amalgamations went on. All England was rapidly and obviously being partitioned out among some half-dozen great corporations, each supreme in its own territory. Then at last, in 1872, a committee on railroad amalgamations was appointed, including among its members the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Derby, which really gave to the whole subject an intelligent consideration. Unlike its predecessors, that committee did not leave the railroad problem where it found it. On the contrary, they advanced it by one entire stage on the road to its solution. In the first place, after taking a vast amount of evidence, they proceeded to review the forty years of experience. The result of that review may be stated in few words. They showed with grim precision how, during that period, the English railroad legislation had never accomplished anything which it sought to bring about, nor prevented anything which it sought to hinder. The cost to the companies of this useless mass of enactments had been enormous, amounting to some £80,000,000; for these were 3300 in number and filled whole volumes. Then the committee examined in detail the various parliamentary theories which had, at different stages, marked the development of the railroad system. The highway

analogy was dismissed in silence; but of the "enlightened view of self-interest" theory it was remarked that experience had shown that as a regulating force this was to be relied upon "only to a limited extent." The principle of competition was next discussed, and the conclusion of the committee was "that competition between railroads exists only to a limited extent, and cannot be maintained by legislation." Of the great Gladstone act of 1845, looking to the ultimate purchase of the railroads by the government, it was remarked that "the terms of that act do not appear to be suited to the present condition of railway property, or to be likely to be adopted by Parliament, in case of any intention of Parliament at any future time to purchase the railways." Having disposed of this measure, the committee addressed itself to the amalgamation panic, which through so many years had rested like a nightmare on the slumberous discussions of Parliament. They cited the case of the North-Eastern Railway, which was composed of thirty-seven once independent lines, several of which had formerly competed with each other. Prior to their consolidation these lines had, generally speaking, high rates, and they had been able to pay but small dividends. Now, the North-Eastern was the most complete monopoly in the United Kingdom. From the Tyne to the Humber it held the whole country to itself, and it charged the lowest rates and paid the highest dividends of all the great English companies. It was not vexed by litigation, and whilst numerous complaints were heard from Lancashire and Yorkshire, where railway competition existed, no one had appeared before the committee to refer any complaint against the North-Eastern. In view of such facts as these the committee reported that amalgamation had "not brought with it the evils that were anticipated, but that in any event long and varied experience had fully demonstrated the fact that while Parliament might hinder and thwart, it could not prevent it, and it was equally powerless to lay down any general rules determining its limits or character." The stat-

ute-book was full of acts regulating the rates at which the poorer classes should be carried by rail, and these acts at least had always been pointed to as indisputable evidence of the virtue and efficacy of railroad regulation by Parliament. In their day they had perhaps done good service, but yet even of these as a whole it was reported that "the ill success of this attempt may well justify hesitation in entering upon further general legislation of the same kind." Finally, the committee examined all those various panaceas for railroad abuses which are so regularly each year brought forward as novelties in the legislatures of this country. To one familiar with the subject, the simple faith in which each lawmaker brings forward, as a new and hitherto unthought-of solution of the whole trouble, some old familiar expedient which has been tried and has broken down time and again would have in it something quite touching were it not so very tedious. All these the English committee now passed in merciless review. Equal mileage rates they found inexpedient as well as impossible; the favorite idea of a revision of rates and fares with a view to establishing a legal tariff sufficient to afford a fair return and no more on the actual cost of the railroads, they pronounced utterly impracticable; tariffs of maxima charges incorporated into laws, they truly said, had been repeatedly enacted and as often had failed; periodical revisions of all rates and fares by government agents they found to be practically impossible, unless some standard of revision which had not yet been suggested could be devised. There is in the French law a provision that whenever the profits on any road shall exceed a certain percentage on its cost, such excess shall be divided between the corporation owning the railway and the government. This plan, also, the committee took into careful consideration, only to conclude that in Great Britain it would be attended with "great if not insuperable difficulties." Finally, the owning of the railroads by the government was referred to as "a state of things which may possibly arise," but

one which the committee was not at all disposed at present to recommend.

At first glance, therefore, it seemed as if this committee had arrived at only negative results; but in truth they had reached positive conclusions of the first importance. They had, indeed, clearly stated the problem; a thing never before done in Great Britain. The natural development of the railroad system as a system was recognized, and the folly of restrictive legislation demonstrated. A new policy was thus established, at the base of which was the principle of private ownership and management, which was to be left to work out its own destiny through that process of combination in which competing monopolies always result. The members of the committee saw perfectly clearly where their process of reasoning would bring them out. It could result only in a tacit assent to the growth of private corporations until they became so great that they must, soon or late, assume relations to the government corresponding with the public nature of their functions. This was obvious enough. Meanwhile the committee also saw with equal clearness that this was a question of the future, — perhaps of the remote future; a question which certainly had not yet presented itself, and which they had no disposition to precipitate. They accordingly fixed definitely the policy of Great Britain as an expectant one. The railroad system was to be left to develop itself in its own way, as a recognized monopoly, held to a strict public accountability as such. Whenever it should appear that it abused its privileges and power, then the time for action would have arrived. As yet this was not the case in any such degree as called for a decisive and far-reaching measure of reform.

In Great Britain, therefore, the discussion of the railroad problem may be considered as over for the time being. It is quiescent, not dead. The period of meddlesome and restrictive legislation is passed, and the corporations are now left to work out their own destinies in their own way, just so long as they show

a reasonable regard for the requirements and rights of the community. The time may not be remote when, for instance, all England will be served by three or four gigantic railroad corporations, or perhaps by only one; just as many cities are now furnished with gas by a single company. Nor is this ultimate result any longer viewed with apprehension. The clearer political observers have come to realize at last that concentration brings with it an increased sense of responsibility. The larger the railroad corporation, the more cautious is its policy. As a result, therefore, of forty years of experiment and agitation, Great Britain has on this head come back very nearly to its point of commencement. It has settled down on the doctrine of *laissez faire*. The river is not to be crossed until it is reached.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM IN BELGIUM.

Turning now from Great Britain to Belgium, an opportunity is offered to observe the practical working of a wholly different policy. The famous Belgian railroad system originated with King Leopold, and bears to this day the marks of the creating mind. When the Manchester & Liverpool Railway was completed, the Belgian revolution had not yet taken place, and Leopold was still a resident of England. His attention was strongly drawn to the possible consequences of this new application of steam, and when, a few years later, he was called to the throne of Belgium, one of his earliest projects related to the construction of railroads in his new dominions. He, was strongly persuaded, however, that the English system of private construction was not the correct one. He, as well as the Duke of Wellington, strongly adhered to the analogy of the highway; but, more logical than the duke, his was the king's highway and not a turnpike. Accordingly he planned a system of railway communication in which the roads were to be constructed, owned, and operated by the state. With some difficulty, legislative assent to his scheme was obtained, and

the earliest lines were undertaken in 1833. The government then went on year by year developing the system, but failed to keep pace with the public demand. Accordingly, in a few years, though not until after the principal and more remunerative routes were occupied, concessions, as they were called, being the equivalent of English charters, were made to private companies, which carried on the work of extension.

One peculiar feature in all these concessions had, however, a direct and sagacious though somewhat distant bearing on the fundamental idea of the Belgian railroad system, — that of ultimate government ownership. They were all made for a term of ninety years, at the expiration of which the railways were to become the property of the state, which was to pay only for their rolling-stock. The right was also reserved to the government of buying back the concession at any time, on assuming payment of an annuity to the owners equivalent to the payment, for any unexpired balance of the concession, of a yearly sum equal to the average net receipts during the seven preceding years.

During the period of the concession, the private companies owned and operated their several roads in much the same way as English or American corporations; although the greatest benefit from their construction resulted to the state lines, which, holding the centre of the country and the main routes of communication, kept the private lines necessarily tributary. In 1850 the government owned about two thirds of all the railroad mileage then in operation, and private companies the other one third. Ten years later, the proportion had changed, two thirds of the system being in the hands of private companies. It so happened, also, that, as the government in making the concessions had followed no plan of districting the country, but had rather adopted a policy of competing lines, these lines competed not only with each other but also with the state lines. From this fact there resulted a condition of affairs which was wholly unanticipated, but which has since constituted the very es-

sence of the Belgian railroad system. For the first and only time in railroad history, a case was presented in which competition did not result in combination. The one system of lines being owned by the state, and the other by private companies, no consolidation of the two was practicable as against the public; and accordingly the government found itself in a position to regulate the whole system through the ownership of a part of it, and in consequence was able to establish a policy of cheap railroad transportation, under the influence of which the country developed with amazing rapidity.

The action of the government, however, practically forced the various independent companies to unite among themselves; until, about the year 1860, they had become consolidated into trunk lines sufficiently powerful to compete with the state on equal terms. Under these circumstances, in order to maintain the principle of its railroad system, the government was forced into further development. Other roads were accordingly constructed and leased, until, at the commencement of 1872, the state controlled about forty-two per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of the country, and ten private companies, operating from twenty to six hundred and fifty miles of road each, controlled the other fifty-eight per cent. This condition of affairs still continues. Practically these companies operate their roads with the same freedom from governmental interference as English or American companies. They raise and lower their rates at discretion, and give special rates, while no limitation is put on the amount of dividends they may declare. In respect to questions of police and safety only does the government formally interfere with them; and with the exception of certain guaranteed lines, it has no power even of supervising their accounts, or, indeed, of compelling them to render any.

Of late years, therefore, Belgium has simply presented the spectacle of the state, in the character of the richest and most powerful railroad company of

its system, holding in check and regulating other companies, not greatly inferior to it in power, which were competing with it for business and dealing with it on terms of equality. The effect of this on each system of roads was most excellent. At times, when the government has been attempting certain great measures of reform or bold experiments in transportation, its course has been vehemently criticised by the private companies, who have complained that their property was being unjustly depreciated by tariff reductions made upon unsound principles, but which, from their position, they were compelled to adopt. This was perfectly true; but, on the other hand, the government was so largely interested in railroad property that it felt no disposition to persist in any line of experiment which seemed likely to reduce the value permanently; and in the long run the private companies found that the experiments of government were far less to be feared than the wild and ruinous fluctuations of railroad competition as it was experienced in Great Britain. These they were exempt from. The competition they had to meet was decided, but of a wholly different character from that of the English or the American system. It was certain, firm, and equably distributed. Those managing the state roads acted at all times under a heavy sense of responsibility; they did not dare to show preference to persons or localities; they could not do business for anything or nothing one day, and the next combine against the public to make good their losses through extortionate charges. In a word, it was found that while the competition between private roads disturbed and disorganized railroad traffic, that between public and private roads regulated it.

The government, meanwhile, in its turn pressed by the competition of the private lines, found itself compelled to work its roads on regular "commercial principles." In order to get business it made special rates, and, if necessary, entered into joint-purse arrangements with its adversaries. It made bold ex-

periments, and through those experiments established what are now universally recognized principles of transportation. At other times its experiments resulted in failure and were abandoned. Yet little doubt can be entertained that it was the constant pressure of competition which kept the state lines up to their work and in the advance of railroad development. The tendency in Belgium now is for the government to absorb all the remaining lines. Should this be done, it will then remain to be seen whether by so doing that equilibrium to which has been due the success of the whole system will not have been destroyed. Competition, certainly, will then no longer exist, and with its disappearance may also disappear a strong incentive to activity.

It would of course be most unnatural to suppose that the state roads of Belgium have always given perfect satisfaction to the community. There have, on the contrary, been very grave and distinct complaints in regard to their management, but nothing which will compare with those constantly made both in Great Britain and in America. To satisfy every one always is a result not likely to be attained under any system or in any country; meanwhile, it may with tolerable safety be asserted that the Belgian system is as satisfactory to the people of Belgium as the nature of things human permits that it should be; certainly the public feeling points very distinctly towards the acquisition of the remaining lines of the system by the government, while the sale of the government lines to private corporations has never been urged by any considerable party. Financially the undertaking has proved a decided success, the government roads netting an annual profit of late years of about six per cent., which is equivalent to at least ten per cent. in this country.

While in Great Britain, therefore, the railroad problem seems entering upon a period of comparative quiescence,—a phase of expectancy, as it were,—in Belgium the contrary would seem to be the case. Should the gov-

ernment of that country now adopt a policy of expansion, and proceed to acquire the remaining lines of the system, it will enter upon the very doubtful experiment of exclusive state management. The problem will then assume wholly new phases, the development of which will everywhere be watched with deep interest.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM IN FRANCE.

If confidence in the natural development of events, or at least resignation to the inevitable, is the order of the day as respects the railroad problem in Great Britain, and preparation that in Belgium, the moment the French frontier is crossed a third aspect of affairs presents itself; an aspect best expressed by the single word perplexity. Certainly the railroad world in that country is in a condition of very considerable if not unhealthy activity, and seems to an outside observer to be rapidly forcing the government into a curiously untenable position. Apparently it must either discourage, if not actually forbid, further railroad construction, or else it must see the essential principles of a railroad system long and carefully built up practically abandoned. Nor is the question merely a theoretical one. The French nation, as such, has a large pecuniary interest in its railroads. They are, in fact, a sort of vast sinking fund for the possible ultimate extinction of the national debt. Anything, therefore, which threatens to impair their money value is matter of national concernment. That money value seems now to be threatened by a danger with which the private corporations of Great Britain and America are sadly familiar,—the danger of an unregulated competition.

This is a difficulty against which the French railroad policy has ever sought most carefully to provide. It now comes from an unexpected quarter. In spite of the political changes and the turbulence which have characterized the history of the country, the French mind is essentially conservative; it loves order. It looks naturally to the government for

an initiative, and not only submits to, but craves, minute regulation from a central authority. Accordingly, when forty years ago England and America caught eagerly at the idea of railroad development, and rushed into this with all the feverish ardor which ever marks private speculation, France hung back. The government did not take the initiative; private enterprise would not. It was not until 1837, when already what are now the great trunk routes of Great Britain and of America had assumed a definite shape, that the French system began slowly to struggle into life. Even then the first attempts resulted only in failure. The government, after hesitating long, recoiled from the idea of following the bold precedent which Belgium had furnished, and decided in favor of a system of concessions to private companies instead of construction by the state. Private companies were organized at last, and an appeal was made to the public. The public, still timid, and lacking confidence in itself, failed to respond. The necessary support was not forthcoming, and the companies, frightened at the liabilities they had incurred, renounced their concessions. Then at last, but not until 1842, the government definitely took the lead. A division of risk was effected. Nine great lines were mapped out, seven of which were intended to connect Paris with the departments of the frontier or the sea-board, while two were provincial. As respected some of these the state assumed the expense of acquiring the necessary lands and building the stations, while the companies undertook the superstructure, material, and operation; as respected others the companies took upon themselves the whole burden. The political disturbances of 1848 and the years immediately ensuing greatly retarded French development in railroads, as it did in everything else. It was not until 1859 that the system assumed a definite shape. Then at last, under the inspiration of the imperial government, a new and final arrangement was effected. The existing lines were consolidated, and France was practically partitioned out among six

great companies, to each of which a separate territory was allotted. The fundamental distinction between the French and the English and American railroad systems was now brought into sharp prominence. Not only was no provision made for competition between routes, but every precaution was taken to prevent it. No line was to trench upon the territory allotted another, and, in consideration of this immunity, each line undertook within its own district a railroad development proportionate to all reasonable demands. Again, however, the companies found the burden they had assumed out of proportion to their resources. Once more they went to the state. The necessary assistance was forthcoming, but on condition. The lines to be constructed and operated by each company were laid down, and arbitrarily divided into two classes, designated as the *ancien réseau* and the *nouveau réseau*, the first of which included the older and more profitable, and the latter the additional routes, the construction of which was deemed essential. Upon the securities issued to build the latter of these, the government guaranteed a minimum rate of interest, which the companies undertook ultimately to reimburse. The material of both the *ancien* and the *nouveau réseaux* was also pledged as security for any advances which the state might be called upon to make. The amount of advances made on this account up to the present time somewhat exceeds \$60,000,000. The concessions are for ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which time the roads will revert to the state, which is bound, however, to purchase the rolling-stock at a valuation, after deducting advances made. The right is also reserved to the government of purchasing the lines on payment of an annuity for the unexpired portion of the ninety-nine years' concession, calculated on the average profits of the lines during the seven years previous to the act of taking.

The French system of operating the railroads is as far removed from the English or American as is the system under which they were constructed. The

supervision of the government is ubiquitous. Every tariff, every time-table, has to be submitted for approval, and there are public agents at every principal station. The accounts of the companies are subjected to an annual examination, and the most rigid police regulations are enforced. If questions arise between companies, they are settled not by might, asserting itself through competition, but by a board of arbitration, with an ultimate appeal in matters of graver importance to the Central Railroad Commission.

Thus it is that, in theory, the railroad system of France is purely and essentially French. The government initiated it, supervises it, has a large ultimate pecuniary interest in it. At the expiration of some sixty years more it may yet be made to pay off the national debt. At present, however, it is accumulating it. The guaranteed interest is a constant burden on the revenue. And it is in this connection that the French railroad problem asserts itself. The essence of the system lies in regulation, as a substitute for competition. One railroad war, such as annually vexes America, would make the guaranty of the government assume proportions calculated to appall the most daring minister of finance. One can imagine the fury of American railroad struggles if the payment of interest was guaranteed from the public treasury! Competition, therefore, cannot be tolerated among the railroads of France. The French public, nevertheless, like the English and the American, is constantly demanding more railroads. It asks for them, too, not because they are profitable in themselves, but because of the incidental advantages to be derived from them. The great established companies naturally say that there must be some limit to construction. They can ruin neither themselves nor the government by building railroads intended merely to improve the value of adjacent property. To this those demanding the additional roads simply reply that if the great companies will not supply them, they desire the privilege of supplying themselves.

Yielding to this plausible argument, and to a feeling of political necessity, a law of the empire, known as the railroad law of the 12th of July, 1865, undertook to create a third réseau called the *réseau vicinal*. It was a French approach to the American idea of a general railroad law. The departments and communes were empowered either to construct certain local railroads themselves or to grant charters for their construction by others. It was erroneously supposed that these roads would be insignificant affairs, and act as mere feeders to the great companies. The French do not move rapidly in enterprises of this description, but still they move. The door was now open; competition soon entered through it. At first few local concessions were made, and those in good faith. Then the demands began to flow in, and they rapidly assumed a new phase. The contractor, the speculator, and the black-mailer made their appearance in rapid succession. Railroads were built to be sold. The old established lines were victimized by being forced to buy off competition, or they saw, through the rapid consolidation of petty local roads, bankrupt rivals — and rivals the more formidable because bankrupt — permanently established beside them. Indeed, the construction of these local lines seems to have developed into a railroad mania, threatening very alarming consequences. Like all such manias, its development has been very rapid. It dates from the close of the Prussian war. In 1870, the local lines constructed under the law of 1865 aggregated but 180 miles. This number of course remained the same so long as hostilities continued. Since the peace, however, it has increased to 930 miles of completed road, while 1730 additional miles are in course of construction; and yet 756 other miles are already authorized. Altogether, the local roads already built or authorized involve an estimated outlay of \$130,000,000. Thus not only is the very basis upon which the permanent value and prosperity of the French railroad system rests in jeopardy, but, if we may judge by re-

cent experience in this country, a railroad panic is impending over France in the near future.

This, then, is the French railroad problem of to-day. It is the old question in a new guise. How is railroad competition to be held in check? The hands of the government are tied. It does not dare to repeal the law of 1865, for it is dangerous to run counter to a mania. No French government ever yet succeeded in doing so. It is not surprising, therefore, that those upon whom it devolves to suggest a solution of the problem pronounce it at once most urgent and most complex. In all probability it will be found to admit only of that costly solution with which both America and England are so painfully familiar. The mania must run its course, and result in collapse. Its ultimate effect on the French railroad system as a whole, and upon the relations it bears to the government, cannot now be foreseen. But it is safe to predict that the element of governmental control will in France be developed rather than diminished. Meanwhile, among the many problems now engaging the attention of the French people, that connected with its railroad system may in a not remote future prove fraught with the gravest political consequences.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM IN GERMANY.

If there is, indeed, an inherent and irresistible tendency in the railroad systems of all countries to assume closer relations with governmental systems, if, as so many are inclined to believe, transportation is such an important and complex element in modern life that it must ultimately find its place among the functions of the state, then it is safe to say that in no other country does the railroad problem present so interesting a phase of present development as in Germany. The inclination of the German mind, especially the North German mind is, bureaucratic. It takes naturally and kindly to this method of development. This seems the natural mode in which the political genius of the people works.

With us in America, it is just the opposite. The commission is our bureau. We are continually driven to a recourse to it, but we always accept the necessity with reluctance, and the machine withal does not work well. Where it is not corrupt, it is apt to be clumsy. We get from it no such results as are obtained by the Germans. The reason, if we choose to seek it, is obvious enough. The bureau is a natural outgrowth of the German polity; it is the regular and appropriate form in which that effects its work. With us it is a necessity, but none the less an excrescence. Our political system has come in contact, through the complex development of civilization, with a class of problems in presence of which it has broken down; such questions as those of police, sanitary regulations, education, internal improvements, transportation. At first we always try to deal with these through the machinery of parliamentary government, a sort of sublimated town-meeting. The legislative committee is the embryotic American bureau; as such it serves its purpose for a time, doing its work in an uncouth, lumbering sort of way, and then, its insufficiency becoming manifest, it makes way for the commission. The American commission is, however, by no means the Prussian bureau. It is at best a very poor substitute for it; a thing suddenly improvised in place of one gradually developed.

When a community comes to dealing with such a problem as the gradual political development, it might almost be said the political evolution, of its railroad system, this distinction becomes important. In the one case the question is approached by a patient, trained professional; in the other by an eager, overconfident amateur. If, therefore, the problem of reëstablishing the state in new and more effective relations with the agencies of transportation is to be solved in our time, it is pretty safe to predict that the solution will be reached in Germany long before it is in America. Not only do they approach it there in a more practical and scientific spirit, but the ground is better prepared. The material is more ready to the hand. For,

almost necessarily, the German railroad system reflects the condition of the German political system. It is a curious complication, very difficult to understand, — a mass of raw material, out of which order is to be deduced. Particularism ruled supreme; each petty sovereignty had a policy of its own. Yet certain fundamental principles asserted themselves everywhere. The system, for instance, was originally established on the principle of concessions to private companies, usually for from thirty to fifty years, and the idea of competition found no place in it. On the contrary, the building of competing lines was expressly forbidden. As the several lines extended themselves this restriction so impeded their development that in Prussia a few years ago it was repealed. The results which have just been described in France then ensued. A mania of railroad construction and expansion developed itself. Dr. Strausburgh burst upon an astonished world. The usual result followed. A panic and collapse took place, and railroad property depreciated in value as much in Prussia as recently it has in America.

But throughout Germany the relations between the state and the railroads had always been very close. Those building the roads under concessions had received liberal aid from government, sometimes in the form of a subsidy, at other times through a guaranty of interest or dividends; while in yet other cases the state itself became a large stockholder. The tendency towards a closer connection between the government and the railroads has constantly been apparent, and in consequence of the recent railroad mania is more pronounced now than ever before. Prussia, always a large, if not the largest, owner and manager of railroads in North Germany, has lately purchased new lines; while the government of Bavaria has at last acquired all the railroads within the limits of that country, and is indeed thus the first considerable government in the world to both own and work its entire railroad system. Whether actually owning and operating the rail-

roads or not, however, the hand of the German governments has ever been present in their affairs, regulating everything, from the rates on merchandise to the safeguards against accident. Starting from the fundamental German principle that it was not only the right but the duty of the state to interfere in every matter of public interest, it assumed the power as a matter of course, until in practice the will of the minister was able to make itself felt in every direction.

Owing to the lack of cohesion among the political organizations of the German-speaking race, the necessities of their position long ago caused the railroads of Central Europe to form a union among themselves. In this there were included, in 1873, nearly one hundred managements, operating 26,000 miles of track, the governments being represented in the same way as private managements. This union settled questions of fares and freights, and made all necessary traffic arrangements. Through it combination was made to take the place of competition, and in case of controversy the roads had recourse to arbitration, directly under the eye of the government and of the public, instead of to wars of rates. As a result, tariffs at once intelligible and equal, things unknown in English-speaking countries, are not only in general use, but are universally observed. Before the battle of Sadowa brought the North German empire into existence, this union was, under the conditions there existing, a necessity. It then became firmly established, and is now recognized as a most useful part of the railroad organization. It introduces into the system uniformity and stability, causing a direct contact with the government. In all probability it is now paving the way to merging the two.

This result is only a question of time, and is already actively discussed. During the present session of the imperial parliament, the government was formally instructed to cause a regular inquiry to be made into the expediency of acquiring the remainder of the private lines. The matter was referred to the

Imperial Railroad Commission, which has not yet reported. German investigations are not rapid, and at present the imperial government is not financially in a situation to justify large outlay. The tendency is, nevertheless, all one way, and the report when it comes will probably initiate a well-matured movement in the direction of state railroad ownership and management on the largest scale. This is as it should be. For the reasons already stated, in Germany this great experiment can be tried on a large scale and under conditions most favorable to success; in Germany, therefore, it ought to be tried first.

The English, the Belgian, the French, and the German are the four great railroad systems. With many points in common, each has peculiar features deserving of careful study. In their political relations they are divided into two groups by a broad line of demarkation. On the one side of that line are the systems of the English-speaking race, based upon private enterprise and left for their regulation to the principles of *laissez faire*, the laws of competition, and of supply and demand. On the other side of the line are the systems of continental Europe, in the creation of which the state assumed the initiative, and over which it exercises a constant and watchful supervision. In applying results drawn

from the experience of one country to problems which present themselves in another, the difference of social and political habit and education should ever be borne in mind. Because in the countries of continental Europe the state can and does hold close relations, amounting even to ownership, with the railroads, it does not follow that the same course could be successfully pursued in England or in America. The former nations are by political habit administrative, the latter are parliamentary; in other words, France and Germany are essentially executive in their governmental systems, while England and America are legislative. Now the executive may design, construct, or operate a railroad; the legislative never can. A country, therefore, with a weak or unstable executive, or a crude and imperfect civil service, should accept with caution results achieved under a government of bureaux. Nevertheless, though conclusions cannot be adopted in the gross, there may be in them much good food for reflection. It may, perhaps, in the present case be found that Belgium, France, and Germany have each and all worked out principles the application of which has a direct bearing on questions now perplexing America. In another paper an attempt will be made at the practical application to our own circumstances of this experience of others.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

AT PARTING.

As one, in thinking of the dead,
 Recalls the face but not the name,
 As knowing when the soul has fled
 A title goeth as it came;

Be mine the face that you recall,
 And mine the name that you forget;
 The sweetest story of them all
 Is thought, but never uttered yet.

A. R. Grote.

RECENT LITERATURE.

It may not be Mr. Browning's intention that we should earn our poetry, like our bread, by the sweat of our brows, but there really seems to be some such curse denounced against his readers, which the lapse of time does not soften. We were about to say that Mr. Browning goes from bad to worse, but we remember how much harder to read some parts of *The Ring* and the *Book* were than *The Inn Album*;¹ we remember *Fifine* at the Fair, unreadable; we remember the Red Cotton Night-Cap Country and its outer darkness; and — no, we cannot say that Mr. Browning goes from bad to worse in want of intelligibility. You can get at the whole story of *The Inn Album* if you will try hard enough and long enough. As to special passages and expressions, that is another thing; and as to the whole, it is not at all certain that it is worth while. But this is a matter of opinion which we willingly leave to each reader to settle after he has taken breath from the violent gymnastics of its perusal. Doubtless there are those who will feel paid for their pains, and we would be far from infecting such satisfied souls with our discontent. But they will own, we think, that the story is exceedingly disagreeable, and that the poet finally shirks his responsibility to the reader, and leaves him with a series of inconclusive and clumsily contrived situations in his mind, rather than an effect of dramatic unity. We have, to begin with, those old acquaintance, the two men who game till dawn, and rise and let the morning light in upon the fact that one owes the other ten thousand pounds. The characters are rather interesting: one is a high-souled, rich, good young plebeian; the other is a middle-aged, brilliant aristocrat, *roué* and gambler, whom the young fellow worships for his intellectual superiority, and whom he strives to make accept forgiveness of the ten thousand pounds which, contrary to all expectation, he has just won of him. They have come down together to the country inn where the album is,—it serves to give a title to the poem and is otherwise mechanically employed,—and the young man is to see that morning his cousin, to whom he has been languidly making love

for some time, and get her final yes or no as to their marriage. While he walks with his friend to the station where the latter is to take the train, he asks him why his life, which might be so triumphant in Parliament and elsewhere, is so aimless, and learns from him, in much darkling parenthesis, that it is because some years before he betrayed a beautiful girl, who then refused what he supposed the reparation of a marriage, and went off and married a country curate—where, he does not know; but some day, he feels sure, they shall meet, and in the mean time her hate blasts his life. Then the young man tells how he too met and loved a beautiful girl, who refused him in mysterious terms, and whose memory makes him quite indifferent whether his cousin shall say yes or no to him, presently. They loiter in their talk, and lose the train, and then the old adventurer must go back to the inn where the album is, and wait while the young man goes to see his cousin at her house near by. The young lady, however, has in the mean while gone to the inn to meet—whom but the curate's wife?—her very dear and adored friend, who has this once consented—for the convenience of Mr. Browning's poem—to leave the deep retirement in which she lives, and come to the inn to see her young friend and advise with her on the subject of her meditated marriage. They discuss the matter with Mr. Browning's well-known parsimony of the definite and indefinite article, but as luck will have it the young lady has run away to say yes to her lover just at the moment when the gambler-*roué*-aristocrat (nobody is named in the poem) arrives; and he meets face to face the woman whom he had injured past all matrimony. The scene that then ensues is very fine and strong; his remorse and self-abasement, and her implacable scorn, and then his real falseness and baseness appearing fully, are very powerfully expressed. They are expressed apparently in the speech of the different persons, but in fact it is always one person who speaks, namely, the poet. The women are in no wise distinguished from the men by anything feminine in their phrase in this story, as they are in real life and real drama, and no one is characterized by any mental or other pe-

¹ *The Inn Album*. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

culiarity not plainly attributive; they are the creatures of Mr. Browning, who has not been able to deny himself the indulgence of making them act and speak from his occasions rather than theirs. While he is making these two talk at each other in the potent fashion he undoubtedly does, the young man returns, and, bursting in upon them, perceives in her no other than the woman whom he had loved in vain. He suspects a plot between them to hoodwink him, and not only get the lord free of his debt of ten thousand pounds, but make his creditor bleed further in the debtor's behalf, and he instantly declares his thought. But his error soon appears to him, and he sides with the woman in what follows. The inn album is lugged in from time to time, and one and another writes in it—unnecessarily, except that having got an inn and an album one must do something with them. It is practicable also in this curious transaction for the lord to get the lady to go out of the room on purpose to let him vilify her to the young man, but in turn he has already handsomely written something in the album that altogether damns himself. It all ends by the young man's shooting him dead in her behalf, and by her taking thereupon some "soon-spreading gear" of which she dies instantly. While the young man stands contemplating this *dénouement*, the voice of the young girl singing is heard, as she comes to rejoin her friend and find her cousin. But before she enters, the curtain falls—very luckily for the poet, who has things quite his own way throughout, and at the end, by this simple device of the descending curtain, is able to leave the reader with the distracted lovers on his hands, the dead to be somehow got rid of, and the young man to be tried and somehow acquitted for the homicide.

The story is not, of course, so hideous as that of the Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, but it is not far from as hideous, and one feels, in looking back over it, like asking for what reason the poet has subjected him to such an experience. There was a time when the answer, "For art's sake," would have sufficed, but this comprehensive reply is no longer sufficient, especially in a case where the art is not very good. It was certainly worth while to consider the mood and mind of a woman who, having given all to a man, finds him too false and too hateful even to be made that sort of pitiable refuge from society and himself which her seducer becomes by marriage

with her. Such a marriage, which is supposed to "make her an honest woman," is really only an added desecration and infamy, and, if it were possible, society should honor her for refusing it. But that is not possible now, and probably never will be. The wronged woman must therefore hope to right herself only in her own eyes and in those of divine justice, and she must be a woman of extraordinary character and courage who will resolve to forego the defense of marriage even with a man who has proved himself unworthy of her. Such an heroic creature Mr. Browning supposes, and the strength, the whole essence, of his poem lies in confronting her, after years, with her betrayer, who has never, perhaps, been able to understand why she should have foregone the reparation offered her. In this encounter you have one of the most highly dramatic situations, and it is a thousand pities that Mr. Browning could not have contented himself with studying and portraying it, and left out all those cloudy impertinences that go before and after it in his poem. Almost nothing else is well done: though his work can never have a vulgar air, still it is not well done. The machinery is, as we have said, really clumsy, and the character and the expression of character, apart from this great encounter, are hardly worth considering. "This bard's a Browning; he neglects the form," he says somewhere in the course of the poem. Well, we think this a pity, whether it happens through willfulness or not, and we would earnestly urge that bard, whoever he is, to drop being a Browning, so far as neglect of the form goes. The form is helpless by itself, yet nothing but the void exists without it, and, highly scorn it as he will, Mr. Browning himself is never a poet save when he attends to it. Our own Mr. Walt Whitman is a poet who has carried neglect of the form to its logical conclusions, and has arrived at a sort of literary resemblance to all out-doors, and is much such a poet as a summer morning is, or an alarm of fire, or some unpleasant smell which he would personally prefer to prayer. Mr. Browning, in *The Inn Album*, has not well observed the limits which the narrative poem, the novel, and the drama give themselves, and has willfully striven to weave them all together, getting a texture, if any texture at all, which seems to combine the coarseness of all. Except in the conception of the main idea, the drama is too melodramatic; the action is all melodramatic. The prose novel

in these days has been wrought by its masters to a fineness of characterization, method, and incident to which this story in verse can by no means pretend; and as a poem *The Inn Album* lacks the charm — the grace, the color, the music — which can alone justify the story-teller's departure from prose narration. It is, in short, a curiously willful piece of bad literary art, which its attempts to outlaw itself cannot render in any degree interesting, save for the first moment of surprise.

— Mrs. Preston's poems¹ possess frequently a variety and a welded grace of diction which give them distinction, and at first lead the reader to expect rather more, perhaps, than he will get from them. We should be loath to discredit so earnest a devotion as is here manifest to the art of poetry, and yet we must believe that a deeper tone of life would have made them more valuable. Yet, curiously, it is the series of *Cartoons from the Life of the Old Masters* which seems to rank highest in the book; and these are all studies more or less suggested by Browning's *Fra Lippo Lippi*, and *Andrea del Sarto*. So that we must be content, in this case as in most, to let the writer find her own way to the best within her scope. There is a marked decadence in *The Hero of the Commune*, and *His Name*, where Mrs. Preston assumes the bluff manner of *Hervé Riel*, with a singular undertone of *Bret Harte* in the choice of irregular lines, in treating real incidents. The poems on *Stonewall Jackson*, called *Gone Forward*, and *Under the Shade of the Trees*, show a good deal of real feeling. And it is notable that the volume is, on the whole, the most finished collection of poems which the South has given us, of late.

— The letters of Mrs. John Adams to her husband, as well as some to her son John Quincy Adams, covering a considerable term of years, have more than once been published, and the complementary letters of John Adams have also been published, both separately and in his collected writings; but the present volume¹ for the first time gives the letters of husband and wife interchangeably and together. Yet these belong only to the period embraced in the struggle for independence, the first of the series being dated 12th May, 1774, and the last, 18th February, 1783. Two hun-

dred out of the two hundred and eighty-four letters in the volume are from Mr. Adams, and of the remainder, by Mrs. Adams, nearly one half are now for the first time printed. The memoir prefixed to the correspondence is substantially the same as that previously published, and a portrait of Mrs. Adams at the age of twenty-one faces the title-page.

The ingenuous young man or maiden who hopes to find in this volume details which will enable him or her to appear faultlessly dressed and with suitable behavior at the next centennial tea-party will meet with some disappointment. Not that the mysteries of female dress, however, are wholly absent. "I wish you would let Bass get me," writes Mrs. Adams, "one pound of pepper, and two yards of black calamanco for shoes;" and in the same letter she deplores the alarming scarcity of pins, — "not one pin to be purchased for love or money. I wish you would convey me a thousand by any friend traveling this way;" and again, "Pray don't let Bass forget my pins." "The cry for pins is so great that what I used to buy for seven shillings and sixpence are now twenty shillings, and not to be had for that." But these and a few similar passages are all that indicate a specially feminine element in Mrs. Adams's letters. Her husband calls her in one place his "farmeress," and it is easy to see that in her seclusion at *Brintree*, or in the more public society of *Boston*, she was emphatically what her contemporaries would have called a *Roman matron*. One of the most curious and significant phases, indeed, of the intellectual life of the period is the consciousness of copying the *Roman republic* in orations, morals, and manners. The scriptural allusions which crowd the letters of John and Margaret Winthrop have not wholly disappeared in these letters, but they are more formally introduced as fragmentary bits of wisdom, and appear side by side with quotations from *Pliny* and *Rollin's Ancient History*, while the vessels which carry the letters are the *Apollo*, the *Juno*, and the *Minerva*, and classical allusions constitute a good share of such playfulness as may be found. The style of Mrs. Adams's letters, for it is to these that the reader turns with most curiosity, lacks equally the quaint dig-

¹ *Cartoons*. By MARGARET J. PRESTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

¹ *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife, Abigail Adams, during the Revolution*. With a

Memoir of Mrs. Adams. By CHARLES FRANÇOIS ADAMS. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876.

nity of Margaret Winthrop's letters and the volatile life of more modern correspondents, but it reveals a character of firmness and of positiveness. The tone in which Mr. Adams addresses his wife indicates the respect which he had for her. He jests occasionally at her statesmanship, but it is plain that he has no hesitation in laying before her the affairs which occupy his mind, except that which springs from a fear of his letters being intercepted. It happened once at least, shortly after he had gone to Philadelphia for the first time, that a letter to his wife fell into the hands of the British and was published. It contained some allusions to his associates which were whispered to his wife, but eagerly published from the house-tops by the mischief-making enemy, and hasty words also respecting his own responsibilities, which were innocent enough when said to his wife, but construed maliciously as indications of a bursting vanity. The publication of this letter seems never to have been forgotten by Mr. Adams, who repeatedly draws back from telling news lest his letter may be intercepted, and makes sardonic reflections on the effect of publication of this or that letter. He cautions his wife to write in enigmas, and advises her to follow his example in retaining duplicates. But this uneasiness, while hinting at a certain suspiciousness in Mr. Adams, is in itself an intimation of the difficulties under which the patriots labored. Letters were entrusted to travelers quite as often, apparently, as to the post, and the chances of success or failure in transmission seemed almost equal, especially when letters were passing back and forth across the Atlantic. The news which Mrs. Adams could write from Boston was of real importance to her husband, and his letters to her in turn were communicated discreetly to those who could profit by the intelligence they contained. Hence the burden of the letters is public affairs, and the strong interest which Mrs. Adams took in these, together with her management of the farm and education of her children, in the long absences of her husband, call up the picture of a woman of marked elevation of character and purpose. We are prepared to be indignant when her husband breaks out now and then in a petulant complaint of her for getting caught with so much paper money, and his unceasing admonition to her to be frugal. She handles facts and figures so easily, and talks so fluently of business matters, that we are sure it was by no fault of

hers that paper money accumulated on her hands. The little sparring which goes on between them is, however, of an amiable character, and heated, if at all, by a certain zealous affection for each other. Mrs. Adams complains in one letter of her husband's remissness in writing; that indeed is the chief complaint they make of each other, though they seem to be perpetually at their desks. "I have not," she says, "been so parsimonious as my friend — perhaps I am not so prudent; but I cannot take my pen, with my heart overflowing, and not give utterance to some of the abundance which is in it. Could you, after a thousand fears and anxieties, long expectation, and painful suspense, be satisfied with my telling you that I was well, that I wished you were with me, that my daughter sent her duty, that I had ordered some articles for you, which I hoped would arrive, etc., etc. ? By Heaven, if you could, you have changed heart with some frozen Laplander, or made a voyage to a region that has chilled every drop of your blood; but I will restrain a pen already, I fear, too rash, nor shall it tell you how much I have suffered from this appearance of — inattention."

The supposititious letter of this extract is doubtless one which would have been written by many wives of that period, but Mrs. Adams was no ordinary woman, and since her interests were in the great movements with which her husband was concerned, she maintained a certain dignity of behavior on all occasions, if we may take these letters as evidence. She applied herself to reading Rollin's History and Dr. Tillotson and Bishop Butler, and, when disinclined to tell news, indulged in moral reflections supported by these writers. She had a sturdiness of mind which fed on large thoughts and cared more for what was going on in Congress than for the wax-figure show which her husband so vividly describes in one of his letters. With what strength of affection she supported her husband may be guessed from a passage of intense emotion which seems to us lifted above the level of most of her passionate writing; she had received a letter from Mr. Lovell, who sent her a plan of the probable seat of war when her husband was in its neighborhood. "There is no reward," she says, "this side the grave that would be a temptation to me to undergo the agitation and distress I was thrown into by receiving a letter in his handwriting, franked by him. It seems

almost impossible that the human mind could take in, in so small a space of time, so many ideas as rushed upon mine in the space of a moment. I cannot describe to you what I felt. The sickness or death of the dearest of friends, with ten thousand horrors, seized my imagination. I took up the letter, then laid it down, then gave it out of my hand unable to open it, then collected resolution enough to unseal it, but dared not read it; began at the bottom, — read a line, — then attempted to begin it, but could not. A paper was inclosed; I ventured upon that, and, finding it a plan, recovered enough to read the letter; but I pray Heaven I may never realize such another moment of distress."

It is through such a medium as this book affords that one sees most truthfully the life which lies behind the historic record. The reader who follows these two eminent Americans in their exchange of news and opinions enters very closely upon the actual scenes which they trod. The facts of our history are not large, when measured by sensible standards, but the spirit which animated the minds of the generation that achieved independence is of a high and enduring kind; it breathes through these letters, and the book will go far toward making real to the attentive reader the more formal history which he reads.

— Professor Anderson's book¹ was first issued from the press in the beginning of September last, and in three months reappeared in a new edition. As its subject is drawn from the very heart of Icelandic poetic literature, it could not fail to be received with curiosity. Before this work appeared, there did not exist in the English language any complete and correct presentation of ancient Gothic heathenism as preserved in the Icelandic Eddas. Dasent's translation of Snorre's Edda (the younger) embraces only *Gylfaginning* and the beginning of *Brágarædur* (*Skaldskaparmál*); Thorpe's translation of the older Edda, being only a Danish translation rendered into English, is not a reliable work; and Pigott's *Scandinavian Mythology*, as also Percy's *Northern Antiquities*, contains but an unsystematic and more or less unreliable collection of the old myths of the Ase faith. Pennock's translation of Keyser's *The Religion of the Northmen* is indeed a reliable small work, but, as is suggested in the preface of An-

derson's book, contains for the most part not the myths themselves, but an explanation of them. Anderson's work is, as it claims to be, the first complete and systematic presentation of Norse mythology in the English language. Its completeness is seen by comparing it with the Eddas in the Icelandic original, and after having examined it carefully, we find it presented in the same systematic way as the corresponding works of the Danish scholars N. M. Petersen and Grundtvig, from which it differs especially in being written in a more popular and less enigmatic language. The subject is divided into three parts, the first containing the Eddic myths of the creation and preservation of the world; the second, those of the lives and exploits of the gods; and the third, those of the final destruction of the present visible world, the death of the gods, and the universal regeneration in *Ragnarökkr* (the twilight of the gods). Every myth is accompanied by detailed explanations, though it may be doubted whether the Northmen really saw them all in the same poetic splendor in which Mr. Anderson arrays them. The author, in harmony with the most modern interpreters of mythology, holds the view that the various myths are in general an impersonation of the visible workings of nature, and consequently he is unwilling to admit any other mythical explanation than the physical. He concedes only that the so-called ethical interpretation, which seeks to explain the myths as personifications of the various degrees in the moral history — individual and universal — of mankind, is right so far as it deals with their application. But with due respect for this modern standpoint of mythologists, we cannot stamp the historical theories of explaining mythology, given by Snorre Sturla's son and many others, as mere literary nonsense. We admit that a great majority of myths cannot be explained historically, nor do we believe that any one myth contains an historical truth in all its details; but neither P. A. Munch, the great historian of Norway, nor J. E. Sars, the independent investigator in the field of Norse history, in his yet unfinished work, *Udsigt over den norske Historie*, nor any other writer on the prehistoric life of the Scandinavian peoples has proved the impossibility of an historical foundation of the Eddic traditions. The preface of *Gylfaginning* in Snorre's Edda, combining the *As-gods*

¹ *Norse Mythology, or the Religion of our Forefathers*. Containing all the Myths of the Eddas, systematized and interpreted. By R. B. ANDERSON,

A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1875.

both with the Homeric heroes of Troy, Zoroaster of Persia, and the biblic patriarchs (compare also the beginning of *Ynglinga-saga* in *Heimskringla*), is in our view very remarkable as pointing to some historical persons of Asia who afterwards appear as divine objects of faith and worship among the sons of the East settled in Northern and Central Europe. Otherwise we are unable to account for the harmony and homogeneity of the Eddic myths with those — however incomplete and fragmentary — found among the southern Teutonic (Gothic) nations, for according to incontrovertible results of historical investigations, and the philological researches of Gísli Magnússon and others, we take it for granted that the Scandinavian peoples did not immigrate to Europe in company with the Germanic nations, but that they came in separate tribes and perhaps in quite different centuries.

In the long introduction of the book we find many admirable things, but nothing so concisely elaborated as the chapter wherein Norse mythology is compared with the Greek; but there are some details in the same introduction, as also in other parts of the book, which we cannot admit. This is especially the case with the anti-Romanic utterances found in various parts of the book, which we think must be considered as paradoxical. When Grundtvig published his work on ancient history, he confessed in the preface of the book that he had written this work with prejudice against the Romans. With the same prejudice against some of the best and most prominent Roman characters Theodor Mommsen also wrote his noted history. Like the former, Mr. Anderson, in some of the many lively and fervid digressions in his work, frankly confesses his anti-Romanic disposition (for instance, on page 73, where he says "our warfare is against the Latin," etc., and on page 77, where he speaks of "the bondage of Rome" from which "we must free ourselves," etc.). But it is interesting to observe the same anti-Romanism, or declamations against the political tendency of the Romans, in the works of some of their own most prominent writers, as Tacitus, Sallust, etc. Read, for instance, the words by the former put into the mouth of the British Calgacus (*Agr.*, ch. 30): "*Raptores orbis; postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terrae, jam et mare scrutantur; si locuples*

hostis est, avari; si pauper, ambitiosi," etc. (Compare with this passage Anderson's book, page 73 ff.) On the whole, however, the book, in spite of its anti-Romanic digressions and a few other points which cannot be approved, will be found an excellent and reliable presentation of the old paganism of the North. The vocabulary of mythical proper nouns and the index at the end of the work increase its value and are quite indispensable to the reader. Some minor faults which were found in the first edition we are glad to see corrected in the second. But, like all works treating of Icelandic literature yet published in English, this "mythology" lacks a perfect conformity in the spelling of proper nouns, of which many are given not in their Icelandic form, but in a dress adopted by the scholars of Norway and Denmark.

— That unlovely object, the tramp, has been so courageously abused in the newspapers and in private conversation that there seems a kind of compensation for him in the arrival of two books largely devoted to singing the praises of the ideal tramp. Mr. Burroughs¹ is an old friend who has proved his right to be listened to when he comes to tell us what he has found within eye-shot and ear-shot, and Mr. Barron,² who is a more humorous vagabond, shows himself to be a good companion for a walk, though he displays a little more self-consciousness in his vagrancy. Of the two, Mr. Burroughs is the better poet, Mr. Barron the better dog. We hasten to explain that we use this word in no disrespectful sense, but because we can think of no more faithful illustration of that sudden start into the bushes, untiring nosing about, and industrious hunt, which Mr. Barron keeps up; he trots along with his amiable little epigrams, suddenly discovers a subject in "small caps," and goes off with fresh enthusiasm to explore its mysteries.

Mr. Burroughs's poetic faculty has given us a fine picture in the opening passage of his chapter, *The Exhilarations of the Road*. "Occasionally," he writes, "on the side-walk, amid the dapper, swiftly-moving, high-heeled boots and gaiters, I catch a glimpse of the naked human foot. Nimble it scuffs along; the toes spread, the sides flatten, the heel protrudes; it grasps the curbing, or bends to the form of the uneven surfaces, a thing sensuous and alive, that

¹ *Winter Sunshine*. By JOHN BURROUGHS, author of *Wake Robin*. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1876.

² *Foot-Notes, or Walking as a Fine Art*. By ALFRED BARRON, (Q.) Wallingford, Conn.: Wallingford Printing Company. 1875.

seems to take cognizance of whatever it touches or passes. How primitive and uncivil it looks in such company, — a real barbarian in the parlor. We are so unused to the human anatomy, to simple, unadorned nature, that it looks a little repulsive; but it is beautiful, for all that. Though it be a black foot and an unwashed foot, it shall be exalted. It is a thing of life amid leather, a free spirit amid cramped, a wild bird amid caged, an athlete amid consumptives. It is the symbol of my order, the Order of Walkers." The better half of *Winter Sunshine* is taken up with observations upon nature and human nature under the titles, *Winter Sunshine*, *Exhilarations of the Road*, *The Snow-Walkers*, *The Fox*, *A March Chronicle*, and *The Apple*, while the remainder of the volume is given to the author's experience on a short trip to England and France. We like Mr. Burroughs best when he stays at home, and he seems himself, for all his enjoyment abroad, to be heartily glad to be among the scenes which he owns by virtue of a thorough use of them. His habits of observation and his cheerful temper make his record of foreign travel distinct and enjoyable, albeit it is hard, in a book, to go to Europe with a man who discovers the familiar over again; but we know no better companion for the road at home. He steps out with a freedom and cheerfulness which make one sincerely ashamed of one's querulous in-door habits. The writing is honest and to the point, delightfully free from an obtrusive effectiveness, yet sharp enough to keep one's wits on the alert; no light success in the treatment of subjects which are usually too highly charged with literary affectation.

Mr. Barron's method is more discursive, and he explains that the papers which make up his volume were brief contributions to a local journal. His book loses something of sustained effect from this cause. One is constantly starting off with him on short walks, and misses the long tramps and swinging gait which characterize Mr. Burroughs's book. Something of the same spirit, the same enthusiasm for fresh air, pervades both writers, but with Mr. Barron the airing of his own views is so agreeable to himself, and by no means displeasing to his readers, that one is likely to come home from a walk with him less ready to report what he saw than what Mr. Barron said it was. Mr. Barron's circuit is a small one, and he is entirely content with it. "If you confine yourself," he says, "to walks of

twelve miles in every direction from your home, you have a field of observation comprising four hundred and fifty-two square miles," and in much less compass he finds plenty of food for observation and thought. To use his own expression, as soon as he takes to his legs, his brain begins to grow luminous and to sparkle, and accordingly there is a rapid succession of bright sparks of thought which go out almost as fast as they come. Nevertheless the book is the production of a humorist who does not affect his pleasure in the simple and homely, and we cordially commend it to any one who prefers wild fruit to cultivated.

Both books have an interest as literary descendants of Thoreau's writings. Mr. Barron frankly confesses, in his preface, to having been attended on his walks by Thoreau's ghost, and it is pleasant to find either that the ghost has improved in manners and is of a more cheerful cast of mind than formerly, or that Mr. Barron with his aggressive good nature has actually got the better of his comrade. Doubtless neither writer would have written just as he does except for Thoreau's influence, but they both show plainly that their out-door life and vagrancy have a positive connection with doorsteps, and seem none the less, but rather better, fitted for human companionship because of their experiments with solitude.

— To readers looking for a fresh, pretty, and wholesome story, with a good deal of honest sentiment, some pathos, and in places a considerable strength of passion, we commend Mr. Gift's latest book.¹ We must bid them not be discouraged, however, by a varnish of excessive "smartness" which here and there confuses the simple and natural *genre* pictures which the writer presents. Mr. Gift has got too many things by heart from the pages of Charles Reade, and follows a rambling route marked out by slow-paced Thackeray. He has qualities, nevertheless, that are distinctly his own. The realness of his people is so firm, and the charm of his young heroine so abiding, that he is able to take the most curious liberties in talking about them, as when he describes Miss Bellew at a trying moment, gazing out "at the broad expanse of silvery sea, and giving vent every now and then to a suspicious little snifle." It follows from this that he is able to turn pathos and even tragedy, or the tender rec-

¹ *Pretty Miss Bellew. A Tale of Home Life.* By THEO. GIFT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875

conciliation of two lovers, into something very different from abstract statements or unmixed emotion, and to give them a piquant touch which carries one easily through a volume which we are inclined to call too long for its theme.

— Mr. Sargent begins his memoirs of *Public Men and Events*¹ where the minuteness of Mr. Ingersoll's historic statement stops, that is, at Monroe's administration. This brings General Jackson into his pages very early, and the first volume contains a great deal about that leader, whom Mr. Sargent did not greatly admire, being himself a follower of Henry Clay. Calhoun, too, was no favorite of Mr. Sargent, one of whose best anecdotes is that which relates how Mr. Crawford, the leading candidate for president in 1824, wrote a letter in 1830, revealing the opposition of Calhoun to Jackson, in Monroe's cabinet, and how Mr. W. B. Lewis, Jackson's presidential trainer, would not let his friend know the contents of this letter until some months after he himself first saw it, and until it was safe for Jackson to quarrel with Calhoun, who was then his vice-president. It would have been very inconvenient had this exposure been made while Jackson was running for president on the same ticket with Calhoun, in 1828. Mr. Sargent also brings out well the apparent contradiction in Jackson's character, that, "with the frank bearing and apparent guilelessness of a rough soldier, he possessed in a high degree the tact and shrewdness of an adroit politician," of which several striking examples are given. Mr. Clay's controversy with Jackson, growing out of the election of Adams in 1825, and his subsequent opposition to Jackson's measures, are well narrated, but always with a friendly leaning to Mr. Clay's side. The story of the compromises of 1833 and of 1850 is told, and there is a curious anecdote concerning Mr. Calhoun's own reluctant vote for the compromise bill of 1833, under the gentle compulsion of Senator Clayton, of Delaware. It seems to have been General Jackson's purpose at that time (as has often been said) to hang Mr. Calhoun, if South Carolina continued to oppose the national government. Mr. Sargent gives some color to the statement made by Benton that Daniel Webster, in

1832-33, hesitated whether he should not join the administration party, at the invitation of Jackson, who was greatly pleased at his support in the conflict with the Southern nullifiers.

In the second volume, General Jackson disappears, and Mr. Adams, then fighting against slavery in the House of Representatives, becomes prominent, as does Mr. Webster also, whose connection with the administration of John Tyler is fairly narrated. Mr. Clay, however, is still the central figure, and with his death, in 1852, the work may be said to close, although the record is continued until after Mr. Webster's death and the decision of the presidential campaign of 1852. It seems that Mr. Webster was made Secretary of State, at the urgent request of Mr. Clay, after General Taylor's death in 1850, it having been President Fillmore's wish to offer the position to Mr. R. C. Winthrop. This will be new, perhaps, to most readers.

As is proper in a book of this kind, Mr. Sargent gives many anecdotes, and not all of them, we may say, with perfect accuracy. Thus Samuel Cushman, who in Jackson's and Van Buren's congresses got the name of Previous Question Cushman, was not a congressman from Maine, as Mr. Sargent says (i. 126), but from New Hampshire, where he represented Secretary Woodbury's district of Rockingham. This secretary's name is commonly spelt wrong by Mr. Sargent, who calls him Woodberry, and there are a few minor mistakes of this sort which perhaps the author would have corrected had he lived to see the publication of his book. He was a person of much observation and many opportunities for preserving anecdotes of the period about which he writes, having spent a great part of his life in Washington among the public men of his time. His judgment of them is not masterly, nor always impartial, and his style is by no means faultless; but he has made an entertaining and a valuable book.

— If *Govinda Sámanta*² is a novel, it is apparently based on facts that have come under its author's immediate notice, so that the book is really valuable as a picture of life. This is, to be sure, what every work of fiction tries to be, but in this case we

¹ *Public Men and Events, from the Commencement of Mr. Monroe's Administration, in 1817, to the Close of Mr. Fillmore's Administration, in 1853.* By NATHAN SARGENT. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

² *Govinda Sámanta, or the History of a Bengal Ráiyat.* By the REV. LAL BEHARI DAY, Chinsurah, Bengal. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

have merely a biography of a Bengal peasant, told without any pretense of the embellishment of romance. This is not on the face a very warm introduction of a book, but we think that any one who takes it up will find it entertaining. It is a book that can be read, very much as Defoe's less famous novels can be, from curiosity rather than from interest in the people. The author throws more light on the ways, habits, superstitions, religious belief, social laws, troubles, and rare joys of the innocent Bengal peasant than could twenty blue-books, or any number of encyclopædias. Such standard authorities leave the shell about every subject of which they treat; they tell us no more what is the real life of, to take this example, the peasants of Bengal, than a book of military tactics does of the feelings of a soldier on going into battle. If this picture is a fair one, it would be hard to find more innocent inhabitants of the globe than this simple peasantry, and certainly the marks of truth in the narrative are abundant. The book takes one man and gives a full account of the incidents of his life and that of the members of his family. There is no fine writing in it, no exaggerated appeal to the feelings, but it is a touching history, and one told with gratifying simplicity. The author shows faint touches of what carried too far would be pedantry, but which as it is may be called full appreciation of the advantages of our civilization, especially so far as English literature is concerned. But the book is not marred by this. We have no hesitation in recommending it.

— It is a question whether what are known as religious books constitute a greater or less proportion of all the books published than formerly. There was a time, in New England at least,—as the spare book-shelves in many an old country-house testify,—when a rather respectable class read religious books only. Reading was consecrated, perhaps it would be more correct to say confiscated, for the benefit of what was technically called the soul; removed out of the realm of pleasure into the shady regions of self-mortifying duty. It was a state of things unfavorable to culture, but perhaps not more so than the exclusive perusal of novels which prevails in so many quarters at present. It remains true, however, that books of a certain religious bearing are still more widely interesting, more popular, really, than any others; and any book which professes to give a fresh view,

and especially a simpler solution, of the tangled problems of life and duty (even though it be, like *Ecce Homo*, for example, a hard book to read) is sure of its welcome and of a very general and more or less intelligent perusal. The book which fulfills its promises in this regard exercises a great influence, quite independently of literary merit, or even, one may say, in spite of it. The book which disappoints them is at best a lost venture, save as it finds its vagrant way to some mind of similar temper, and experience parallel to the author's own; and this is precisely the mind which it will only confirm in its previous prepossessions, not move to any new issues. Such a book is apparently the volume entitled *Grace for Grace*,¹ by the late Rev. William James, of Rochester, New York. The title, although scriptural, smacks rather unpleasantly of cant, but the book, save in occasional forms of speech, as where the author talks of his "secret transactions with Christ," is not canting. It is simply mystical. It consists of extracts from letters to different friends, but all on the same themes: the indwelling of the spirit of God in man, the annihilation of the human will before the (supposed) divine, the progressive and finally complete detachment of the affections from what were called in the stately and sombre language of old-fashioned divinity "the things of time and sense that perish with the using." Here is nothing of argumentative theology, nothing, or next to nothing, of practical duty; intense introspection, necessarily, and everywhere great warmth and beauty of expression. One of the strangest facts of psychology, and one whose significance has never yet been courageously and satisfactorily fathomed, is the identity of the mystical and the sensuous temperaments. Accordingly on every page of this truly and ardently pious book we see evidences of a rich and rapturous nature in the author; of a craving for color, warmth, and splendor, a temper singularly illustrated by his repeated references to the poetry of Byron, as if it were the highest type. When this kind of sacred voluptuousness accompanies, as it did in the case of Mr. James, a straight and clear course, a pure, happy, and beneficent life, its possessor is of all human creatures the most poignantly loved and lamented. The gallant and hopeful spirit, and fullness of imaginative faith, with which Mr. James faced the sudden

¹ *Grace for Grace. Letters of Rev. William James.* New York: Dodd and Mead. 1874.

close of his successful earthly career, are very interesting, and remind one of what Sainte-Beuve so finely said of Madame de Duras: "She conceived for suffering, if one may say so, a kind of last, sublime passion." But when he uses such expressions as these, "I see plainly that I shall be saved in spite of myself," "God's love is wholly irrespective of our character, or of our love to him," "For myself I feel that even sin is utterly harmless;" then we are required gravely to remember that these transports, this fancied severance of the life of faith from the life of earth, have their very imminent dangers in the direction of character and conduct, and that it has been repeatedly shown possible for a man sincerely to suppose this higher life to be growing and brightening at the very time that he is lost to all sense of common delicacy and dignity in his relations with his fellow-men.

— We have already spoken of the French original, so far as issued, of the *Compte de Paris's* work,¹ and in calling the attention of the public to it in its English dress we need only repeat the commendation already given the book. The author brings to its preparation experience and careful study; his position throughout is that of a judge and not that of an advocate, which is all the more commendable in view of the recentness of the events he describes; compared in this respect with Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War*, for instance, the superiority of this history is very plain.

This volume includes the first two of the French, bringing the history down to the end of the first winter of the war. The work of translation has been well done, and the whole book has received the editorial supervision of Dr. Coppée, who has corrected some few slight errors.

ART.

THE January exhibition of the Boston Art Club was, for some qualities, perhaps the best that we have had to notice for several years past. To be sure, there was the usual bit of curious antiquity, this time as always, and the usual complement of half-amateurish work in water-color and black and white. This year the special pictorial relic was a portrait of Sir Henry Englefield, by Alexander Pope, the poet, which has the merit of confirming Hogarth's estimate of the "man of taste,"—if that needed confirming. Curiously, too, there was a tinted wood carving of a Spruce Partridge by Alexander Pope, Jr., exposed in the next room to this portrait. But, these hybrid matters counted out, we found much of interest in the exhibition. Mr. William M. Hunt contributed several interesting charcoal sketches, one of which, with its leafless trees quivering against the sky, and a dim rout of sheep huddled about the boles, had the peculiar charm of Mr. Shaw's Millet, in the Athenæum. The sketch of a dog, also, was excellent for its sense of supple sinews and good tough hide. Miss Susan Hale's two water-color land-

scapes were the most notable of the aqua-relles for fresh and bracing feeling; though the coloring looked unduly cold, perhaps, when compared with two scenes from Mr. George N. Cass. Mr. Cass is a color-seer of really rich endowment, and if he should once reach an equal degree of general artistic training and culture, we do not see why he should not also enjoy the same sort of fame as Mr. Boughton. His *View, Canton, Massachusetts*, presents a simple New England town vested in that variety of color which our climate so easily yields that it is a marvel our painters make no more of it than they do. There is a brooding madder in the crowd of houses, over which a long, rich-tinted afternoon cloud is spread. By the lake in front stand masses of trees various in tint but chiefly of a clear light green, generously reflected in the water. The madder reappears in the foreground, in a small, autumnal clump of oak beside a rich green railroad bank, the top of which leads one's eye off to the background, where some white dormer windows are very agreeably picked out of the distance. There is a suspicion of confusion

¹ *History of the Civil War in America*. By the COMTE DE PARIS. Translated, with the approval of the author, by LOUIS F. TASSIERO. Edited by HENRY

COPPÉE, LL. D. Volume I. Philadelphia: Jos. II Coates & Co. 1875.

and uncertainty about this, but it is meritorious. A complete contrast in treatment, yet allied by the sense of color, is Mr. Monks's *Clear Day at Salisbury Beach*. The greater part of this piece is an almost entirely clear blue sky; below that we have a little stretch of pale sand-beach darkened into brown by sea-weed just before the sand is lost in the long, thin wash of a quiet, pale-blue wave. Beyond this wave, in which two figures are walking, — one with a white shirt, the other with a red dress, — is a narrow line of deep blue, which somehow, though it is the smaller in area, gives a much greater sense of depth and distance. A steamer's smoke floats up from the horizon, and there are two or three bits of brown cloud, not at first perceptible, in the sky. The whole affects one like the sweep of a master's bow on the violin. We marvel that Mr. Monks, with this power, can paint so dull a picture as his *After a Shower* (170). Miss Boott and Miss Cranch also have something of the colorist about them. The former's *Portrait* has merit in it, but wants shape, and is too profuse in expression of tints, as compared with the same artist's clear, intellectual — we had almost said epigrammatic — *January*. Miss Cranch's *Celestina* labors under a trouble of dumbness or half-articulate announcement which seems often to affect Mr. Hunt's pupils. Mr. Hunt himself, however, is outspoken enough in a certain *Head* (102), which is so high-colored as to give one a strange sense of its having been flayed, or forced into extravasation by prolonged squeezing. We are inclined to think Mr. Duveneck's way of looking at faces, as instanced in his *Blacksmith Boy*, safer and more wholesome, though he is perhaps too monotonous in coloring. Mr. Vedder's youth capering in a mediæval costume strikes us as quite light-headed and useless; Mr. W. M. Chase's *Court Jester* is worse, being vulgar; and there were some other foolish distortions of the same kind. The proportion of figure-study in this exhibition was not greater than common. Toulmouche's *Interesting Letter* (ranked *Hors concours* at the salon), very remarkable for its technical merits, supplied the usual scene of parquetry, marquetry, and silken soft young ladies elaborately doing nothing under pretense of examining a letter, — an extreme of exquisite emptiness. We have reserved till this point the mention of a *Bivouac*, by Zama-cois, which is the most remarkable piece of art in the galleries. It shows us morn-

ing breaking over a field occupied by mediæval warriors. The style is totally unlike the painter's usual polished one, the piece being perhaps a sketch only. Looked at closely, it appears to be a broadly conceived beginning of a picture: one gazes with curious interest at the roughly puckered surface marked by the palette knife, wondering what is to come of it; but stepping back one sees what is strangely like completion. There is a man sprawling upon the ground by the tent on the left, blowing some coals under a kettle; he is all compact of loose strokes, there does n't seem a definite line about him anywhere; but, viewed a little distant, he strikes out his limbs with tremendous energy, and the coals seem fairly to palpitate with his breath, while the smoke, urged by little jottings of blue at the edges, twists and rolls away into the air with great spirit. The background shows the dawn, with a lifting curtain of dim mauve, in which is caught the waning moon. This vista of morning holds in strange but clear solution a mass of pale yellow, light green, rose, and blue strokes, with a dash of orange along the horizon. Meantime, all in front is steeped in the cool, gray, twilight mystery of the hour. This is real magic, art in the fullest sense. Our American painters, as usual, are strongest in landscape, and before quitting the subject, — barely mentioning Stuart Newton's portrait of a lady, which hardly belongs to the present generation of American painting, — we must give praise to Mr. George Inness's *Morte Mount*, which, with its clean-cut, virile pine and gray ledge of rock and impending thunder-clouds, is a very sturdy and splendid piece of work. Particularly true and ingenious is the way in which a bare birch-tree is entangled with and at the same time set free from a blinding white light in the sky. Mr. Longfellow, too, sent a spirited study of waves called *After the Storm*.

— There is always an audience for the sentimentalist in art, and it is to it that Constant Mayer appeals in his *Song of the Shirt*, lately imported by Messrs. Blakeslee and Noyes. The interest, therefore, is almost purely intellectual, and the picture, looked at across the room, exposes its artistic poverty by its utter failure to impress or excite the eye, which it is clearly the province of a work of art to do, whatever moral or pathetic aim it may have behind it. The conception is poor, cold, and bad, and the color corresponds; the simplicity is not dignity, it is indigence. There is little

else to be said about the work, except that the drawing of the figure is spiritless and not quite correct.

— Messrs. Osgood & Co. have presented us the latest work of M. Viollet-le-Duc¹ in a commendable way; translated by Mr. Henry Van Brunt, and illustrated with copies of the original drawings. M. Viollet-le-Duc is well known as one of the ablest and most fertile of French writers upon architecture. The book contains ten discourses, in which he treats quite amply many topics, and enunciates many principles, always in a fresh and earnest way.

He limits the arts to four: music, architecture, sculpture, painting, and ranks them as here mentioned, music having been the first born. Music and architecture are positive; sculpture and painting are derivative, and consequences of the former. Believing strongly in the purity and beauty of the Greek architecture, M. Viollet-le-Duc does not advocate its reproduction, the copying of Greek forms, but their examination and study in order that taste and a fine sense of form and decoration may be cultivated. To him there seems danger of an over-civilization stifling that freedom which the great and true architect must enjoy. He does not believe that the Greek forms in stone sprang from the tree pillar and the wooden lintel, but he seems to fail in making it clear that they did not. Roman architecture borrowed and used the Greek forms, but cheapened and debased them. While the Greeks were inspired by a love of beauty alone, the Romans had a practical purpose in what they did. Their populations were large, turbulent, coarse; great armies swept over the lands, and everywhere they built works of practical use. In a few days or a few months these vast bodies of men put up vast structures. The Greek monuments were small, the Roman great. In order to accomplish this, the Romans adopted, almost created, the arch and the vault. By these means they could raise story upon story, for arch sprang upon arch; the wonderful baths of Rome, the bridges, the roads, the amphitheatres of Rome and Verona and Nismes and Arles, bear witness to this. The Coliseum at Rome was completed in less than three years.

The Romans piled up their walls with marble, brick, anything which came to hand, leaving the decoration to follow, when they

could get decorations. The result shows decoration of a mixed and often incongruous character; there was no restraint and no delicacy. In their domestic architecture there was at first no ostentation. The outsides of the houses at Pompeii show great plainness and simplicity; expenditure and art were reserved for the interiors; this was probably true of the Greeks also. Later this good rule was degraded, and in the time of Constantine architecture was in its decadence. But Rome never reached a pure and fine "style" as the Greeks did. "Style consists in distinction of form," and is one of the elements of beauty. This the Greeks had in perfection. In the primitive epochs style imposed itself upon the architect; later he looked about for something with which he could create style. In all this two elements prevail: first, necessity, and second, imagination. In every good style of building the uses of the structure must be plain, bold, and honest; the form must be perfect, decoration must be subservient. Style, then, must express this purpose, and in the finest way. The Greek temple and the Gothic church, the arched bridge and the locomotive, all express it and have style. The artist must have this in view, and must not allow memories to overwhelm his great idea.

M. Viollet-le-Duc then traces the rise of the mediæval or Gothic style, and the Renaissance manner of Italy. Of architecture in France, corrupted by the taste of the Louis XIV. period, he says that it has not yet recovered its integrity. As to what may be done hereafter he is not very certain; but he is clear that the French have not done well in merely studying the past and endeavoring to create Greek or Italian temples for French law offices. He advocates the study of the past in order to get at principles rather than details, but he advocates for the architect and for the people freedom from academic tyranny and criticism. He does not believe a new style of architecture can be invented; nor do we.

The key-note of this age is the supremacy of the individual. Every man is now asserting himself. There is no strong feeling of nationality, none of clan, and but little of family. He has not yet achieved his independence, so as to learn to combine again, and to cooperate. Until he does, it is not to be expected that great monuments can or will be built, and we had better not attempt it. We shall and we do build great mills and railway stations, because

¹ *Discourses on Architecture*. By EUGENE EMANUEL VIOULET-LE-DUC. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

the needs of the time demand them; and we may and do build excellent houses for the individual man. Here lies the path for architecture at this present time. What we need to keep in mind, however, in treating these temples of home, is simplicity, not ostentation; form first, decoration next; and more than that, we should not forget that for these temples great size is not demanded, while purity of ornamentation is.

These discourses are valuable and interesting, but we wish that the writer had taken time to be shorter, for condensation would bring out the strictures and principles more clearly and effectively.

— Amongst the holiday books which one can wish to outlive the holidays is certainly the beautiful volume of *American Interiors* by Mr. Elliott,¹ which appeared at the close of the year. It is a quarto of some hundred pages, and has twenty-two full-page illustrations in heliotype of some of the most tasteful libraries and dining-rooms in the country. An interesting and very encouraging fact in regard to these pictures is that they represent interiors not only in the East,—in Boston, at Newport, New Haven, New York, Springfield, Albany,—but also in the middle and farthest West,—in Cincinnati and California,—and show how general and almost national the instinct and the taste for household decoration has become. An instructive and suggestive contrast is afforded by the juxtaposition in the same volume of such colonial interiors as Mr. Longfellow's Library at Cambridge, and Mr. Peabody's Hall at Danvers, with the handsome modern rooms to which the work is otherwise devoted. The arrangement and decoration of these is sometimes the work of the people of the house, whose names are given in the index, and two of the prettiest are designed by the lady of the house. The greater part are of course by professional architects, who gladly recognize that their art is as much concerned with the shape and effect of chairs and tables as with the construction of houses. Of those who, not being architects, have made household decoration their study, Mr. Elliott himself deserved to be represented, as he is, by several interiors. In the rapidity with which we become veterans in this country, he is already known as the pioneer in Boston, perhaps in Amer-

ica, of the new taste which already trembles on the verge of being the old taste—the Eastlake taste in furniture and other decorations; but he has not been a servile imitator, and the interiors given in this book as his work are no less fresh and original in their adaptation of the English ideals to the American occasions than they are charming. Mr. Elliott has really done so much to give the present impulse in the right direction of simplicity and “sincerity,” practically and theoretically, that we should have been willing to see much more of his work than he would perhaps have thought it modest to give in a book of which he was master. To each illustration is annexed a description of the wood and other materials employed in the decoration of the interiors, and there are two essays prefixed to the whole, one on Dining-Rooms and one on Libraries. These are entertaining, and abound in information, some of which is curious and some of which is not. We could have wished, also, that they were written in a tone of somewhat greater soberness, and with a more constant sense of the real limitations of their subjects.

—The Harvard Art Club, of Harvard University, has begun the foundation of a traveling scholarship, the holder of which is to “visit a place or places, determined by the club, within the regions of ancient culture,” and there make investigation and exploration of artistic remains, keeping a journal which shall be the property of the club, and also securing, when practicable, works of art which shall likewise belong to the club, and by them be lent to the university on the providing of a room for their exhibition. In case the club dissolves at any time, these works will rest permanently in the university. The design is no doubt in emulation of the famous Dilettanti Society of London, and is an eminently worthy one. The carrying out of thorough researches as here contemplated can alone give us in this country a right foundation of judgment in art, and develop an art-patronizing public.

The scholarship, however, cannot be without money, and subscriptions are asked from from all who approve the object. They should be sent to A. C. Gurney, Treasurer of Harvard Art Club, 16 Holyoke House, Cambridge, Mass.

¹ *The Book of American Interiors*. Prepared by CHARLES WYLLIS ELLIOTT from existing Houses. With Preliminary Essays and Letter-Press Descrip-

tions. Illustrated in Heliotype. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.